THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE TENTH,

CONTAINING

THE WOMAN-HATER.
PHILASTER.
THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.
THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

EDINBURGH:

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1812.

THE

WOMAN-HATER.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

WOMAN-HATER.

This comedy, which is one of the earliest among the plays in these volumes, was first printed, (and, as appears from the subjoined title-page, soon after the original representation,) in 1607, anonymously.[1] A second edition was not demanded till 1648, when it was attributed to Fletcher alone.[2] In the ensuing year, the same impression was again put forth with a different title, and with the addition of Davenant's prologue, a new epilogue, and a list of dramatis personæ. In the title-page it was attributed to both our poets conjointly.[3] There can, however, be no doubt that the second quarto was right in attributing it to Fletcher solely. The original prologue in prose, as well as that furnished by Davenant for a revival, speaks decidedly of a single author; and that it was considered as Fletcher's in the latter part of the seventeenth century, appears from Langbaine's positively asserting, that he wrote it alone, unassisted by Beaumont. Seward, after having attributed it to the former in his notes to the play, retracted his opinion in his general preface, and considered the latter as the real unassisted author. His arguments rest upon very weak foundations, and have been already refuted by Mr Nichols very fully.[4] Beaumont, at the time of the publication,

[1] The Woman-Hater. As it hath been lately acted by the Children of Paules. London, printed by R. R. and are to be sold by John Hodges, in St Paules Church-yard. 1607.

[2] The Woman-Hater. As it hath been acted by his Majesties Servants, with great Applause. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. London, printed for Humphrey Mosely, &c. 1647.

[3] The Woman-Hater, or the Hungry Courtier, a Comedy. As it hath been acted by his Majesties Servants with great Applause. Written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. London, printed for Humphrey Mosely, &c. 1649. The addition of the second title, 'The Hungry Courtier,' originated probably in the superior popularity of the character of Lazarillo.

[4] See the Introduction, vol. I.

was only twenty-one years of age, and had probably not begun his dramatic partnership with Fletcher, who was ten years older, and appears to have written for the stage eleven years before.[5]

Since the revival in or about 1649, mentioned above, the play has never been represented to the knowledge of the editor.

Ben Jonson was at the height of his popularity at the time this play was written, and Fletcher, in this, as well as in some other dramas produced soon after in conjunction with Beaumont, evidently followed that great poet's footsteps, which he abandoned almost entirely in his later productions. The present comedy must therefore be judged by the same rules as Every Man in his Humour, Every Man out of his Humour, Volpone, and others of Jonson's comedies. Nor need the Woman-Hater shun the comparison. Though it may perhaps not contain equal poignancy of satire, nor an equal multitude of passions personified, nor be adorned with any happy translations from the classical writers, the humour is so exquisite, and the extreme drollery of Lazarillo's character so well supported, that in general it may fairly challenge a place immediately below the best, and far above the secondary of Jonson's comedies. It may be urged, that the characters of Lazarillo and Gondarino are beyond nature; that Oriana is too bold-faced to deserve the commendations she receives from the Duke at the conclusion, and that the tricks played upon the Mercer are too gross to have deceived the dullest capacity; but these are all faults (if they must be called so) peculiar to the school which Fletcher followed at the time, and not of more weight than those which can be produced against the best of old Ben's comedies. But as we have strong reason to believe, that the real humours of the times were often extravagant to absurdity, and as we know that women were more free in their manner than they are now, it is very unfair to try them by the standard of our own times. Taking the subject in this very obvious and just light, we can never bestow too much admiration upon the works of Ben Jonson; and the present comedy, as well as some others in these volumes, of the same school, demand our applause in a degree not far inferior. The scenes in which Lazarillo appears, whose passion for the umbrana's head is delineated with infinite humour, are certainly the most attractive in the play; but those in which the Woman-hater, Gondarino, is teased and fretted by the objects of his detestation, are also replete with very natural humour, and sometimes with satire of a much higher quality. The mock-dignity of Lucio too, and particularly his conversation with the Gentleman in the fifth act, are not unworthy of Jonson himself. The latter is known to have copied the humours affected by some of his contemporaries, and it is not un-

[5] See the Introduction, vol. I.

likely that Fletcher in this comedy also ridiculed the affectations of real characters.

With respect to the comic plot of Lazarillo, I beg leave to quote the following note from the Athenæum, for 1807, where it is subjoined to some elegant translations from the Grecian Drama:—"I believe that none of Beaumont and Fletcher's commentators have discovered the original story of their *smell-feast*; I found it the other day by chance, with almost all the circumstances in the play, while turning over the pages of Bayle's Dictionary, where it is related from the Book of Paulus Jovius 'on Roman Fishes.' The 'umbrana's head,' it appears, was sent as a present by the principal magistrates at Rome to Cardinal Riario; and Tamisio was the real name of the parasite who discovered and hunted it. By Riario it was sent with his compliments to Cardinal Sanseverino, who transferred it to Augustin Chigi, the banker, from whom it passed to his mistress, a famous courtezan, well known by the name of Imperia. At her house it was that Tamisio at last came up with it, and stopped it; and there (as Jovius indignantly concludes,) *idem, et togatus, et senex, cum scorto admirante novi hominis, adventum, nullo pudore discubuit*. The umbrana, (like the sturgeon, which our law makes a royal fish,) was appropriated, on account of its great excellence and rarity, to the table of the magistrates."

The play, like many of Jonson's and Shakspeare's, is written in a mixture of prose and verse. Seward (who seems to have been very justly delighted with the humour displayed in it,[6]) contended that the whole was verse, and set about his metrical arrangement with most singular diligence. His contractions are often unpronounceable,[7] and his silent omissions and additions are still more reprehensible. The editors of 1778 rejected the greater part of these, but still arranged the whole into verse; of course the lines they exhibit are such as might be formed out of any prose-author. A few regular verses now and then occur, but such might be picked out of any prose-comedy. As good prose is certainly better, and not less humorous than lame and hobbling verse, where iambics, dactyls, spondees, and anapests, are mingled in the most indescribable confusion, the editor has contented himself with the arrangement in the old copies, except where a regular arrangement could be produced without violence.

[6] See his notes, *passim*.

[7] Take the following specimens:—Ma' intreat him, labour 'nd, t' my, t' suffer, t' b'a, b' honest, of 'r, t' try, b' that, b' in, love 'nd valour 're not free, t' view, f'r your enemies, f'r your legs, as y' pretended, &c.

PROLOGUE.

Gentlemen, inductions[1] are out of date, and a Prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak and a bay garland; therefore you shall have it plain prose, thus: If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-penny gallery-men,[2] you shall have no bawdry in it: Or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with table-books,[3] who have

[1] *Inductions.*] Such as precede Cynthia's Revels, Bartholomew-Fair, The Taming of the Shrew, and many other plays of that period. By the former of these we learn, that it was usual for the speaker of a prologue, in those times, to be habited in a *black cloak*: It is possible the custom of dressing in black, which continued to be the fashion for prologue-speakers until very lately, was derived from hence.—*Reed.*
The black cloak which the prologue wore is alluded to in several old plays. See the prologue to the Coronation, and that prefixed to Heywood's Four Prentices of London, spoken by "three in black cloaks."

[2] Two-penny *gallery-men.*] At the Ball and Fortune play-houses, as well as at some others calculated for the meridian of the lower ranks, there was accommodation in the gallery for the trifling price of two-pence. The same price is mentioned in Sharpham's Fleire,—"They (like your common players) will let men come in for *two-pence* a-piece." But from the following lines in Hall's Satires, (Book I. Sat. III.) there seem to have been still lower prices:

> "Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
> Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
> To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
> That thus hath lavished his late *half-penny*.
> Shame that the muses should be bought and sold
> For every peasant's *brass* on each scaffold."

[3] *Table-Books.*] That is, memorandum-books, generally made of slate, (see vol. VI. p. 25.) with which gallants were provided for the purpose of putting down remarkable words and sentences, which they could afterward pass for their own in private company. So in the prologue to Hannibal and Scipio, by Nabbes:

> ——— "Nor shall he be in plush,
> That from the poet's labours in the pit,
> Informs himself, for the exercise of his wit
> At taverns, *gather notes.*"——

Other allusions to these *table-books* occur in Webster's Induction to Marston's Malecontent, and in Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

some hope to find fit matter to feed his——malice on, let them clasp them up, and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this play means to please auditors so, as he may be an auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dear loss of his ears. I dare not call it comedy or tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: A play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it will please you, is not written in my part: For though you should like it to-day, perhaps yourselves know not how you should digest it to-morrow. Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: A duke there is, and the scene lies in Italy, as those two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn trade of jesting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: Such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, That he did never think, but that a lord, lord-born, might be a wise man, and a courtier an honest man.[4]

[4] From this prologue, as well as a thousand other passages in our authors, it is very evident that their plays were, in the age they lived, remarkable for the decency and delicacy of their language; though several of their expressions are become now very gross, and are apt to give offence to modest ears, but they ought to be judged by the fashion of the age they lived in, not by that which now reigns.—*Seward.*

PROLOGUE,

AT THE REVIVAL.[1]

LADIES, take't as a secret in your ear,
Instead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish you all were gone;
For if you stay, 'good faith, we are undone.
Alas! you now expect the usual ways
Of our address, which is your sex's praise:
But we to-night, unluckily, must speak
Such things will make your lovers' heart-strings break,
Be-lie your virtues, and your beauties stain,
With words, contrived long since, in your disdain.
'Tis strange you stir not yet; not all this while
Lift up your fans to hide a scornful smile;
Whisper, or jog your lords to steal away,
So leave us to act, unto ourselves, our play:
Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue
Your patience to endure an act or two;
Nay more, when you are told our poet's rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
Wherein he lived produced; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the variety.
His Muse believed not what she then did write;
Her wings were wont to make a nobler flight,
Soar'd high, and to the stars your sex did raise;
For which, full twenty years he wore the bays.
'Twas he reduced Evadne from her scorn,
And taught the sad Aspatia how to mourn;
Gave Arethusa's love a glad relief;
And made Panthea elegant in grief.
If those great trophies of his noble muse
Cannot one humour 'gainst your sex excuse,
Which we present to-night, you'll find a way
How to make good the libel in our play:
So you are cruel to yourselves; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integrity)
Will be a prophet, not a poet thought,
And this fine web last long, though loosely wrought.

[1] This prologue was written by Sir William Davenant, and occurs in the quarto of 1649. The account in the Biographia Dramatica, that it was written after the Restoration, is therefore erroneous.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Milan, *in love with Oriana.*
Count Valore.
Gondarino, *the Woman-Hater.*
Arrigo, *a courtier.*
Lucio, *a weak formal statesman.*
Lazarillo, *a voluptuous smell-feast.*
Boy, *Lazarillo's servant.*
Mercer, *a dupe, and an affected admirer of learning*
Pandar.
Two Intelligencers.
Secretary *to Lucio.*
Gentleman.
Servants, &c.
Page.
The Mercer's *Prentice.*

Oriana, *sister to Valore.*
Julia, } *two courtezans.*
Francissina, }
A deaf Gentlewoman.
Ladies.
Maid.

SCENE,—Milan.

THE

WOMAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Night. A Street.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, *and* Lucio.

Duke. 'Tis now the sweetest time for sleep; the night is
Scarce spent: Arrigo, what's o'clock?
Arr. Past four.
Duke. Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?
See yonder, where the shame-faced maiden comes:
Into our sight how gently doth she slide,
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest bride,
With a red veil of blushes; as is she,[1]
Even such all modest virtuous women be!

[1] *As* if *she.*] This nonsensical lection is in all editions but the first quarto.—Ed. 1778.

Why thinks your lordship I am up so soon?
Lucio. About some weighty state-plot.
Duke. And what thinks
Your knighthood of it?
Arr. I do think, to cure
Some strange corruptions in the commonwealth.
Duke. You are well conceited of yourselves, to think
I chuse you out to bear me company
In such affairs and business of state!
But am not I a pattern for all princes,
That break my soft sleep for my subjects' good?
Am I not careful? very provident?
Lucio. Your grace is careful.
Arr. Very provident.
Duke. Nay, knew you how my [2] serious working plots
Concern the whole estates of all my subjects,
Ay, and their lives; then, Lucio, thou wouldst swear,
I were a loving prince.
Lucio. I think your grace
Intends to walk the public streets disguised,
To see the streets' disorders.
Duke. 'Tis not so.
Arr. You secretly will cross some other states,
That do conspire against you.
Duke. Weightier far:
You are my friends, and you shall have the cause;
I break my sleeps thus soon to see a wench.

[2] *My* serious working *plots.*] I never think it right to discard good sense, because another reading appears preferable, but a compound word, *secret-working*, occurred at first sight, and was rejected as unnecessary, till, reading three lines below Arrigo's answer,

You secretly *will cross some other state,*

which seems to imply something of secrecy being mentioned before, the conjecture seemed much more probable.—*Seward.*

Lucio. You are wond'rous careful for your subjects' good!
Arr. You are a very loving prince indeed!
Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes
Are closed with heavy slumbers.
Arr. Then you rise
To see your wenches.
Lucio. What Milan beauty hath the power
To charm her sovereign's eyes,[3] and break his sleeps?
Duke. Sister to count Valore! she is a maid
Would make a prince forget his throne and state,
And lowly kneel to her: The general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.
Lucio. My lord, the day grows clear; the court will rise.
Duke. We stay too long.—Is the umbrana's head,[4]
As we commanded, sent to the sad Gondarino,
Our general?

[3] *Her* sovereign *eyes.*] So all the old copies but the first quarto.

[4] *The* umbrana.] In another passage this fish is called an *umbrane*; and is probably the same which Cotgrave describes in the following manner, under the name of an *umbrine*: "A great-eyed, round-tongued, small-toothed, and holesome sea-fish, which hath certaine barres over crosse her backe, and growing often to the bignesse of a *maigre*, is sometimes taken for it." Florio, in his "Worlde of Words," folio, 1598, *voce umbrine*, calls it "a kinde of fish, which some take to be the halybut;" and Cotgrave, who, as before, says it is sometimes taken for a *maigre*, gives the following account of the latter: "A great and skalie fish, having a wattle on his chinne, two holes on the top of his beake neere his eyes; and two stones within his head of some vertue (as is supposed) against the cholicke: The French do tearme him thus, not because he is leane, but, because by the whitenesse of his flesh, he seems so; howsoever, and howsoever he be dressed, he is reasonable good meat."—*Reed.*
See the introduction to this play, p. 5.

Arr. 'Tis sent.

Duke. But stay! where shines
That light?

Arr. 'Tis in the chamber of Lazarillo.

Duke. Lazarillo? what is he?

Arr. A courtier, my lord; and one that I wonder your grace knows not, for he hath followed your court, and your last predecessor's, from place to place, any time this seven year, as faithfully as your spits and your dripping-pans have done, and almost as greasily.

Duke. Oh, we know him: As we have heard, he keeps
A calendar of all the famous dishes
Of meat, that have been in the court, ever since
Our great-grandfather's time; and when he can thrust
In at no table, he makes his meat of that.

Lucio. The very same, my lord.

Duke. A courtier call'st thou him?
Believe me, Lucio, there be many such
About our court, respected, as they think,
Even by ourself. With thee I will be plain:
We princes do use to prefer many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledge, almost in the nature of acquaintance, of many whom we do use only for our pleasures; and do give largely to numbers, more out of policy to be thought liberal, and by that means to make the people strive to deserve our love, than to reward any particular desert of theirs to whom we give; and do suffer ourselves to hear flatterers, more for recreation than for love of it, though we seldom hate it:
And yet we know all these; and when we please,
Can touch the wheel, and turn their names about.

Lucio. I wonder they that know their states so well,

Should fancy such base slaves.

Duke. Thou wonder'st, Lucio?
Dost not thou think if thou wert Duke of Milan,
Thou shouldst be flatter'd?

Lucio. I know, my lord, I would not.

Duke. Why, so I thought till I was a duke; I thought I should have left me no more flatterers than there are now plain-dealers; and yet, for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flatter'd: The poor man may loath covetousness and flattery, but fortune will alter the mind when the wind turns; there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the billows before it. Arrigo, it grows late;
For see, fair Tethys hath undone the bars
To Phœbus' team; and his unrivall'd light
Hath chased the morning's modest blush away:
Now must we to our love.—Bright Paphian queen,
Thou Cytherean goddess, that delights
In stirring glances, and art still thyself
More toying than thy team of sparrows be;
Thou laughing Erecina, oh, inspire
Her heart with love, or lessen my desire! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lazarillo's *Lodging.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and Boy.*

Laz. Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle of the kitchens, larders, and pasteries; know what meat's boiled, baked, roast, stewed, fried, or

soused, at this dinner, to be served directly, or indirectly, to every several table in the court; begone!

Boy. I run; but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven.[5] [*Exit.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he did give him a good stomach! What unbounded graces there are pour'd upon them that have the continual command of the very best of these blessings! 'Tis an excellent thing to be a prince; he is served with such admirable variety of fare, such innumerable choice of delicates; his tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, and his cupboards heavy laden with rich wines; his court is still fill'd with most pleasing varieties: in the summer his palace is full of green-geese, and in winter it swarmeth woodcocks. Oh, thou goddess of Plenty!
Fill me this day with some rare delicates,
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day, celebrate a sumptuous feast
(If thou wilt send me victuals) in thine honour!
And to it shall be bidden, for thy sake,
Even all the valiant stomachs in the court;
All short-cloak'd knights, and all cross-garter'd gentlemen;
All pump and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, and huge stuff'd doublets:[6]

[5] *Upon the stroke of* eleven.] The usual dinner hour at the time. See the Knight of the Burning Pestle, *passim.*

[6] *All* short-cloak'd *knights, and all* cross-gartered *gentlemen;*
All pump *and* pantofle, foot-cloth *riders;*
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, *and* huge stuff'd doublets.]
We have here the description of a gallantly-attired courtier of the

All these shall eat, and, which is more than yet
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied!—
I wonder my ambassador returns not.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, master.
Laz. And welcome!
Never did that sweet virgin in her smock,
Fair cheek'd Andromeda, when to the rock
Her ivory limbs were chain'd, and straight before
A huge sea-monster, tumbling to the shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing sight
Expect the coming of some hardy knight,

time. A similar passage occurs in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:

> I have all that's requisite
> To the making up of a signor: my spruce ruff,
> My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose."

Wearing cross-garters of rich workmanship below the knee became subsequently the practice among the puritans, as we still see worn-out fashions preserved for a long time among the precisians of our days. In Powell's Mystery of Lending and Borrowing, 1636, a borrower coming to an hypocritical scrivener, finds him praying, "while hee was *cross-gartering* himselfe, and had hee not known him better by his *cross-garters* then by his prayers, questionless he had lost his labour."—*Stocks* in the text means stockings, and *paned hose*, as Mr Gifford remarks, ribbed breeches. The stuffed doublets of the gallants, which served also the purpose of guarding, in some measure, the body from a sword or rapier, are often satirized in old writings. The *short cloaks* mentioned in the text, are ridiculed in "The Man in the Moone telling strange Fortunes, or the English Fortune-teller, Lond. 1609." The prodigal's dress is thus described—"By the *block*, [i. e. bonnet] of his head.... he should be a Spaniard, but his *dublet* sheweth him a Frenchman: now I see his *breeches* made *like a pair of smith's bellowes*, erected with the small end upwards; hee seemeth a Walloon: marrie, there is *no excesse in his* cloake: he took the length thereof by the old apes of Paris-Garden," &c. See the British Bibliographer, II. 88.

That might have quell'd his pride, and set her free,
Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your Perseus is come, master, that will destroy him;
The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster Hunger from your yelping guts.

Laz. Brief, boy, brief!
Discourse the service of each several table
Compendiously.

Boy. Here is a bill of all, sir.

Laz. Give it me! [*Reads.*
"A bill of all the several services this day appointed for every table in the court:"
Ay, this is it on which my hopes rely;
Within this paper all my joys are closed!
Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. [*Reads.*] "For the captain of the guard's table, three chines of beef and two joles of sturgeon."

Laz. A portly service,
But gross, gross. Proceed to the Duke's own table,
Dear boy, to the duke's own table!

Boy. "For the duke's own table, the head of an umbrana."

Laz. Is it possible?
Can Heaven be so propitious to the duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, sir, 'tis possible;
Heaven is so propitious to him.

Laz. Why then, he is the richest prince alive!
He were the wealthiest monarch in all Europe,
Had he no other territories, dominions,
Provinces, seats, nor palaces, but only
That umbrana's head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, sir; the fish was taken but this night, and the head, as a rare novelty, appointed by special commandment for the duke's own table, this dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house,
A board groaning under the heavy burden of the beast that cheweth the cud, and the fowl that cutteth the air: It shall not, like the table of a country justice, be sprinkled over with all manner of cheap sallads, sliced beef, giblets, and pettitoes, to fill up room; nor should there stand any great, cumbersome, un-cut-up pies, at the nether-end, filled with moss and stones,[7] partly to make a show with, and partly to keep the lower mess from eating;[8] nor shall my meat come in sneaking, like

[7] *Un-cut-up pies - - - - -filled up with moss and stones.*] These "vain ornaments" are not entirely obsolete at public entertainments.

[8] *The lower mess.*] That is, those who used to sit at the table below the salt; a custom frequently mentioned in our ancient writers. Mr Whalley gives the following account of the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals: "The tables being long, the *salt* was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependants, or inferior relations of the master of the house. An allusion to this custom occurs in a satire of Bishop Hall. As it is but short, the reader perhaps will not be displeased if I transcribe the whole:

"A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher chapelain;
Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle bed,
Whilst his young master lieth o'er his head.
Secondly, that he do on no default,
Ever presume to *sit above the salt.*
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;

the city service, one dish a quarter of an hour after another, and gone as if they had appointed to meet there, and had mistook the hour; nor should it, like the new court service, come in in haste,[9] as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast; but I would have my several courses, and my dishes well filed:[1] My first course should be brought in after the ancient manner, by a score of old bleer-eyed serving-men, in long blue coats;—Marry, they shall buy silk, facing, and buttons themselves; but that's by the way—

Boy. Master, the time calls on; will you be walking?

Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But he must ask his mother to define,
How many jerks she would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented be,
To give five marks, and winter livery."

"Again, by a reference to this fashion, we are told in a little piece, called News from the Lower End of the Table, that the best company makes the upper end of the table, and not the salt-cellar. This custom is yet preserved at the lord mayor's, and some other public tables."—*Reed.*

[9] *Nor should it, like the new court service, come in in haste, as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast.*] It appears to have been an usual trick at the court-entertainments at that time, for the servants to remove the dishes before the guests had time to eat of them. When the Muscovite ambassadors were entertained at King James's court in 1617, Sir John Finett, then master of ceremonies, informs us, "their servants (about fifty of them) had a dinner provided in the guard-chamber, where the guard that waited on them failed not of their accustomed cure (by soone shifting away their dishes) to keep them from surfeiting."—*Finetti Philoxenis,* London, 1656, 8. p. 47.

[1] *Filed.*] So the quartos of 1607 and 1648; that of 1649, and the subsequent copies—*filled.* *Filed* in the text means arranged, ranked.

Laz. Follow, boy, follow! my guts were half an hour since in the privy kitchen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of Count Valore.

Enter VALORE *and* ORIANA.

Ori. 'Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.

Val. And i'faith, sister, what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the lady Honoria will be glad to see me.

Val. Glad to see you? 'Faith, the lady Honoria cares for you as she doth for all other young ladies; she is glad to see you, and will shew you the privy-garden, and tell you how many gowns the duchess had. Marry, if you have ever an old uncle, that would be a lord, or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder, or committed a robbery, and will give good store of money to procure his pardon, then the lady Honoria will be glad to see you.

Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see fine sights at the court.

Val. I'll tell you what you shall see; you shall see many faces of man's making, for you shall find very few as God left them: And you shall see many legs too; amongst the rest you shall behold one pair, the feet of which were in times past sockless, but are now, through the change of time (that alters all things,) very strangely become the legs of a knight and a courtier; another pair you shall see,

that were heir-apparent legs to a glover, these legs hope shortly to be honourable; when they pass by they will bow, and the mouth to these legs will seem to offer you some courtship; it will swear, but it will lie; hear it not!

Ori. Why, and are not these fine sights?

Val. Sister,
In seriousness you yet are young, and fair;
A fair young maid, and apt——

Ori. Apt?

Val. Exceeding apt;
Apt to be drawn to——

Ori. To what?

Val. To that you should not be; 'tis no dispraise;
She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath no power to rule that will:
For there you shall be woo'd in other kinds
Than yet your years have known;
The chiefest men will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your service, kiss your hand,
Prepare you banquets, masks, shows, all intice-
ments
That Wit and Lust together can devise,
To draw a lady from the state of grace
To an old lady widow's gallery;
And they will praise your virtues; beware that!
The only way to turn a woman whore,
Is to commend her chastity: You'll go?

Ori. I would go, if it were but only to shew you, that I could be there, and be moved with none of these tricks.

Val. Your servants are ready?

Ori. An hour since.

Val. Well, if you come off clear from this hot service, your praise shall be the greater. Farewell, sister!

Ori. Farewell, brother!

Val. Once more! If you stay in the presence till candle-light, keep on the foreside o' th' curtain; and, do you hear, take heed of the old bawd, in the cloth-of-tissue sleeves, and the knit mittens! Farewell, sister!—[*Exit* ORIANA.] Now am I idle; I would I had been a scholar, that I might have studied now! the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do. I must take some of the common courses of our nobility, which is thus: if I can find no company that likes me,[2] pluck off my hat-band, throw an old cloak over my face, and, as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets, till I be discovered; then "there goes count Such-a-one," says one; "There goes count Such-a-one," says another: "Look how fast he goes," says a third; "There's some great matters in hand questionless," says a fourth; when all my business is to have them say so. This hath been used. Or, if I can find any company,[3] I'll after dinner to the stage to see a play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the house; every one that does not know, cries, "What nobleman is that?" all the gallants on the stage rise, vail to me,[4] kiss their hand,

[2] *Likes me.*] i. e. *Pleases me.* So, in King Lear, Kent says, act ii. scene ii. "His countenance *likes me* not;" and, in the Maid's Tragedy, p. 29,

"*What look* likes you *best*?"—Reed.

[3] *Or if I can find any company.*] As he describes his coming into the play-house alone, this seems a second expedient to pass away time for want of company at home. I therefore read *can't* for *can.*—Seward.

Company means here a company of comedians, not companions, as Seward supposes.—*Mason.*

[4] *All the gallants on the stage will rise, veil to me.*] That is,

offer me their places: Then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest,[5] take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him: the poor gentleman imagines himself most highly graced, thinks all the auditors esteem him one of my bosom-friends, and in right special regard with me. But here comes a gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport than either street and stage fooleries. [*Retires to one side of the Stage.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and Boy.*

This man loves to eat good meat; always provided, he do not pay for it himself. He goes by the name of the Hungry Courtier; marry, because I think that name will not sufficiently distinguish him (for no doubt he hath more fellows there) his name is Lazarillo; he is none of these same ord'nary eaters,[6] that will devour three breakfasts, and as many din-

take off their hats; the spelling is now rectified.—It was usual to crowd the stage with gallants, who paid something extraordinary for a stool to sit on, (at the Blackfriars as much as an angel, about nine shillings.) This nuisance sometimes occasioned the just indignation of the rest of the audience, and it is often ridiculed and reprobated by contemporary authors. See Malone's History of the Stage. On the French stage this abuse was not abolished till the times of Le Kain and Clairon, whose exertions to that effect met with great opposition.

[5] *To grace* among *the rest.*] All this speech, and far the greatest part of the play, was printed before as prose, though most of it runs easily into a familiar verse. I don't change *among* here, as the sense is much the same as *above*, but the latter seems the more natural preposition.—*Seward.*

The reasons for discarding Seward's uncouth metrification, of what was, and ever will be prose, have been given in the introduction to the play.

[6] *He is none of these* same ordinary eaters.] That is, as the last editors explain it, common eaters, not eaters at ordinaries, as Seward would have it.

ners, without any prejudice to their bevers,[7] drinkings, or suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty than plenty. I'll over-hear him.

Laz. Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomach feels,
Oh, leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me!
Three several sallads have I sacrificed,
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy wrath.—
Boy!

Boy. Sir?

Laz. Will the count speak with me?

Boy. One of his gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, sir.

Laz. There is no way left for me to compass this fish-head, but by being presently made known to the duke.

Boy. That will be hard, sir.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my father's tomb
In peace; then shall I die most willingly,
And as a dish be served to satisfy
Death's hunger; and I will be buried thus:
My bier shall be a charger[8] borne by four,
The coffin where I lie a powd'ring-tub,[9]
Bestrew'd with lettuce, and cool sallad-herbs;
My winding-sheet of tansies; the black guard[1]

[7] *Bevers.*] As our ancestors dined at eleven o'clock, it was customary to take some further refreshment in the afternoon, which custom is still retained in some parts of England, and is called a *bever*. Cotgrave explains *reciné*, "An afternoon's nuncheon, or collation; an aunder's meat."

[8] *A charger.*] A great dish. Cotgrave interprets *un grand plat*, a charger.

[9] *A powd'ring tub.*] A tub for powdering or salting meat.

[1] *The black guard.*] That is, the scullions or kitchen-boys.

Shall be my solemn mourners; and, instead
Of ceremonies, wholesome burial prayers;
A printed dirge in rhyme[2] shall bury me.
Instead of tears let them pour capon-sauce
Upon my hearse, and salt instead of dust,
Manchets for stones; for other glorious shields
Give me a voider;[3] and above my hearse,
For a trutch sword,[4] my naked knife stuck up!
[VALORE *comes forward.*

—— *and instead*
Of ceremonies, wholesome *burial prayers*,
A printed *dirge in rhime shall bury me.*] If he would have no ceremonies nor prayers, it is probable that we should read *fulsome*, or perhaps, as *wholesome* is a word proper to Lazarillo, the following transposition may have been the original:

———— *instead*
Of ceremonies, printed *burial prayers*,
A wholsome *dirge in rhime shall bury me.*

A *dirge* in this sense may signify verses setting forth the wholesomeness and excellency of good-eating. *Dirge* is derived from the Latin word *dirige*, which begins a part of the Popish litany. The more I consider this latter conjecture, the more probable it appears: I shall therefore venture it into the text.—*Seward.*

The old text is very good, and should not be changed: He first says, there shall be at his funeral,

"Instead of ceremonies, *wholsome* burial pray'rs;"

and then proceeds to specify, that

"A printed dirge in rhime shall bury him,"

instead of the usual service.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *A voider.*] This, which is elsewhere in these plays called a wooden dagger, was a knife made of wood, with which the broken meat and crumbs were scraped off the table. See vol. IX. p. 34.

[4] *Trutch sword.*] This is evidently a sword placed on the hearse by way of honour, as is still done at military funerals. I have however not been so fortunate as to meet with another instance where this word is used. It is probably connected with *trickments*, which in the following passage of the Mad Lover, (vol. IV. p. 258,) is used for funeral ornaments:

—— No tomb shall hold thee
But these two arms, no *trickments* but my tears.

Boy. Master, the count's here.

Laz. Where?—My lord, I do beseech you——
[*Kneeling.*

Val. You are very welcome, sir; I pray you stand up; you shall dine with me.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship, by the love I still have borne to your honourable house——

Val. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me. I pray rise.

Laz. Perhaps your lordship takes me for one of these same fellows, that do, as it were, respect victuals.

Val. Oh, sir, by no means.

Laz. Your lordship has often promised, that whensoever I should affect greatness, your own hand should help to raise me.

Val. And so much still assure yourself of.

Laz. And though I must confess I have ever shunn'd popularity, by the example of others, yet I do now feel myself a little ambitious: Your lordship is great, and, though young, yet a privy-counsellor.

Val. I pray you, sir, leap into the matter; what would you have me do for you?

Laz. I would entreat your lordship to make me known to the duke.

Val. When, sir?

Laz. Suddenly, my lord; I would have you present me unto him this morning.

Val. It shall be done: But for what virtues would you have him take notice of you?

Laz. Your lordship shall know that presently.

Val. [*Aside.*] 'Tis pity of this fellow; he is of good wit, and sufficient understanding, when he is not troubled with this greedy worm.

Laz. 'Faith, you may entreat him to take notice

of me for any thing; for being an excellent farrier, for playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives in walls, for being impudent, or for nothing; why may not I be a favourite on the sudden? I see nothing against it.

Val. Not so, sir; I know you have not the face to be a favourite on the sudden.

Laz. Why then, you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Val. In what, sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus——

Enter Intelligencer.

Val. Yonder's my old spirit, that hath haunted me daily, ever since I was a privy-counsellor; I must be rid of him.—[*To the Intelligencer.*] I pray you stay there; I am a little busy; I will speak with you presently.

Laz. You shall bring me in, and after a little other talk, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the duke: "May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallads and pot-herbs whatsoever."

Val. 'Twill be rare! If you will walk before, sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Laz. Your lordship's ever. [*Exit.*

Val. [*Aside.*] This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in ale-houses and taverns; and because he perceives some worthy men in this land, with much labour and great expence, to have discover'd things dangerously hanging over the state, he thinks to discover as much out of the talk of drunkards in tap-houses: He brings me informations, pick'd out of broken words, in men's com-

mon talk, which, with his malicious mis-application, he hopes will seem dangerous; he doth, besides, bring me the names of all the young gentlemen in the city, that use ordinaries, or taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teach them, without any further ends, for dangerous and seditious spirits; he is, besides, an arrant whoremaster as any is in Milan, of a layman; I will not meddle with the clergy: He is parcel lawyer,[5] and in my conscience much of their religion: I must put upon him some piece of service.—Come hither, sir: What have you to do with me?

Int. Little, my lord; I only come to know how your lordship would employ me.

Val. Observed you that gentleman that parted from me but now?

Int. I saw him now, my lord.

Val. I was sending for you; I have talk'd with this man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your lordship in good earnest?

Val. Hark you, sir; there may perhaps be some within ear-shot. [*He whispers with him.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and Boy.*

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your life, the duke hath sent the fish head to my lord?

Boy. Sir, if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me!

[5] *Is parcel lawyer.*] *Parcel* from *particelle;* it means *partly,* as *partly a lawyer.* Massinger, our authors contemporary and rival, often uses it in this sense.—*Seward.*

The assertion, that Massinger was the rival of Beaumont and Fletcher, is made entirely at random. He can hardly be called the contemporary of the former, and as to the latter, he seems to have been on the best terms with him, having assisted him in several of his plays.

Laz. How uncertain is the state of all mortal things! I have these crosses from my cradle, from my very cradle, insomuch that I do begin to grow desperate: Fortune, I do despise thee, do thy worst!—Yet, when I do better gather myself together, I do find it is rather the part of a wise man to prevent the storms of fortune by stirring, than to suffer 'em, by standing still, to pour themselves upon his naked body: I will about it.

Val. Who's within there?

Enter a Serving-man.

Let this gentleman out at the back-door!—Forget not my instructions. If you find any thing dangerous, trouble not yourself to find out me, but carry your informations to the lord Lucio; he is a man grave, and well-experienced in these businesses.

Int. Your lordship's servant.

[*Exeunt Intelligencer and Serving-man.*

Laz. Will it please your lordship walk?

Val. Sir, I was coming; I will overtake you.

Laz. I will attend you over against the lord Gondarino's house.

Val. You shall not attend there long.

Laz. Thither must I
To see my love's face, the chaste virgin head
Of a dear fish, yet pure and undeflower'd,
Not known of man; no rough-bred country hand
Hath once touch'd thee, no pander's wither'd paw,
Nor an un-napkin'd lawyer's greasy fist,
Hath once slubber'd thee; no lady's supple hand,
Wash'd o'er with urine, hath yet seized on thee
With her two nimble talons;[6] no court-hand,

[6] *With her* two *nimble* talents.] Mr Sympson concurs with me

Whom his own natural filth, or change of air,
Hath bedeck'd with scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter
grace:
Oh, let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginity! [*Exit.*
Val. This day I am for fools; I am all theirs:
Though, like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
Who do affect those men above the rest
In whose base company they still are best,
I do not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the company;
But for a fool our wisdom oft amends,[7]
As enemies do teach us more than friends. [*Exit.*

in reading *too-nimble;* but there seems a still greater corruption than that; her *fingers* are certainly here called *too nimble*, and though *talents* be intelligible, yet *talons* seems a much more easy as well as more comic word. On turning to Mr Theobald I find that he too reads *talons*.—Seward.

Talents is merely the inaccurate spelling of old books, and the emendation required no ingenuity to find out. I do not see the impropriety of reading with the old copies, *two nimble*, as Lazarillo evidently calls the lady's two hands her two talons.

[7] *But for a fool, our wisdom oft amends.*] Seward rightly observes, "*for* is here the same as *because*."—Ed. 1778.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Gondarino's *House.*

Enter Gondarino *and Servants*

Serv. My lord!

Gond. Ha!

Serv. Here's one hath brought you a present.

Gond. From whom? from a woman? if it be from a woman, bid him carry it back, and tell her she's a whore. What is it?

Serv. A fish-head, my lord.

Gond. What fish-head?

Serv. I did not ask that, my lord

Gond. Whence comes it?

Serv. From the court.

Gond. Oh, 'tis a cod's head.

Serv. No, my lord; 'tis some strange head; it comes from the duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my mercer; I do owe him money for silks; stop his mouth with that.—[*Exeunt Servants.*] Was there ever any man that hated his wife after death but I? and, for her sake, all women, women that were created only for the preservation of little dogs!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the count's sister being overtake

n the streets with a great hail-storm, is lit at your gate, and desires room till the storm be overpast.

Gond. Is she a woman?

Serv. Ay, my lord, I think so.

Gond. I have none for her then; bid her get her ...e; tell her she is not welcome!

Serv. My lord, she is now coming up.

Gond. She shall not come up! tell her any thing; ... her I have but one great room in my house, and I am now in it at the close-stool.

Serv. She's here, my lord.

Gond. Oh, impudence of women! I can keep d...s out of my house, or I can defend my house again... t...ves, but I cannot keep out women.—Now, madam,

Enter ORIANA, *a Waiting-woman, and a Page.*

What hath your ladyship to say to me?

Ori. My lord, I was bold to crave the help of your house against the storm.

Gond. Your ladyship's boldness in coming will be impudence in staying; for you are most unwelcome.

Ori. Oh, my lord!

Gond. Do you laugh? by the hate I bear to you, 'tis true!

Ori. You are merry, my lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I be, or can be, whilst thou art here, or livest, or any of thy sex!

Ori. I commend your lordship.

Gond. Do you commend me? why do you commend me? I give you no such cause: Thou art a filthy, impudent whore; a woman, a very woman!

Ori. Ha, ha, ha!

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.

Ori. Your lordship hath a good wit.

Gond. How? what? have I good wit?

Ori. Come, my lord; I have heard before of your lordship's merry vein in jesting against our sex; which I being desirous to hear, made me rather chuse your lordship's house than any other; but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live, if you be! Methinks it doth not become you to come to my house, being a stranger to you: I have no woman in my house to entertain you, nor to shew you your chamber; why should you come to me? I have no galleries, nor banqueting-houses, nor bawdy pictures, to shew your ladyship.

Ori. Believe me, this your lordship's plainness makes me think myself more welcome than if you had sworn, by all the pretty court-oaths that are, I had been welcomer than your soul to your body.

Gond. Now she's in, talking treason will [not] get her out;[8] I durst sooner undertake to talk an intelligencer out of the room, and speak more than he durst hear, than talk a woman out of my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the Duke being in the streets, and the storm continuing, is entered your gate, and now coming up.

Gond. The Duke?—Now I know your errand, madam; you have plots and private meetings in hand: Why do you chuse my house? are you ashamed to go to it in the old coupling-place? though it be less suspicious here, (for no Christian

[8] *Will get her out.*] The negative added, and we think justly, by Seward.—Ed. 1778.

will suspect a woman to be in my house) yet you may do it cleanlier there, for there is a care had of those businesses; and wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer and you shall have your lodgings directly opposite; it is but putting on your night-gown and your slippers: Madam, you understand me?[9]

Ori. Before, I would not understand him; but now he speaks riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Duke. 'Twas a strange hail-storm.
Lucio. 'Twas exceeding strange.
Gond. Good morrow to your grace!
Duke. Good morrow, Gondarino.

[9] *Your night gown, and your slippers; madam, you understand me?*] To make out the verse here with the context, I am forced to divide one word into two lines; this, which gives the measure a more comic aspect, is done by our authors indisputably in the comic part of the Schoolmaster, in the Two Noble Kinsmen:

> *Upon this mighty* morr—*of mickle weight,*
> Is—*now comes in, which being glew'd together,*
> *Makes* morris.—*Seward.*

Seward (oh, miserable division!) exhibits,

> *Your night-gown, and your slippers; madam,* y' under-
> Stand *me?*

But the example from the Two Noble Kinsmen is so far from apposite, that it rather proves our authors would not gravely practise what they there exposed as supremely ridiculous.—Ed. 1778.

Though Seward's pains to square prose into verse are superlatively absurd, the practice of dividing words in the manner of the ancient poets, certainly existed at the time among dramatic authors of a lower rank than Beaumont and Fletcher. For instance, in Brome's Antipodes, acted in 1638:—

> "Let me beseech
> Your lordship's re-acceptance of my *un-*
> *Merited* favour."

Laz. 'Twas very happy.—Boy, go down into the kitchen, and see if you can spy that same.—[*Exit Boy.*] I am now in some hope; I have methinks a kind of fever upon me, a certain gloominess within me, doubting, as it were, betwixt two passions: There is no young maid upon her wedding-night, when her husband sets first foot in the bed, blushes, and looks pale again, oftner than I do now. There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of his new play, (when he's in that case that he stands peeping betwixt the curtains, so fearfully that a bottle of ale cannot be open'd, but he thinks somebody hisses) than I am at this instant.

Val. Are they in consultation? If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some bastard, and is persuading my knight yonder to father the child, and marry the wench, or else some cockpit is to be built.

Laz. My lord! what nobleman's that?

Val. His name is Lucio; 'tis he that was made a lord at the request of some of his friends for his wife's sake; he affects to be a great statesman, and thinks it consists in night-caps, and jewels, and toothpicks.

Laz. And what's that other?

Val. A knight, sir, that pleaseth the Duke to favour, and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes: He can make as good men as himself every day in the week, and doth.

Laz. For what was he raised?

Val. Truly, sir, I am not able to say directly for what, but for wearing of red breeches,[2] as I take it: he is a brave man; he will spend three knighthoods at a supper without trumpets.

[2] *For wearing of* red breeches.] See vol. V. p. 120.

Laz. My lord, I'll talk with him; for I have a friend that would gladly receive the honour[3]——

Val. If he have the itch of knighthood upon him, let him repair to that physician, he'll cure him. But I will give you a note: Is your friend fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

Val. It will be the worse for him.

Laz. I hope that's not material.

Val. Very much, for there's an impost set upon knighthoods, and your friend shall pay a noble[4] in the pound.

Duke. [*Coming forward.*] I do not like examinations;
We shall find out the truth more easily,
Some other way less noted, and that course
Should not be used, till we be sure to prove
Something directly; for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.

Lucio. Doth she know
Your grace doth love her?

Duke. She hath never heard it.

Lucio. Then thus, my lord.

[*They whisper again.*

Laz. What's he that walks alone so sadly, with his hands behind him?

Val. The lord of the house, he that you desire to be acquainted with. He doth hate women for the same cause that I love them.

Laz. What's that?

Val. For that which apes want: You perceive me, sir?

Laz. And is he sad? can he be sad that hath so

[3] *Gladly receive the* humour.] Corrected in 1750.

[4] *A noble.*] See vol. IX. p. 150.

rich a gem under his roof, as that which I do follow!—What young lady's that?

Val. Which? Have I mine eye-sight perfect? 'tis my sister! Did I say the Duke had a bastard? what should she make here with him and his council? She hath no papers in her hand to petition to them; she hath never a husband in prison, whose release she might sue for: That's a fine trick for a wench, to get her husband clapt up, that she may more freely, and with less suspicion, visit the private studies of men in authority. Now I do discover their consultation; yon fellow is a pandar without all salvation! but let me not condemn her too rashly, without weighing the matter: She is a young lady; she went forth early this morning with a waiting-woman, and a page or so: This is no garden-house, in my conscience, she went forth with no dishonest intent; for she did not pretend going to any sermon in the further end of the city; neither went she to see any odd old gentlewoman, that mourns for the death of her husband, or the loss of her friend, and must have young ladies come to comfort her; those are the damnable bawds! 'Twas no set meeting certainly, for there was no wafer-woman[5] with her these three days, on my knowledge. I'll talk with her.—Good morrow, my lord!

Gond. You are welcome, sir.—Here's her brother come now to do a kind office for his sister; is it not strange?

Val. I am glad to meet you here, sister.

Ori. I thank you, good brother; and if you doubt of the cause of my coming, I can satisfy you.

Val. No, 'faith, I dare trust thee: I do suspect thou art honest; for it is so rare a thing to be ho-

[5] *Wafer-woman.*] One that sells cakes.

nest, amongst you, that some one man in an age may perhaps suspect some two women to be honest, but never believe it verily.—

Lucio. Let your return be sudden!

Arr. Unsuspected by them.

Duke. It shall; so shall I best
Perceive their love, if there be any: Farewell!

Val. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding: He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Val. Lazarillo.

Duke. I heard of him this morning;
Which is he?

Val. Lazarillo, pluck up thy spirits!
Thy fortunes are now raising; the duke calls for thee,
And thou shalt be acquainted with him.

Laz. He's going away,
And I must of necessity stay here,
Upon business.

Val. 'Tis all one; thou shalt know him first.

Laz. Stay a little!— [*Aside.*
If he should offer to take me away with him,
And by that means I should lose that I seek for—
But if he should, I will not go with him.

Val. Lazarillo, the duke stays! wilt thou lose
This opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Val. 'Twas well thought of; you must not talk to him
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him:
For example; if he should ask you what o'clock it is,

You must not say, "If it please your grace, 'tis
nine;"
But thus, "Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign;"
Or thus, "Look how many muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"
And so forth: And you must now and then
Enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall do it.

Val. Come! "May it please your grace to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallads and pot-herbs whatsoever."

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your grace's foot.

Val. Very well!—Will your grace question him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz.[6] Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath; four prenticeships
Have I most truly served in this world;

[6] *Full eight and twenty several almanacks*, &c.] There is a serious passage in Shakspeare, which exactly resembles this comical one of our authors: it is in All's Well that End's Well, act II., where Helena says to the King,

—— "The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torches his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly."

I am surprised that our editors did not consider the present passage as a sneer upon Shakspeare.—*Mason.*

And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly course, since——

Duke. I understand you, sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks!

Duke. You are eight-and-twenty year old. What time of the day do you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives,[7]
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs;
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now; now the tables all——

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Val. Your grace shall find him, in your further conference, grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, understandingly read in the necessities of the life of man:
He knows that man is mortal by his birth;
He knows that man must die, and therefore live:
He knows that man must live, and therefore eat.
And if it shall please your grace to accompany yourself with him, I doubt not but that he will, at the least, make good my commendations.

Duke. Attend us, Lazarillo; we do want
Men of such action, as we have received you
Reported from your honourable friend.

Laz. Good my lord, stand betwixt me and my overthrow! you know I am tied here, and may not depart!—My gracious lord, so weighty are the bu-

[7] *About the time that mortals whet their knives,* &c.] Lazarillo means to say, when they make preparations for dinner. From Valore's speech on the last page, it was then nine o'clock, or two hours before the usual dinner-hour, which was generally at eleven. So in The Case is Altered, by Ben Jonson—

> "Eat when your stomach serves, saith the physician,
> Not at *eleven* and six."

sinesses of mine own, which at this time do call upon me, that I will rather chuse to die, than to neglect them.

Val. Nay, you shall well perceive; besides the virtues that I have already inform'd you of, he hath a stomach which will stoop to no prince alive.

Duke. Sir, at your best leisure; I shall thirst to see you.

Laz. And I shall hunger for it.

Duke. Till then, farewell all!

Gond. Val. Long life attend your grace!

Duke. I do not taste this sport. Arrigo! Lucio!

Arr. Lucio. We do attend.

[*Exeunt Duke,* ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left his Helen with me: I am no pandar for him; neither can I be won, with the hope of gain, or the itching desire of tasting my lord's lechery to him, to keep her at my house, or bring her in disguise to his bedchamber.
The twines of adders and of scorpions
About my naked breast, will seem to me
More tickling than those clasps, which men adore,
The lustful, dull, ill-spirited embraces
Of women! The much-praised Amazons,
Knowing their own infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what men
They take amongst them they condemn to die;
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer, that would willingly
Come in the worthless presence of a woman.—
I will attend, and see what my young lord
Will do with his sister.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My lord, the fish-head is gone again.

Val. Whither?

Boy. I know whither, my lord.

Val. Keep it from Lazarillo!—Sister, shall I confer with you in private, to know the cause of the duke's coming hither? I know he makes you acquainted with his business of state.

Ori. I'll satisfy you, brother; for I see you are jealous of me.

Gond. Now there shall be some course taken for her conveyance.

Laz. Lazarillo, thou art happy! thy carriage hath begot love, and that love hath brought forth fruits; thou art here in the company of a man honourable, that will help thee to taste of the bounties of the sea; and when thou hast so done, thou shalt retire thyself unto the court, and there taste of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes of thy sovereign. Now no more shalt thou need to scramble for thy meat, nor remove thy stomach with the court; but thy credit shall command thy heart's desire, and all novelties shall be sent as presents unto thee.

Val. Good sister, when you see your own time, will you return home?

Ori. Yes, brother, and not before.

Laz. I will grow popular in this state, and overthrow the fortunes of a number, that live by extortion.

Val. Lazarillo, bestir thyself nimbly and suddenly, and hear me with patience.

Laz. Let me not fall from myself!
Speak! I am bound to hear.[8]

[8] *So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear,*
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whither.] As *where* is equally sense here, it adds much to the humour to make this hob-

Val. *So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear;*
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whither.
Laz. I will not curse, nor swear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue accuse my fate
(Though I might justly do it;) nor will I
Wish myself uncreated, for this evil!—
Shall I entreat your lordship to be seen
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by fortune?
Val. I hate to leave my friend in his extremities
Laz. 'Tis noble in you; then I take your hand.
And do protest, I do not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chaste,
As that a brother to his sister bears:
And if I see this fish-head, yet unknown,
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye-strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remember'd, as our meeting:
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love, and free from servile lust!—
Val. [*To* GONDARINO.] Farewell, my lord! I was entreated to invite your lordship to a lady's up-sitting.[9] [*Exeunt* VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and Boy.*

bling comic verse rhyme to the grandeur of the line above, quoted from the most solemn scene in all Shakspeare. Mr Sympson asks, Is this a burlesque upon Hamlet's Ghost or not? I am quite clear that it is not, and have given, I believe, convincing reasons in a note, in that exceeding comic character, the Little French Lawyer, (vol. V. p. 223.) Sentiments and expressions of acknowledged dignity, when applied to a ridiculous subject, only render it still more ridiculous, and for that end only are used, burlesquing, as in this place, Lazarillo, not Hamlet.—*Seward.*

We see no *humour* in this unwarranted alteration, nor conviction in the note referred to.—Ed. 1778.

The last editors stick to their charge against Fletcher, of sneering at Shakspeare, to the last.

[9] *A lady's* up-sitting.] Cotgrave interprets *relevailles d'une*

Gond. Oh, my ears!—Why, madam, will not you follow your brother? You are waited for by great men; he'll bring you to 'em.

Ori. I am very well, my lord; you do mistake me, if you think I affect greater company than yourself.

Gond. What madness possesseth thee, that thou canst imagine me a fit man to entertain ladies? I tell thee, I do use to tear their hair, to kick them, and to twinge their noses, if they be not careful in avoiding me.

Ori. Your lordship may descant upon your own behaviour as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it appears in my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

Gond. I shall grow rough.

Ori. A rough carriage is best in a man.—I'll dine with you, my lord.

Gond. Why, I will starve thee; thou shalt have nothing.

Ori. I have heard of your lordship's nothing; I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well, thou shalt have meat; I'll send it to thee.

Ori. I'll keep no state, my lord; neither do I mourn; I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thing as this allow'd to live?
What power hath let thee loose upon the earth,
To plague us for our sins? Out of my doors!

Ori. I would your lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you! it doth shew
So near the life, as it were natural.

Gond. Oh, thou damn'd woman! I will fly the vengeance

femme, "the up-rising or up-sitting, also the churching of a woman."

That hangs above thee: Follow, if thou darest!
[*Exit* GONDARINO.

Ori. I must not leave this fellow; I will torment him to madness!
To teach his passions against kind[1] to move,
The more he hates, the more I'll seem to love.
[*Exeunt* ORIANA, *Maid, and Page.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Pandar and Mercer.

Pandar. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done; I wear not this black cloak for nothing.[2]

Mercer. Perform this, help me to this great heir by learning, and you shall want no black cloaks; taffaties, silk-grograms, sattins, and velvets are mine; they shall be yours, perform what you have promised; and you shall make me a lover of sciences; I will study the learned languages, and keep my shop-book in Latin.

[1] *Kind.*] i. e. Nature. The word occurs in this sense in Shakspeare, and most of the authors of that age.

[2] *I wear not this* black cloak *for nothing.*] The pandar means that he had attired himself purposely in a sober habit, and this he says to the Mercer, to make him believe that the wife he offers to procure for him is a rich and reputable woman. In act iv. scene ii. he again says—' I have an honest *black cloak* for my knavery."

Pandar. Trouble me not now; I will not fail you within this hour at your shop.

Mercer. Let Art have her course. [*Exit.*

Enter JULIA.

Pandar. 'Tis well spoken.—Madonna!

Julia. Hast thou brought me any customers?

Pandar. No.

Julia. What the devil dost thou in black?

Pandar. As all solemn professors of settled courses, cover my knavery with it. Will you marry a citizen, reasonably rich and unreasonably foolish, silks in his shop, money in his purse, and no wit in his head?

Julia. Out upon him! I could have been otherwise than so; there was a knight swore he would have had me, if I would have lent him but forty shillings to have redeem'd his cloak, to go to church in.

Pandar. Then your waistcoat-waiter[3] shall have him; call her in.

Julia. Francissina!

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon.

Julia. Get you to the church, and shrive yourself,[4] for you shall be richly married anon.

Pandar. And get you after her. I will work upon my citizen whilst he is warm; I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours: The openest fools are hardly cozened, if they once grow jealous. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Waistcoat-waiter.*] It has been frequently before observed that waistcoats were the usual garb of courtezans.

[4] *And shrive yourself.*] i. e. *Go to confession.* The same expression occurs in Romeo and Juliet.—Ed. 1778.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Another Room in Gondarino's *House.*

Enter GONDARINO, *flying from* ORIANA.

Gond. Save me, ye better powers! let me not fall
Between the loose embracements of a woman!
Heaven, if my sins be ripe, grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprieve a while thy punishment;
Only I crave, (and hear me, equal Heavens!)
Let not your furious rod, that must afflict me,
Be that imperfect piece of Nature
That Art makes up, woman, unsatiate woman!
Had we not knowing souls, at first infused
To teach a difference 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made ourselves, free, unconfined,
Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be, that this most perfect creature,
This image of his Maker, well-squared man,
Should leave the handfast, that he had of grace,
To fall into a woman's easy arms?

Enter ORIANA.

Ori. Now, Venus, be my speed! inspire me with all the several subtle temptations, that thou hast

already given, or hast in store hereafter to bestow upon our sex! Grant that I may apply that physic that is most apt to work upon him; whether he will soonest be moved with wantonness, singing, dancing, or (being passionate) with scorn; or with sad and serious looks, cunningly mingled with sighs, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and making short curt'sies; or with whatsoever other nimble power he may be caught, do thou infuse into me; and, when I have him, I will sacrifice him up to thee!

Gond. It comes again! new apparitions,
And tempting spirits! Stand and reveal thyself;
Tell why thou follow'st me? I fear thee,
As I fear the place thou camest from, Hell.

Ori. My lord, I am a woman, and such a one—

Gond. That I hate truly!
Thou hadst better been a devil.

Ori. Why, my unpatient lord?

Gond. Devils were once good; there they excell'd you women.

Ori. Can you be so uneasy? can you freeze,
And such a summer's heat so ready to dissolve?
Nay, gentle lord, turn not away in scorn,
Nor hold me less fair than I am! Look on these cheeks;
They have yet enough of nature, true complexion;
If to be red and white, a forehead high,
An easy melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the ear
Of strict religion, and men most austere:
If these may hope to please, look here!

Gond. This woman with entreaty would shew all!
—Lady, there lies your way; I pray you, farewell.

Ori. You're yet too harsh, too dissonant;
There's no true music in your words, my lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone? Here stay;
An thou want'st lodging,[5] take my house, 'tis big enough,
'Tis thine own; 'twill hold five lecherous lords
And their lackies, without discovery:
There's stoves and bathing-tubs.
Ori. Dear lord, you are too wild.
Gond. 'Shalt have a doctor too, thou shalt,
'Bout six and twenty, 'tis a pleasing age;
Or I can help thee to a handsome usher;
Or if thou lack'st a page, I'll give thee one:
Pr'ythee keep house, and leave me!
Ori. I do confess I am too easy, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection;
Yet I can frown, and nip a passion,
Even in the bud: I can say,
Men please their present heats, then please to leave us.
I can hold off, and, by my chymic power,
Draw sonnets from the melting lover's brain;
Ay-me's, and *elegies*: Yet to you, my lord,
My love, my better self, I put these off,
Doing that office not befits our sex,
Entreat a man to love.—Are you not yet
Relenting? ha' you blood and spirit in those veins?
You are no image, though you be as hard
As marble: Sure you have no liver;[6] if you had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heat

[5] *Here's* ta, *and* tha *wants lodging.*] These mangled words Mr Sympson has happily cured: He reads,

Here stay, *an* thou *want'st lodging.*—Seward.

[6] *Sure you have no* liver.] The liver was anciently imagined to be the residence of Love.

To every member! Is not this miserable?
A thing so truly form'd, shaped out by symmetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working too, yet to show all these
Like dead motions moving upon wires?[7]
Then, good my lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were first intended for,
A man!

Gond. Thou art a precious piece of sly damnation!
I will be deaf; I will lock up my ears:
Tempt me not! I will not love! if I do——

Ori. Then I'll hate you.

Gond. Let me be 'nointed with honey, and turn'd
Into the sun, to be stung to death with horse-flies!
Hear'st thou, thou breeder? here I'll sit,
And, in despite of thee, I will say nothing.
[*Sits down.*

Ori. Let me, with your fair patience, sit beside you!

Gond. Madam, lady, tempter, tongue, woman, air,
Look to me, I shall kick! I say again,
Look to me, I shall kick!

Ori. I cannot think your better knowledge
Can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot think I shall become a coxcomb,
To ha' my hair curl'd by an idle finger,
My cheeks turn tabors, and be play'd upon,

[7] *Like dead motions moving upon wires.*] A *motion* means a puppet-show. So in Machin's Dumb Knight, "I would not have you to step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with monsters or *motions*, but, holding your way directly homewards, show yourself still to be a rare housewife."

Mine eyes look'd babies in,[8] and my nose blow'd
to my hand:
I say again, I shall kick! sure, I shall.
Ori. 'Tis but
Your outside that you show; I know your mind
Never was guilty of so great a weakness:
Or, could the tongues of all men join'd together
Possess me with a thought of your dislike,
My weakness were above a woman's, to fall off
From my affection, for one crack of thunder.
Oh, would you could love, my lord!
Gond. I would thou wouldst
Sit still, and say nothing! What madman let thee
loose,
To do more mischief than a dozen whirlwinds?
Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the idle
Worms in thy fingers' ends. Will you be doing still?
Will no entreating serve you? no lawful warning?
I must remove, and leave your ladyship:
Nay, never hope to stay me; for I will run
From that smooth, smiling, witching, cozening,
tempting,
Damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land,
Where I will put myself into a daily course
Of curses for thee and all thy family.
Ori. Nay, good my lord, sit still! I'll promise
peace,
And fold mine arms up, let but mine eye discourse;
Or let my voice, set to some pleasing chord, sound
out
The sullen strains of my neglected love!

[8] *Mine eyes look'd babies in.*] So, in Woman's Prize, vol. V. p. 382:

——— *No more fool,*
To look gay babies in your eyes, *young Rowland.*—Reed.

Gond. Sing till thou crack thy treble-string in pieces,
And when thou hast done, put up thy pipes and walk!
Do any thing, sit still and tempt me not!

Ori. [*Aside.*] I would rather sing at doors for bread, than sing to
This fellow, but for hate: If this should be
Told in the court, that I begin to woo lords,
What a troop of the untruss'd nobility
Should I have at my lodging to-morrow morning!
[*Sings.*

SONG.

Come, Sleep, and, with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight a while;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

Gond. Have you done your wassail?[9]

[9] *Wassail.*] See a note on the Beggar's Bush, vol. II. p. 192. In the present place the word is not used in its general sense of a festivity, nor does it allude to the drinking the wassel cup, but to a drinking song which was sung on Twelfth-day. See Mr Douce's dissertation on the word in his Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. II. p. 206, *et seq.*

'Tis a handsome drowsy ditty, I'll assure you:
Now I had as lief hear a cat cry, when her tail
Is cut off, as hear these lamentations,
These lowsy love-lays, these bewailments.
You think you have caught me, lady; you think I
melt now,
Like a dish of May-butter, and run
All into brine and passion: Yes, yes, I am taken;
Look how I cross my arms, look pale, and dwindle,
And would cry, but for spoiling my face!
We must part: Nay, we'll avoid all ceremony;
No kissing, lady! I desire to know
Your ladyship no more.—'Death of my soul, the
Duke!

Ori. God keep your lordship!

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Ori. I'll be the clerk, and cry, Amen! Your
lordship's
Ever-assured enemy, Oriana. [*Exit* Oriana.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, *and* Lucio.

Gond. All the day's good attend your lordship!

Duke. We thank you, Gondarino.—Is it pos-
sible?
Can belief lay hold on such a miracle?
To see thee (one that hath cloister'd up all passion,
Turn'd wilful votary, and forsworn converse
With women) in company and fair discourse
With the best beauty of Milan?

Gond. 'Tis true; and if your grace, that hath
the sway
Of the whole state, will suffer this lewd sex,
These women, to pursue us to our homes,
Not to be pray'd nor to be rail'd away,
But they will woo, and dance, and sing,
And, in a manner looser than they are

By nature (which should seem impossible),
To throw their arms on our unwilling necks——

Duke. No more! I can see through your visor; dissemble it
No more! Do not I know thou hast used all art,
To work upon the poor simplicity
Of this young maid, that yet hath known none ill,
Thinks that damnation will fright those that woo
From oaths and lies?[1] But yet I think her chaste,
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My lord, I speak not this to gain new grace;
But howsoever you esteem my words,
My love and duty will not suffer me
To see you favour such a prostitute,
And I stand by dumb; without rack, torture,
Or strapado, I will unrip myself:
I do confess I was in company
With that pleasing piece of frailty, that we call woman;
I do confess, after a long and tedious siege,
I yielded.

Duke. Forward!

Gond. 'Faith, my lord, to come quickly to the point,
The woman you saw with me is a whore,
An arrant whore.

Duke. Was she not count Valore's sister?

Gond. Yes; that count Valore's sister is naught.

[1] Thinkest *that damnation will fright those that woo From oaths and lies.*] This is an odd question to Gondarino, but it seems only a mistake from adding a letter to the verb. *Thinks* is surely the true reading, and it is the supposed simplicity of the young maid, who *thinks* that the fear of damnation will deter men from lying and falsely swearing to them.—*Seward.*

Duke. Thou darest not say so.
Gond Not if it be distasting to your lordship;
But give me freedom, and I dare maintain
She has embraced this body, and grown to it
As close as the hot youthful vine to the elm.
Duke. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my thoughts
Were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strictness
False and impostorous:
Is this your mewing-up, your strict retirement,
Your bitterness and gall against that sex?
Have I not heard thee say, thou would'st sooner meet
The basilisk's dead-doing eye, than meet
A woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me;
Or, by our country's saint, your head goes off!—
If thou prove a whore,[2]
No woman's face shall ever move me more.
[*Exeunt Duke*, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.
Gond. So, so! 'tis as't should be.
Are women grown so mankind?[3] must they be wooing?
I have a plot shall blow her up; she flies, she mounts!
I'll teach her ladyship to dare my fury!
I will be known, and fear'd, and more truly hated
Of women than an eunuch.

[2] *If thou prove, &c.*] The words, *Oh, Oriana,* were prefixed by Seward to this speech, but their omission in all the old copies was very unlikely; and the metre of this play is such, that perfect regularity can never have been intended.

[3] *Are women grown so* mankind?] That is, *masculine.* See a note on Monsieur Thomas, vol. VI. p. 521.

Enter ORIANA.

She's here again:
Good gall, be patient! for I must dissemble.
Ori. Now, my cold frosty lord,
My Woman-Hater, you that have sworn
An everlasting hate to all our sex!
By my troth, good lord, and as I am yet a maid,
Methought 'twas excellent sport to hear your honour
Swear out an alphabet, chafe nobly like a general,
Kick like a resty jade, and make ill faces!
Did your good honour think I was in love?
Where did I first begin to take that heat?
From those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight?
Oh, they were lovely, if the balls stood right!
And there's a leg made out of a dainty staff,
Where, the gods be thanked, there is calf enough!
Gond. Pardon him, lady, that is now a convertite:
Your beauty, like a saint, hath wrought this wonder.
Ori. Alas, has it been pricked at the heart?
Is the stomach come down! will't rail no more
At women, and call 'em devils, she-cats, and goblins?
Gond. [*Aside.*] He that shall marry thee, had better spend
The poor remainder of his days in a dung-barge,
For two-pence a-week, and find himself.
Down again, spleen! I pr'ythee down again!—
Shall I find favour, lady? Shall at length
My true unfeigned penitence get pardon
For my harsh unseasoned follies?
I am no more an atheist; no; I do
Acknowledge that dread powerful deity,
And his all-quick'ning heats burn in my breast:

Oh, be not as I was, hard, unrelenting;
But as I am, be partner of my fires!

Ori. Sure we shall have store of larks; the skies will
Not hold up long: I should have look'd as soon
For frost in the Dog-days, or another inundation,
As hoped this strange conversion above miracle.
Let me look upon your lordship: Is your name
Gondarino? are you Milan's general, that
Great bugbear Bloody-bones, at whose very name
All women, from the lady to the laundress,
Shake like a cold fit?

Gond. Good patience, help me!
This fever will enrage my blood again.—
Madam, I am that man; I am even he
That once did owe unreconciled hate
To you, and all that bear the name of woman;
I am the man that wrong'd your honour to the Duke;
I am the man that said you were unchaste,
And prostitute; yet I am he that dare deny all this.

Ori. Your big nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,
And my contrition is as true as that;
Yet have I found a means to make all good again:
I do beseech your beauty, not for myself,
(My merits are yet in conception)
But for your honour's safety and my zeal,
Retire a while, while I unsay myself
Unto the Duke, and cast out that evil spirit
I have possess'd him with!
I have a house conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence;
But thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond. By the true honest service that I owe those eyes,

My meaning is as spotless as my faith.

Ori. The Duke doubt mine honour? a' may judge strangely.
'Twill not be long before I'll be enlarged again?

Gond. A day or two.

Ori. Mine own servants shall attend me?

Gond. Your ladyship's command is good.

Ori. Look you be true! [*Exit.*

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soul aspires to!—I will be a scourge to all females in my life, and, after my death, the name of Gondarino shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth: they shall shake at my name, and at the sound of it their knees shall knock together; and they shall run into nunneries, for they and I are beyond all hope irreconcileable: for if I could endure an ear with an hole in't, or a plaited lock, or a bareheaded coachman, that sits like a sign where great ladies are to be sold within, agreement betwixt us were not to be despair'd of. If I could be but brought to endure to see women, I would have them come all once a-week and kiss me, as witches do the devil, in token of homage. I must not live here; I will to the court,
And there pursue my plot; when it hath took,
Women shall stand in awe, but of my look.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Court in the Palace.

Enter two Intelligencers.

1 *Int.* There take your standing; be close and vigilant! here will I set myself; and let him look to his language! a' shall know the Duke has more ears in court than two.

2 *Int.* I'll quote him to a tittle:[4] Let him speak wisely, and plainly, and as hidden as a' can, I shall crush him; a' shall not 'scape [by] characters;[5] though a' speak Babel, I shall crush him. We have a fortune by this service hanging over us,

[4] *I'll quote him to a tittle;*] i. e. I'll *observe* or *note* him: So, in Hamlet, act ii. scene i. Polonius says,

> —— "That hath made him mad:
> I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
> I had not *quoted* him."—*Reed.*

[5] *A' shall not scape characters.*] This is a little difficult: If it is the true reading, the sense must be, that he shall not escape having characters drawn of him. But, besides the stiffness of this interpretation, it does not well suit the context; I read therefore,

> —— *a' shall not scape* by characters;
> *Let him speak Babel, I shall crush him:*

By *characters* must here be understood, using names of one thing for another. as the *characters of a cypher* do; for from *writing* the metaphor before is taken,

> *I'll quote him to a tittle.*—Seward.

Seward does not understand the word *quote*

that, within this year or two, I hope we shall be call'd to be examiners, wear politic gowns guarded with copper-lace, making great faces full of fear and office; our labours may deserve this.

1 *Int.* I hope it shall: Why, have not many men been raised from this worming trade, first, to gain good access to great men; then, to have commissions out for search; and lastly, to be worthily named at a great arraignment? Yes; and why not we? They that endeavour well deserve their fee. Close, close! a' comes; mark well, and all goes well! [*They stand apart.*

Enter VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and Boy.*

Laz. Farewell, my hopes! my anchor now is broken!
Farewell, my *quondam* joys! of which no token
Is now remaining; such is the sad mischance,
Where lady Fortune leads the slippery dance.
Yet, at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes, or a wished grave!

Val. The gods defend, so brave and valiant maw
Should slip into the never-satiate jaw
Of black Despair! No; thou shalt live and know
Thy full desires; Hunger, thy ancient foe,
Shall be subdued; those guts that daily tumble,
Through air and appetite, shall cease to rumble;
And thou shalt now at length obtain thy dish,
That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the duke!—

2 *Int.* There, there's a notable piece of treason! greater than the duke; mark that!

Val. But how, or where, or when this shall be compass'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I be

now knock'd o' th' head, with all my heart I would forgive a dog-killer.

Val. Yet do I see,
Through this confusedness, some little comfort.[6]

[6] *Yet do I see through this confusedness some little comfort.*] This, when restored to its measure, is a high burlesque parody of all poetic sublimity whatever, and Fletcher, to whom alone this play is ascribed, in the first edition * must have ridiculed himself as well as all grave writers, if every quotation from Shakspeare is a sneer upon him, as my assistants, Mr Theobald and Mr Sympson, have been apt to imagine, and have been quite angry with Fletcher for it. The lines above very much resemble the following in the Two Noble Kinsmen:

> ——— - *yet, cousin,*
> *Ev'n from the bottom of these miseries,*
> *From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,*
> *I see two comforts rising.*

Now would Fletcher sneer himself at a work that he certainly had a great, if not the greatest share in? I shall here take an opportunity of defending Fletcher for the character of Lazarillo. I find few of my friends quite relish it; they think the caricature too high, too much beyond nature, even so as rather to raise disgust than laughter. To this might be pleaded the authority of Aristophanes in his caricature of Socrates, of Plautus in more than one of his characters, of Shakspeare in Pistol, and of Jonson and Moliere in the greatest part of their plays, which are most of them formed not of characters of real persons, as those in general of Shakspeare, Fletcher, Terence, &c. are, but of the passions personated; as the passion of epicurism, or nice gluttony, is in this play. Few people have seen how extremely high the several passions, as avarice, pride, lust, epicurism, &c. have been carried in real life: I have heard of a gentleman that died not long since, whose passion for eating came not far short of Lazarillo's: and poetry is always allowed a little to heighten the features. Then as to the sublimity of the poetic language used by Lazarillo, it is certainly the very best that could be chose for high burlesque; as the dignity of the style is the highest contrast to the ridiculousness of the sentiments. Gondarino, like Lazarillo, is a passion personated, and a very well-drawn character in Ben Jonson's manner, so that

* See the Introduction. There is no name on the title-page to the first quarto.

Laz. The plot, my lord, as e'er you came of a woman, discover.

1 *Int.* Plots, dangerous plots! I will deserve by this most liberally.

Val. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. Oh, that it would stand me, that I might fight, or have some venture for it! that I might be turned loose, to try my fortune amongst the whole fry in a college or an inn of court, or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon!
Nay, were it set down in the outer court,
And all the guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawn, (which were a dismal
    sight,)
And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose only in my shirt,
To try their valour, how much of the spoil[7]

upon the whole I hope the majority of readers will join the laugh at this exceedingly droll play.—*Seward.*

The parallel Seward draws between the passage quoted and that in the Noble Kinsmen is very much forced. Our authors certainly have often, without remorse, burlesqued Shakspeare, and particularly his Hamlet.—Ed. 1778.

On this subject the reader is referred to the preceding volumes *passim.*

[7] *To try* the *valour, how much of the spoil*
I would *recover from the enemies' mouths.*] This is scarcely sense; there are two ways of correcting it, as

> *To try* by *valour, how much of the spoil*
> *I* could *recover from the enemies' mouths!*

Or,

> *To try* their *valour! how much of the spoil*
> *Would I recover from the enemies mouths?*

I prefer the former. The two next lines of the count's speech are restored from the old quarto.—*Seward.*

These lines are in all the old quartos. In the second folio, as appears by the catchword "I would," they were accidentally dropt at the head of a new page, which begins, "Upon country people."—I decidedly prefer Seward's second emendation, read-

I would recover from the enemies' mouths,
I would accept the challenge.

Val. Let it go! Hast not thou been held to have some wit in the court, and to make some fine jests upon country people in progress-time? and wilt thou lose this opinion[8] for the cold head of a fish? I say, let it go! I'll help thee to as good a dish of meat.

Laz. God, let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men should talk so profanely!
But 'tis not in the power of loose words,
Or any vain or misbelieving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Show me but any lady in the court,
That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh: This doth not lie
In almond-gloves,[9] nor ever hath been wash'd
In artificial baths; no traveller
That hath brought *doctor* home with him,[1] hath dared,
With all his waters, powders, fucuses,[2]

ing *their* instead of *the*, which alludes to the court-guard mentioned in the same speech. The transposition of the words *I would* is not at all requisite.

[8] *Opinion.*] *i. e.* reputation, fame.

[9] *Almond-gloves.*] Almond paste was used in the seventeenth century, (and perhaps is so to this day,) to render the skin white. So in Sir William Davenant's Wits:

—"She is sent hither in disguise,
To play on the guitar, and make *almond-butter.*"

[1] *That hath brought* doctor *home with him:*] *i. e.* Has had a doctor's degree in some foreign university.—*Seward.*

[2] *Fucuses.*] A kind of paint used by the ladies of old. In Ben Jonson's Fall of Sejanus, Eudemus the physician says to Livia,

"I'll have an excellent new *fucus* made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,

To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.

Val. I have it; 'tis now infused; be comforted!

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left
In nature? Shall I once more erect up trophies?
Shall I enjoy the sight of my dear saint,
And bless my palate with the best of creatures?
Ah, good my lord, by whom I breathe again,
Shall I receive this being?

Val. Sir, I have found by certain calculation,
And settled revolution of the stars,
The fish is sent by the lord Gondarino
To his mercer: Now it is a growing hope
To know where 'tis.

Laz. Oh, it is far above
The good of women; the pathick cannot yield
More pleasing titillation!

Val. But how to compass it? search, cast about,
And bang your brains, Lazarillo! Thou art
Too dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.

Laz. My lord, I'll not be idle:—Now, Lazarillo,
Think, think, think!

Val. [*Aside.*] Yonder's my informer, and his fellow, with table-books;[3] they nod at me: upon my life, they have poor Lazarillo (that beats his brains about no such weighty matter) in for treason before this

Laz. My lord, what do you think, if I should shave myself, put on midwife's apparel, come in

Which you shall lay on with a breath or oil
As you like best, and last some fourteen hours."

Again, in the Maid's Revenge, by Shirley:

"This *fucus* bears
A lively tincture: oh, the cheek must blush
That wears it, they're deceived that say
Art is the ape of nature."

[3] *Table-books.*] See above, p. 7

with a handkerchief, and beg a piece for a great-bellied woman, or a sick child?

Val. Good, very good!

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentice to betray the reversion?

1 *Int.* There's another point in's plot; corrupt with money to betray: sure 'tis some fort a' means. Mark; have a care!

Laz. An 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with, it would in some sort satisfy nature: but might I once attain the dish itself, though I cut out my means through sword and fire, through poison, through any thing that may make good my hopes—

2 *Int.* Thanks to the gods, and our officiousness, the plot's discover'd! fire, steel, and poison; burn the palace, kill the duke, and poison his privy-council.

Val. To the mercer's!—Let me see! how if, before we can attain the means to make up our acquaintance, the fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here he stands, that is the most dejected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slave this province yields! I will not, sure, out-live it; no, I will die bravely, and like a Roman;
And after death, amidst the Elysian shades
I'll meet my love again.

1 *Int.* "I will die bravely, like a Roman:" have a care; mark that! when he hath done all, he will kill himself.

Val. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No; could the sea throw up his vastness,
And offer free his best inhabitants,
'Twere not so much as a bare temptation to me!

Val. If you could be drawn to affect beef, venison, or fowl, it would be far the better.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship's patience!

I do confess that, in this heat of blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser meats;
But I protest I do honour a chine of beef, I do reverence a loin of veal; but, good my lord, give me leave a little to adore this! But, my good lord, would your lordship, under colour of taking up some silks, go to the mercer's, I would in all humility attend your honour, where we may be invited, if fortune stand propitious.

Val. Sir, you shall work me as you please.

Laz. Let it be suddenly, I do beseech your lordship! 'Tis now upon the point of dinner-time.

Val. I am all yours.

[*Exeunt* LAZARILLO *and* VALORE.

1 *Int.* Come, let's confer: *Imprimis*, a' saith, like a blasphemous villain, he's greater than the duke; this peppers him, an there were nothing else.

2 *Int.* Then a' was naming plots; did you not hear?

1 *Int.* Yes; but a' fell from that unto discovery, to corrupt by money, and so attain—

2 *Int.* Ay, ay, a' meant some fort or citadel the duke hath; his very face betrayed his meaning. Oh, he is a very subtle and a dangerous knave; but if a' deal, a God's name, we shall worm him.

1 *Int.* But now comes the stroke, the fatal blow, fire, sword, and poison: Oh, canibal, thou bloody canibal!

2 *Int.* What had become of this poor state had not we been?

1 *Int.* 'Faith, it had lain buried in its own ashes, had not a greater hand been in't.

2 *Int.* But note the rascal's resolution; after the act's done, because he would avoid all fear of torture, and cozen the law, a' would kill himself: Was there ever the like danger brought to light in this age? Sure we shall merit much; we shall be

able to keep two men a-piece, and a two-hand sword between us; we will live in favour of the state, betray our ten or twelve treasons a-week, and the people shall fear us. Come; to the lord Lucio! the sun shall not go down 'till he be hang'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Mercer's House.

Enter Mercer and a Prentice.

Mercer. Look to my shop; and if there come ever a scholar in black, let him speak with me. [*Exit Boy.*] We that are shopkeepers in good trade, are so pestered, that we can scarce pick out an hour for our morning's meditation; and howsoever we are all accounted dull, and common jesting stocks for your gallants, there are some of us do not deserve it; for, for my own part, I do begin to be given to my book. I love a scholar with my heart; for, questionless, there are marvellous things to be done by art: Why, sir, some of them will tell you what is become of horses, and silver spoons, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds. I am yet unmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to be cuckolds, I will never marry without the consent of some of these scholars, that know what will come of it.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Are you busy, sir?

Mercer. Never to you, sir, nor to any of your coat. Sir, is there any thing to be done by art, concerning the great heir we talk'd on?

Pandar. Will she, nill she, she shall come running into my house, at the further corner in Saint Mark's street, betwixt three and four.

Mercer. Betwixt three and four? She's brave in clothes, is she not?

Pandar. Oh, rich, rich!—[*Aside.*] Where should I get clothes to dress her in? Help me, invention! —Sir, that her running through the street may be less noted, my art more shown, and your fear to speak with her less, she shall come in a white waistcoat,[4] and——

Mercer. What! shall she?

Pandar. [*Aside.*] And perhaps torn stockings; she hath left her old wont else.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my lord Gondarino hath sent you a rare fish-head.

Mercer. It comes right; all things suit right with me since I began to love scholars! You shall have it home with you against she come. Carry it to this gentleman's house.

Pandar. The fair white house, at the further corner of Saint Mark's street. Make haste!—I must leave you too, sir; I have two hours to study. Buy a new accidence, and ply your book, and you shall want nothing that all the scholars in the town can do for you! [*Exit*

[4] *A white* waistcoat.] In order to comprehend the surprise of the mercer, it is necessary to recollect, that courtezans were generally attired in waistcoats.

Mercer. Heaven prosper both our studies! What a dull slave was I before I fell in love with this learning! not worthy to tread upon the earth; and what fresh hopes it hath put into me! I do hope, within this twelvemonth, to be able by art to serve the court with silks, and not undo myself; to trust knights, and yet get in my money again; to keep my wife brave, and yet she keep nobody else so.

Enter VALORE *and* LAZARILLO.

Your lordship is most honourably welcome, in regard of your nobility; but most especially in regard of your scholarship. Did your lordship come openly?

Val. Sir, this cloak keeps me private; besides, no man will suspect me to be in the company of this gentleman; with whom I will desire you to be acquainted: he may prove a good customer to you.

Laz. For plain silks and velvets.

Mercer. Are you scholastical?

Laz. Something addicted to the muses.

Val. I hope they will not dispute. [*Aside.*

Mercer. You have no skill in the black art?

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, yonder's a gentleman enquires hastily for count Valore.

Val. For me? what is he?

Pren. One of your followers, my lord, I think.

Val. Let him come in.

Mercer. Shall I talk with you in private, sir?

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Val. [*Reads.*] "Count, come to the court; your

business calls you thither:" I will go. Farewell, sir! I'll see your silks some other time. Farewell, Lazarillo!

Mercer. Will not your lordship take a piece of beef with me?

Val. Sir, I have greater business than eating; I'll leave this gentleman with you.

[*Exeunt* VALORE *and Messenger.*

Laz. Now, now, now, now![4] Now do I feel that strange struggling within me, that I think I could prophesy.

Mercer. The gentleman is meditating.

Laz. Hunger, Valour, Love, Ambition, are alike pleasing, and, let our philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat; only Hunger is the safest: Ambition is apt to fall; Love and Valour are not free from dangers: only Hunger, begotten of some old limber courtier, in paned hose,[5] and nursed by an attorney's wife; now so thriven, that he need not fear to be of the Great Turk's guard; is so free from all quarrels and dangers, so full of hopes, joys, and ticklings, that my life is not so dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the fish-head is gone.

Laz. Then be thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding voice!

[4] *No, no, no, no; now.*] Former editions. This meditation of Lazarillo's seems designedly flung in, to show that a man may run mad with the passion of hunger as well as that of love, ambition, &c. and this is a key to Lazarillo's character. The umbrana's head is become his mistress, and he is run mad with the thoughts of it.—*Seward.*

[5] Paned *hose.*] See a previous note on this play, p. 16

Farewell, Milan! Farewell, noble duke!
Farewell, my fellow-courtiers all, with whom
I have of yore made many a scrambling meal
In corners, behind arrases, on stairs;
And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd
Our doublets and our hose with liquid stuff!
Farewell, you lusty archers of the guard,
To whom I now do give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coat
Will eat for wagers! now you happy be;
When this shall light upon you, think on me!
You sewers, carvers, ushers of the court,
Sirnamed *gentle* for your fair demean,
Here I do take of you my last farewell:
May you stand stifly in your proper places,
And execute your offices aright!
Farewell, you maidens, with your mothers eke,
Farewell, you courtly chaplains that be there!
All good attend you! may you never more
Marry your patron's lady's waiting woman,
But may you raised be by this my fall!
May Lazarillo suffer for you all!

Mercer. Sir, I was hearkening to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing! I will break my knife, the ensign of my former happy state, knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's, and enter into religion.[6]

Boy. Why, sir, I think I know whither it is gone.

Laz. See the rashness of man in his nature!—Whither, whither? I do unsay all that I have said! Go on, go on, boy! I humble myself, and follow thee.—Farewell, sir!

[7] *Knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's,*
And enter into religion.] That is, into a religious order. It was anciently customary with barber-surgeons to hang the teeth they drew upon a string, and exhibit them as an emblem of one department of their multifarious profession.

Mercer. Not so, sir; you shall take a piece of beef with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mercer. By my fay, but you shall, sir, in regard of your love to learning, and your skill in the black art.

Laz. I do hate learning, and I have no skill in the black art: I would I had!

Mercer. Why, your desire is sufficient to me; you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested curses that can be imagined, light upon all the professors of that art! May they be drunk, and, when they go to conjure, reel in the circle! May the spirits by them raised tear 'em in pieces, and hang their quarters on old broken walls and steeple-tops!

Mercer. This speech of yours shows you to have some skill in the science; wherefore, in civility, I may not suffer you to depart empty.

Laz. My stomach is up; I cannot endure it! I will fight in this quarrel, as soon as for my prince. Room! make way! [*Draws his rapier.*
Hunger commands; my valour must obey!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter VALORE *and* ARRIGO.

Val. Is the duke private?
Arr. He is alone; but I think your lordship may enter. [*Exit* VALORE.

Enter GONDARINO.

Gond. Who is with the duke?
Arr. The count is new gone in; but the duke will come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.
Gond. I will attend him here.
Arr. I must wait without the door. [*Exit.*
Gond. Doth he hope to clear his sister? She will come no more to my house, to laugh at me: I have sent her to an habitation, where, when she shall be seen, it will set a gloss upon her name: Yet, upon my soul, I have bestowed her amongst the purest-hearted creatures of her sex, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deeds are all alike, only they dare speak what the rest think. The women of this age, (if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their sex,) are worse than those of former times; for I have read of women.

of that truth, spirit, and constancy, that, were they now living, I should endure to see them: but I fear the writers of the time belied them; for how familiar a thing is it with the poets of our age, to extol their whores (which they call *mistresses*) with heavenly praises! but, I thank their furies, and their crazed brains, beyond belief! Nay, how many that would fain seem serious, have dedicated grave works to ladies, toothless, hollow-eyed, their hair shedding, purple-faced, their nails apparently coming off, and the bridges of their noses broken down, and have call'd them the choice handy-works of Nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of women![7] Our women begin to swarm like bees in summer: As I came hither, there was no pair of stairs, no entry, no lobby, but was pestered with them: Methinks there might be some course taken to destroy them.

Enter ARRIGO, *and an old deaf Country Gentlewoman, Suitor to the Duke.*

Arr. I do accept your money: Walk here; and when the duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily. I pray you who's he that walks there?

Arr. A lord, and a soldier, one in good favour with the duke: If you could get him to deliver your petition——

Gentlew. What do you say, sir?

[8] This is a very severe, but a very just, satire upon the abject flatteries which disgraced the dedications of the greater part of Fletcher's literary contemporaries; and yet these were less disgusting than those of subsequent periods.

Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope I shall live to requite your kindness.

Arr. You have already. [*Exit.*

Gentlew. May it please your lordship——

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To consider the estate——

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poor oppressed country gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injury; then I have been brought up to the town three times.

Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the town!

Gentlew. I thank your good lordship heartily! though I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you: And here we have been delay'd, and sent down again, and fetch'd up again, and sent down again, to my great charge; and now at last they have fetch'd me up, and five of my daughters—

Gond. Enough to damn five worlds!

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it: they are all without; if it please your lordship, I'll call them in.

Gond. Five women! how many of my senses should I have left me then? call in five devils first!
No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of injury,
And give thee answers; whisper in thine ear,
And make thee understand through thy French hood;
And all this with tame patience!

Gentlew. I see your lordship does believe that they are without; and I perceive that you are

much moved at our injury: Here's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away!

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it *viva voce*, as they say.

Gond. Oh, no, no, no, no! I have heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injury, for a poor gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never!—But that it troubles my conscience to wish any good to these women, I could afford them to be valiant and able, that it might be no disgrace for a soldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your lordship will deliver my petition to his grace; and you may tell him withal——

Gond. What? I will deliver any thing against myself, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I met my adversary.

Gond. Give me thy paper! he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short, my lord: And I demanding of him—

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn: Begone! Man never doth remember how great his offences are, 'till he do meet with one of you, that plagues him for them. Why should women only, above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgraceful to their owners? Nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keep, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. [*Going, returns.*] Here's some few angels for your lordship.

Gond. Again? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond Keep off!

Gentlew. A small gratuity for your kindness.

Gond. Hold away! [*Throws them on the ground.*

Gentlew. Why, then, I thank your lordship! I'll gather them up again; and I'll be sworn it is the first money that was refused since I came to the court.

Gond. What can she devise to say more?

Gentlew. Truly, I would have willingly parted with them to your lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I believe it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus——

Gond. More yet?

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Do; begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing; thou shalt have thy answer from him: and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunity will conquer him too in the end.

Gentlew. God bless your lordship, and all that favour poor distressed country gentlewomen!

[*Exit.*

Gond. All the diseases of man light upon them that do, and upon me when I do! A week of such days would either make me stark mad, or tame me. Yonder other woman, that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy sins. Dare they incense me still? I'll make them fear as much to be ignorant of me and my moods, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under.—Who's there? my blood grew cold! I began to fear my suitor's return.—'Tis the Duke.

Enter Duke and VALORE.

Val. I know her chaste, though she be young and free,
And is not of that forced behaviour
That many others are; and that this lord,
Out of the boundless malice to the sex,
Hath thrown this scandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me against my will, with this good old country gentlewoman.—I beseech your grace to view favourably the petition of a wronged gentlewoman.

Duke. What, Gondarino, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond My lord, they are no enemies of mine: I confess, the better to cover my deeds, which sometimes were loose enough, I pretended it (as it is wisdom to keep close our incontinence); but since you have discovered me, I will no more put on that vizard, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you as to my confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Val. He that confesses he did once dissemble.
I'll never trust his words: Can you imagine
A maid, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live thus long untempted by the noblest,
Richest, and cunning'st masters in that art,
And yet hath ever held a fair repute,
Could in one morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talk in hand.
Than to accuse a sister to her brother:
Nor do I mean it for a public scandal,
Unless by urging me you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure.—Gondarino,

Where is the lady?

Val. At his house.

Gond. No; she is departed thence.

Val. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus; or let me be excused,
If what I speak betray her chastity,
And both increase my sorrow, and your own.

Val. Fear me not so: If she deserve the fame
Which she hath gotten, I would have it publish'd,
Brand her myself, and whip her through the city!
I wish those of my blood that do offend,
Should be more strictly punish'd than my foes.
Let it be proved!

Duke. Gondarino, thou shalt
Prove it, or suffer worse than she should do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one I love more dearly than myself,
Since, opening hers, I shall betray mine own:
But I will bring you where she now intends
Not to be virtuous. Pride and Wantonness,
That are true friends in deed,[8] though not in show,
Have enter'd on her heart; there she doth bathe,
And sleek her hair, and practise cunning looks,
To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts
As full of lust as ever you did think
Them full of modesty.

Duke. Gondarino, lead on; we'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] *That are true friends* indeed.] Former editions.—*Seward.*

SCENE II.

The Street before the Bagnio.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and here hopes he to meet his scholar: I am sure I am grave enough to his eyes, and knave enough to deceive him: I am believed to conjure, raise storms and devils, by whose power I can do wonders: Let him believe so still; belief hurts no man. I have an honest black cloak for my knavery, and a general pardon for his foolery, from this present day, till the day of his breaking. Is't not a misery, and the greatest of our age, to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench, humble herself in an old stammel petticoat,[9] standing possessed of no more fringe than the street can allow her; her upper parts so poor and wanting, that you may see her bones through her bodice; shoes she would have, if her captain were come over, and is content the while to devote herself to ancient slippers. These premises well considered, gentlemen, will move; they make me melt, I promise you, they stir me much; and were't not for my smooth, soft, silken citizen, I would quit this transitory trade, get me an everlasting robe, sear up my conscience, and turn ser-

[9] *An old* stammel *petticoat.*] *Stammel* is light red.—See vol. V p. 129.

geant. But here he comes is mine; as good as prize: Sir Pandarus, be my speed!—You are most fitly met, sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as well encountered. What of this heir? Have your books been propitious?

Pandar. Sir, 'tis done! She's come, she's in my house; make yourself apt for courtship, stroke up your stockings, lose not an inch of your legs' goodness; I am sure you wear socks.

Mercer. There your books fail you, sir; in truth I wear no socks.

Pandar. I would you had, sir! it were the sweeter grace for your legs. Get on your gloves; are they perfumed?[1]

[1] *Your* gloves; *are they* perfumed.] In the Winter's Tale, act iv. scene iii., Autolycus mentions "*Gloves* as *sweet* as damask roses;" and Mopsa also speaks of *sweet gloves*. Mr Warton, in a note, says, "*Stowe's Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not 'make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queen [Elizabeth], the right honourable Edward Vere carle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: And that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*." The same learned gentleman also informs us, in the Appendix to Shakspeare, that, "in the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity-college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs, '*Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*' Gloves make a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and, without doubt, in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college-tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least from accompts of the said college in preceding years,) that the

Mercer. A pretty wash, I will assure you.

Pandar. 'Twill serve. Your offers must be full of bounty;[2] velvets to furnish a gown, silks for petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining; forget not some pretty jewel, to fasten after some little compliment! If she deny this courtesy, double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance: fullness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue, will win an anchorite. Sir, you are my friend, and friend to all that profess good letters; I must not use this office else; it fits not for a scholar and a gentleman. Those stockings are of Naples, they are silk?[3]

Mercer. You are again beside your text, sir;

practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First."—*Reed.*

That the gallants of the age not only perfumed their gloves, but even their boots, will appear from the following passage of an old play:

—"Dost make a gentleman-usher of him?

Jasper. I have examined myself, and my glass tells me I have as simple a chin, speak as few languages, can wear *perfumed boots*, and beggar my tailor."—*The Poor Man's Comfort, by Daborne.*

[2] — *Your offers must*
Be full of bounty, &c.] So Shakspeare, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"Win her with *gifts*, if she respect not words;
Dumb *jewels*, often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind."—*Reed.*

[3] *Those stockings are of Naples; they are* silk?] See vol. V. p. 320, 353 The expence of these articles of dress will appear from the following quotation;

—— "My *silk-stocking* man,
Drawing upon my lordship's courtly calf
Pairs of embroider'd things, whose *golden clocks*
Strike deeper to the faithful shopkeeper's heart,
Than into mine to pay him."
The Noble Soldier, by S. Rowley.

they are of the best of wool, and they are cleped

Pandar. Sure they are very dear?

Mercer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning!

Pandar. Pardon my judgment; we scholars use no other objects but our books.

Mercer. There is one thing entomb'd in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your scholarship.

Pandar. Sir, but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine own commendation, I would enquire it of you.

Mercer. Sure, you are very honest; and yet you have a kind of modest fear to show it: Do not deny it; that face of yours is a worthy, learned, modest face.

Pandar. Sir, I can blush.

Mercer. Virtue and grace are always paired together: But I will leave to stir your blood, sir;—and now to our business!

Pandar. Forget not my instructions.

Mercer. I apprehend you, sir; I will gather myself together with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pandar. This was well worded, sir, and like a scholar.

Mercer. The muses favour me, as my intents are virtuous! Sir, you shall be my tutor; 'tis ne-

[4] *And* they clyped *Jersey.*] Seward reads, *and* they're CLIPPED *Jersey.* We restore the word *clyped,* and understand it to mean *called.* It is variously spelt in different authors; sometimes a *y* precedes it, to lengthen it a syllable; as, in Milton's L'Allegro,

> "But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
> In Heav'n *ycleap'd* Euphrosyne."—*Reed.*

The first quarto reads—*cleeped.*

ver too late, sir, to love learning. When I can once speak true Latin——

Pandar. What do you intend, sir?

Mercer. Marry, I will then beggar all your bawdy writers, and undertake, at the peril of my own invention, all pageants, poesies for chimnies,[5] speeches for the Duke's entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay, I will build, at mine own charge, an hospital, to which shall retire all diseased opinions,[6] all broken poets, all prose-men that are fallen from small sense to mere letters; and it shall be lawful for a lawyer, if he be a civil man, though he have undone others and himself by the language, to retire to this poor life, and learn to be honest.

Pandar. Sir, you are very good, and very charitable; you are a true pattern for the city, sir!

Mercer. Sir, I do know sufficiently, their shop-books cannot save them; there is a further end—

Pandar. Oh, sir, much may be done by manuscript.

Mercer. I do confess it, sir, provided still they be canonical, and have some worthy hands set to 'em for probation.—But we forget ourselves.

Pandar. Sir, enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue!

Mercer. All that love learning pray for my good success! [*Exit into the house*.

[5] *Poesies for* chimnies.] Inscriptions on different parts of the house, and particularly on chimnies, containing instructions to the servants, and other lessons of morality, were very usual at the time. Tusser has collections of posies for the hall, the parlour, the guests' chamber, and "for thine own bed-chamber."

[6] *All diseased* opinions.] That is, all reputations which have gone to wreck.

Enter LAZARILLO *and Boy.*

Laz. Boy, whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir, by all tokens, this is the house; bawdy, I am sure, because of the broken windows.—The fish-head is within; if you dare venture, here you may surprise it.

Laz. The misery of man may fitly be compared to a didapper, who, when she is under water, past our sight, and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again, shakes but herself, and is the same she was; so is it still with transitory man: This day, oh, but an hour since, and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mighty in blessed means, and was so truly happy, that I durst have said, "Live, Lazarillo, and be satisfied!" But now——

Boy. Sir, you are yet afloat, and may recover; be not your own wreck: Here lies the harbour; go in, and ride at ease!

Laz. Boy, I am received to be a gentleman, a courtier, and a man of action, modest and wise; and, be it spoken with thy reverence,[7] child, abounding virtuous; and wouldst thou have a man of these choice habits, covet the cover of a bawdy-house? Yet, if I go not in, I am but——

Boy. But what, sir?

Laz. Dust, boy, but dust; and my soul, unsa-

[7] *With thy reverence.*] Seward omits *thy*. We think it should be retained, alluding to *maxima debetur* PUERIS *reverentia*.—Ed. 1778.

Lazarillo is speaking of the reverence the boy ought to have for him, not his respect to the boy.—*Mason.*

tisfied, shall haunt the keepers of my blessed saint, and I will appear.

Boy. [*Aside.*] An ass to all men.—Sir, these are no means to stay your appetite; you must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house subject to martial law——[8]

Boy. If that be all, sir, you may enter, for you can know nothing here that the court is ignorant of; only the more eyes shall look upon you, for there they wink one at another's faults.

Laz. If I do not——

Boy. Then you must beat fairly back again, fall to your physical mess of porridge, and the twice-sack'd carcase of a capon: Fortune may favour you so much, to send the bread to it: but it's a mere venture, and money may be put out upon it.[9]

Laz. I will go in and live; pretend some love to the gentlewoman, screw myself in affection, and so be satisfied.

[8] *Were not the house subject to* martial *law.*] That is, subject to the inspection of the Marshalsea, for the Pandar says, "Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him, thou might'st use thy trade free from constable and marshals." The public stews of London were formerly established in Southwark, within the precincts of the Marshalsea.—*Mason.*

[9] *But it is a mere venture, and money may be put out upon it.*] This is an allusion to the practice which prevailed at the time, of betting upon safe returns from distant travels or voyages, and which has been already illustrated in a previous volume. An apt allusion to it, which is curious, in as far as it intimates the supposed difficulties of travelling to the metropolis of Scotland from London, occurs in Brome's Antipodes:

——————"those that beggingly
Have put out on returns from *Edinburgh*,
Paris, or Venice, or perhaps Madrid,
Whither a milliner may, with half a nose,
Smell out his way."

Pandar. This fly is caught, is meshed already;
I will suck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle yourself in your cloak, by any means; 'tis a received thing among gallants, to walk to their lechery as though they had the rheum. 'Twas well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why, boy?

Boy. 'Faith, sir, 'tis the fashion of our gentry, to have their horses wait at door like men, while the beasts their masters are within at rack and manger; 'twould have discover'd much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, forms, and grave
Respects of what I am, and be myself:[1]
Only my appetite, my fire, my soul,
My being, my dear appetite, shall go
Along with me;
Arm'd with whose strength I fearless will attempt
The greatest danger dare oppose my fury.
I am resolved, wherever that thou art,
Most sacred dish, hid from unhallow'd eyes,
To find thee out!
Be'st thou in hell, by rap'd Proserpina,[2]
To be a rival in black Pluto's love;
Or mov'st thou in the heavens, a form divine,

[1] *And grave respects of what I am, and be myself.*] Seward says, "How could Lazarillo change himself in all outward respects, and yet continue to be himself, and then again except his appetite, which should stay with him? The Duke below, when disguised, says, *We're not ourselves;* but without this confirmation 'twas evident at the first sight that a *negative* was omitted." He therefore reads, *And be* NO MORE *myself.* We apprehend this addition to be unnecessary, and to pervert the sense. Lazarillo says, "he will lay by outward forms, which are no part of himself, and carry with him only his passions, soul, and being, which are his very self. In short, I will lay by these *forms*, and *be myself.*"—Ed. 1778.

[2] Rap't by *Proserpina.*] We apprehend every reader will see the necessity of the transposition here made.—Ed. 1778.

Lashing the lazy spheres; or if thou be'st
Return'd to thy first being, thy mother sea,
There will I seek thee forth: Earth, air, nor fire,
Nor the black shades below shall bar my sight,
So daring is my powerful appetite!

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut: You have forgot yourself; the fish-head's here; your own imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my boy!

Boy. 'Faith, sir, term it what you will, you must use other terms before you can get it.

Laz. *The looks of my sweet love are fair,*[3]
Fresh and feeding as the air!

Boy. Sir, you forget yourself.

Laz. *Was never seen so rare a head,*
Of any fish, alive or dead!

Boy. Good sir, remember! this is the house, sir.

Laz. *Cursed be he that dare not venture*——

Boy. Pity yourself, sir, and leave this fury.

[3] *The looks of my sweet love are fair.*] Mr Sympson asks what means this stuff? I was much surprised at the question, as it had always struck me as one of the most laughable burlesques in the whole play. Lazarillo, as I have often mentioned, being evidently in love with his *umbrana*, every where addresses it as his mistress, in a high banter upon all the warm and poetic flights of lovers, and indeed of all sublime writing in poetry: And as he generally assumes the tragic and epic style here, like the change of the measure in the *strophe* and *antistrophe* of the Greeks, he breaks out into the *lyric*, begins it with high rapture, but ends with such inimitable drollery, that I can scarce write my note for laughing at it.—*Seward.*

Seward's risibility seems rather extravagant; but he very properly vindicates our authors from the contempt of Sympson: yet he does not seem to have conceived what we apprehend to be the case, that when Lazarillo 'breaks out into the lyric,' he recites, or closely parodies, some well-known old English ballad, without at all adverting to 'the strophe and antistrophe of the Greeks.'—Ed. 1778.

Laz. *For such a prize! and so I enter.*

[Lazarillo *and Boy exeunt into the house.*

Pandar. Dun's i' th' mire; get out again, how he can:[4] My honest gallant, I'll show you one trick more than ever the fool your father dream'd of yet. Madonna Julia!

Enter Julia.

Julia. What news, my sweet rogue? My dear sins' broker, what good news?

Pandar. There is a kind of ignorant thing, much like a courtier, now gone in.

Julia. Is a' gallant?

Pandar. He shines not very gloriously, nor does he wear one skin perfumed to keep the other sweet; his coat is not in *or*, nor does the world run yet on wheels with him; he's rich enough, and has a small thing follows him, like to a boat tied to a tall ship's tail. Give him entertainment; be light and flashing, like a meteor; hug him about the neck, give him a kiss, and lisping cry, "Good sir!" and he's thine own, as fast as he were tied to thine arms by indenture.

Julia. I dare do more than this, if he be of the true court cut; I'll take him out a lesson worth the learning: But we are but their apes.—What's he worth?

Pandar. Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him, thou may'st use thy trade, free from constables and marshals.—Who hath been here since I went out?

[4] *Dun's i' th' mire; get out again, how he can.*] From a quotation of Mr Steevens's, (Shakspeare, 1803, xx. 51.) this appears to be an allusion to an obsolete game. *Dun* is a vulgar name for a horse.

Julia. There is a gentlewoman sent hither by a lord: She's a piece of dainty stuff, my rogue; smooth and soft as new sattin; she was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted.[5]

Pandar. Where lies she?

Julia. She lies above, towards the street; not to be spoke with, but by the lord that sent her, or some from him, we have in charge from his servants.

Enter LAZARILLO.

Pandar. Peace! he comes out again upon discovery: Up with all your canvas, hale him in! and, when thou hast done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant pinnace!

Julia. Be gone! I shall do reason with him.

[*Pandar retires.*

Laz. Are you the special beauty of this house?

Julia. Sir, you have given it a more special regard by your good language, than these black brows can merit.

Laz. Lady, you are fair.

Julia. Fair, sir? I thank you! all the poor means I have left to be thought grateful, is but a kiss, and you shall have it, sir. [*Kisses him.*

Laz. You have a very moving lip.

[5] *She was never* gummed *yet, boy, nor* fretted.] Julia speaks here metaphorically. Both terms were usually applied to velvet. So in Henry IV. part I. Poins says to the prince—"I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he *frets* like a *gummed* velvet." And in Marston's Malcontent—"I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret.*"—*Fretted* means jagged, notched. Cotgrave explains *chemise fretaillé de filets,* "a shirt or smocke wrought in *frets* about the skirts." To understand the allusion in the text fully, it should be recollected that velvet seems to have been an usual dress of bawds and courtezans.

Julia. Prove it again, sir; it may be your sense was set too high, and so over-wrought itself.

Laz. [*Kisses her.*] 'Tis still the same. How far may you hold the time to be spent, lady?

Julia. Four o'clock, sir.

Laz. I have not eat to-day.

Julia. You will have the better stomach to your supper; in the mean time, I'll feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an empty stomach: If it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eat.

Julia. Sir, we can have a capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Julia. 'Tis Friday, sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these days.

Julia. Come, sweet! you shall not think on meat; I will drown it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more strangely; I must eat.

Julia. 'Tis now too late to send: I say you shall not think on meat; if you do, by this kiss, I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more sprightful had I eaten, and more lasting.

Julia. What will you have, sir? name but the fish, my maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Methinks your house should not be so unfurnished, as not to have some pretty modicum.

Julia. It is so now: but, could you stay till supper——

Laz. Sure I have offended highly, and much, and my inflictions make it manifest! I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and die forgotten.

Julia. Sir, I must crave your pardon! I had forgot myself: I have a dish of meat within, and 'tis

fish: I think this dukedom holds not a daintier; 'tis an umbrana's head.

Laz. Lady, this kiss is yours, and this.

Julia. Ho! within there! cover the board, and set the fish-head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truly happy, so much above all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man durst say, "Remember, Lazarillo, thou art mortal!"

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2 *Int.* This is the villain: Lay hands on him!

Laz. [*He is seized.*] Gentlemen, why am I thus entreated? what is the nature of my crime?

2 *Int.* Sir, though you have carried it a great while privately, and (as you think) well, yet we have seen you, sir, and we do know thee, Lazarillo, for a traitor!

Laz. The gods defend our Duke.

2 *Int.* Amen! Sir, sir, this cannot save that stiff neck from the halter.

Julia. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him: he should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he call'd for fish.[6]

[6] *When he call'd for* fish.] In King Lear, one of Kent's articles of self-recommendation is, that he eats no *fish*: The following explanation is there given by Warburton:—"In Queen Elizabeth's time the papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *he's an honest man, and eats no fish*, to signify he's a friend to the government and a protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason;

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour——

1 *Int.* Sir, you shall have law, and nothing else.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two; for I protest I am yet fasting.

Julia. I'll have no traitor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish myself I had been traitor! I have strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience. Man, thou art but grass, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.
Then lead along; I am prepared for all:
Since I have lost my hopes, welcome my fall!

2 *Int.* Away, sir!

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two hours; I doubt not but I shall be discharged: By this light, I will marry thee!

Julia. You shall marry me first then.

Laz. I do contract myself unto thee now, before these gentlemen.

Julia. I'll preserve it till you be hanged or quitted.

Laz. Thanks! thanks!

2 *Int.* Away, away! you shall thank her at the gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exeunt* LAZARILLO, *Intelligencers, and Guard.*

Julia. If he live, I'll have him; if he be hanged, there's no loss in it. [*Exit.*

hence it was called *Cecil's fast.* To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his Woman-Hater, who makes the courtezan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the umbrana's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor, 'Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he *called for fish.*' And Marston's Dutch Courtezan: 'I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish a Fryday.*'—Ed. 1778.

ORIANA *and her Waiting-woman, looking out at a Window.*

Ori. Hast thou provided one to bear my letter to my brother?

Wait. I have enquired; but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to be carried from you, but such as the lord Gondarino shall be acquainted with: Truly, madam, I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Ori. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. 'Faith, I am loth to tell it, madam.

Ori. Out with it! 'Tis not true modesty to fear to speak that thou dost think.

Wait. I think it be one of these same bawdy-houses.

Ori. 'Tis no matter, wench; we are warm in it; keep thou thy mind pure, and, upon my word, that name will do thee no hurt: I cannot force myself yet to fear any thing. When I do get out, I'll have another encounter with my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit: I may get sight of some of my friends; it must needs be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, GONDARINO, VALORE, *and* ARRIGO, *disguised.*

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguised? for this house where she attends me, is not to be visited in our own shapes.

Duke. We are not ourselves.

Arr. I know the house to be sinful enough; yet I have been, heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my own likeness.

Duke. Where's Lucio?

Arr. My lord, he said the affairs of the commonwealth would not suffer him to attend always.

Duke. Some great ones, questionless, that he will handle.

Val. Come, let us enter.

Gond. [*Aside.*] See, how fortune strives to revenge my quarrel upon these women! She's in the window; were it not to undo her, I should not look upon her.

Duke. Lead us, Gondarino!

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,
Look there! and you, my lord! know you that face?

Duke. 'Tis she.

Val. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest virtue ever was
Dissimulation; she that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it;
She that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most virtuous, when she did deserve most scandal;
'Tis she that itches now, and, in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my coming to allay her lust.
Leave her! forget she is thy sister!

Val. Stay, stay!

Duke. I am as full of this as thou canst be;
The memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose and wand'ring thoughts
From any woman.

Val. This will not down with me; I dare not trust this fellow.

Duke. Leave her here! That only shall be her punishment, never to be fetch'd from hence; but let her use her trade to get her living.

Val. Stay, good my lord! I do believe all this,

as great men as I have had known whores to their sisters, and have laugh'd at it. I would fain hear how she talks, since she grew thus light: will your grace make him show himself to her, as if he were now come to satisfy her longing? whilst we, unseen of her, overhear her wantonness. Let's make our best of it now; we shall have good mirth.

Duke. Do it, Gondarino.

Gond. I must:—Fortune, assist me but this once!

Val. Here we shall stand unseen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam! Oriana!

Ori. Who's that? Oh! my lord!

Gond. Shall I come up?

Ori. Oh, you are merry; shall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Ori. What is the confession of the lie you made to the Duke, which I scarce believe yet you had impudence enough to do? Did it not gain you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your lordship's bestowing, till you had recovered my credit, and confessed yourself a liar, as you pretended to do? I confess I began to fear you, and desired to be out of your house; but your own followers forced me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected; dissemble still, for there are some may hear us!

Ori. More tricks yet, my lord? What house this is I know not; I only know myself; 'twere a great conquest, if you could fasten a scandal upon me. 'Faith, my lord, give me leave to write to my brother!

Duke. Come down!

Val. Come down!

Arr. If it please your grace, there is a back-door.

Val. Come, meet us there then.
Duke. It seems you are acquainted with the house.
Arr. I have been in it.
Gond. She saw you, and dissembled.
Duke. Sir, we shall know that better.
Gond. Bring me unto her! if I prove her not
To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd
Of all her sex. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lucio's *Apartment. A Curtain in the back Part.*

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Now, whilst the young duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practise in the state,
Must pick our times, and set our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may prove most fit
For the main good of the dear commonwealth.—
Who's within there?

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord?
Lucio. Secretary, fetch the gown I use to read

petitions in, and the standish I answer French letters with; and call in the gentleman that attends.
[*Exit Secretary.*

Little know they that do not deal in state,
How many things there are to be observed,
Which seem but little; yet, by one of us
(Whose brains do wind about the commonwealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and Secretary.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secresy, I would not have appeared to you thus ignorantly attired, without a toothpick in a ribband,[7] or a ring in my bandstring.

Gent. Your lordship sent for me.

Lucio. I did: Sir, your long practice in the state, under a great man, hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My lord!

Lucio. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it. In short, and in private, I desire your direction: I take my study already to be furnished after a grave and wise method.

Gent. What will this lord do? [*Aside.*

Lucio. My book-strings are suitable, and of a reaching colour.[8]

[7] *A* toothpick *in a ribband.*] Travellers, and all those who imitated foreign fashions, affected to use toothpicks, which, till about the year 1600, appear to have been unknown in England. From the text it would appear that they were fastened by a ribband. Persons assuming gravity and state, seem to have been peculiarly addicted to this piece of affectation, as appears from the text and from a passage in Shirley's Grateful Servant:—" I will continue my *state-posture*, use my *toothpick* with discretion," &c.

[8] *And of a* reaching *colour.*] Seward would not have changed this for *teaching*, had he recollected that reaching means penetrating.—*Mason.*

Gent. How's this? [*Aside.*

Lucio. My standish of wood strange and sweet, and my fore-flap [9] hangs in the right place, and as near Machiavel's as can be gather'd by tradition.

Gent. [*Aside.*] Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fools in their lodgings? This lord must be follow'd.—And hath your lordship some new-made words to scatter in your speeches in public, to gain note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner?

Lucio. I have, sir; and, besides, my several gowns and caps agreeable to my several occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well; and you have learned to write a bad hand, that the readers may take pains for it?

Lucio. Yes, sir; and I give out I have the palsy.

Gent. Good!—'Twere better though if you had it. [*Aside.*]—Your lordship hath a secretary that can write fair, when you purpose to be understood?

Lucio. 'Faith, sir, I have one; there he stands; he hath been my secretary these seven years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is not amiss, so he keep his own counsel. Your lordship hath no hope of the gout?

Lucio. Uh! little, sir, since the pain in my right foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be some scandal to your wisdom, though I see your lordship knows enough in public business.

Lucio. I am not employed though to my desert in occasions foreign, nor frequented for matters domestical.

[9] *Fore-flap.*] These are now used only by clergymen and lawyers, and are called bands.

Gent. Not frequented? What course takes your lordship?

Lucio. The readiest way; my door stands wide;[1] my secretary knows I am not denied to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your lordship is out of the way: make a back-door to let out intelligencers; seem to be ever busy, and put your door under keepers, and you shall have a troop of clients sweating to come at you.

Lucio. I have a back-door already: I will henceforth be busy.—Secretary, run and keep the door.

[*Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch 'em.

Lucio. I hope so.

Re-enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord, there are some require access to you, about weighty affairs of state.

Lucio. Already?

Gent. I told you so.

Lucio. How weighty is the business?

Secr. Treason, my lord.

Lucio. Sir, my debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I will leave your lordship now.

Lucio. Sir, my death must be sudden, if I requite you not. At the back-door, good sir.

Gent. I will be your lordship's intelligencer for once. [*Exit.*

Secr. My lord.

Lucio. Let 'em in, and say I am at my study.

[*Retires behind the curtain.*

[1] *My door stands* winde.] Seward alters *winde* to *wide.* The first quarto (which he never saw) proves him right.—Ed. 1778.

Enter Lazarillo *and two Intelligencers.*

1 *Int.* Where is your lord?

Secr. At his study; but he will have you brought in.

Laz. Why, gentlemen, what will you charge me withal?

2 *Int.* Treason, horrible treason: I hope to have the leading of thee to prison, and prick thee on i' th' arse with a halbert; to have him hang'd that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laz. My thread is spun; yet, might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallows, instead of a psalm, it were to be endured. The curtain opens; now my end draws on.

[*Secretary draws the curtain.*

Lucio. Gentlemen, I am not empty of weighty occasions at this time. I pray you, your business.

1 *Int.* My lord, I think we have discovered one of the most bloody traitors that ever the world held.

Lucio. Signor Lazarillo, I am glad you are one of this discovery: give me your hand!

2 *Int.* My lord, that is the traitor.

Lucio. Keep him off! I would not for my whole estate have touched him.

Laz. My lord——

Lucio. Peace, sir! I know the devil is at your tongue's end, to furnish you with speeches. What are the particulars you charge him with?

[*They deliver a paper to* Lucio, *who reads.*

Both Int. We have conferr'd our notes, and have extracted that, which we will justify upon our oaths.

Lucio. [*Reads.*] 'That he would be greater than the duke; that he had cast plots for this, and meant to corrupt some to betray him; that he would burn the city, kill the duke, and poison the privy-council; and, lastly, kill himself.' Though thou deser-

vest justly to be hang'd with silence, yet I allow thee to speak: be short.

Laz. My lord, so may my greatest wish succeed,
So may I live, and compass what I seek,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of any creatures, but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, fishes, and such other human food,
As is provided for the good of man.
If stealing custards, tarts, and florentines,[a]
By some late statute be created treason,
How many fellow-courtiers can I bring,
Whose long attendance and experience
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I!

Lucio. Peace! such hath ever been the clemency of my gracious master the duke, in all his proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly, that Malice would long ere this have hid herself in her den, and have turned her own sting against her own heart: but I well now perceive, that so froward is the disposition of a depraved nature, that it doth not only seek revenge, where it hath received injury, but many times thirst after their destruction where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But, my good lord——

2 *Int.* Let's gag him.

Lucio. Peace! again! 'But many times thirst after their destruction where it hath met with benefits;' there I left. Such, and no better, are the business that we have now in hand.

1 *Int.* He's excellently spoken.

2 *Int.* He'll wind a traitor, I warrant him.

Lucio. But surely, methinks, setting aside the touch of conscience, and all other inward convulsions——

[a] *Florentines.*] This is a kind of pie, differing from a pasty by having no crust beneath the meat. A *veal florentine* is a dish well known in ancient Scottish cookery.

2 *Int.* He'll be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laz. Your lordship may consider——

Lucio. Hold thy peace! thou canst not answer this speech; no traitor can answer it. But, because you cannot answer this speech, I take it you have confessed the treason.

1 *Int.* The Count Valore was the first that discovered him, and can witness it; but he left the matter to your lordship's grave consideration.

Lucio. I thank his lordship!—Carry him away speedily to the duke.

Laz. Now, Lazarillo, thou art tumbled down
The hill of fortune, with a violent arm!
All plagues that can be, famine and the sword,
Will light upon thee; black despair will boil
In thy despairing breast; no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh!

Lucio. Away with him! I'll follow you. Look you pinion him, and take his money from him, lest he swallow a shilling, and kill himself.

2 *Int.* Get thou on before! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Duke, VALORE, GONDARINO, *and* ARRIGO.

Duke. Now, Gondarino, what can you put on now
That may again deceive us?
Have you more strange illusions, yet more mists,

Through which the weak eye may be led to error?
What can you say that may do satisfaction
Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?

Gond. All I can say, or may, is said already:
She is unchaste, or else I have no knowledge,
I do not breathe, nor have the use of sense.

Duke. Dare you be yet so wilful-ignorant[3]
Of your own nakedness? Did not your servants,
In mine own hearing, confess they brought her to
That house we found her in, almost by force,
And with a great distrust of some ensuing hazard?

Val. He that hath begun so worthily,
It fits not with his resolution
To leave off thus, my lord. I know these are
But idle proofs. What says your lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce again, thy sister is not honest.

Val. You are yourself, my lord; I like your settledness.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienced in
The dark hidden ways of women: Thou dar'st affirm
With confidence, a lady of fifteen
May be a maid?

Val. Sir, if it were not so,
I have a sister would sit near my heart.[4]

[3] *Yet so wilful, ignorant*] Former editions. The compound word *wilful-ignorant* seems much preferable.—*Seward.*

[4] *Sir, if it were not so, I have a sister would sit near my heart.*] Thus all the editions, but surely the sentiment is not very natural: Would the count, who, upon the supposition of his sister's being guilty, had said he would

Brand her himself, whip her about the city,

answer here, that, though she were not a maid, she would sit near his heart? The natural answer is; If I durst not affirm that a lady of fifteen might not be a virgin, my sister would not sit so near

Gond. Let her sit near her shame! it better fits her:
Call back the blood that made your stream in nearness,[5]
And turn the current to a better use;
'Tis too much mudded; I do grieve to know it.
Duke. Dar'st thou make up again? dar'st to turn face,
Knowing we know thee?
Hast thou not been discover'd openly?
Did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings?
Did we not see her blush with modest anger,
To be so overtaken by a trick?
Can you deny this, lord?
Gond. Had not your grace and her kind brother been
Within level of her eye, you should have had a hotter
Volley from her, more full of blood and fire,
Ready to leap the window where she stood;
So truly sensual is her appetite.
Duke. Sir, sir, these are but words and tricks: give me the proof!
Val. What need a better proof than your lordship? I am sure
You have lain with her, my lord.

my heart as she now does. I cannot change the words so as to give this sense without taking rather too great liberties, and therefore shall not insert my conjecture in the text: I have restored the measure, which I cannot preserve if I insert a negative, without the following changes:

—— *If it were not so,*——
My sister would not *sit so near my heart.*—Seward.

Seward did not consider, that his sister might *sit near his heart* in a painful as well as affectionate sense.—Ed. 1778.

The plain sense is,—"If a girl of fifteen might not be a maid, I should feel great uneasiness on account of my sister."

[5] *That made* our *stream.*] Amended by Seward.

Gond. I have confess'd it, sir.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit, without witness.

Gond. Does your grace think we carry seconds with us,
To search us, and see fair play? Your grace hath been
Ill-tutor'd in the business! but if you hope
To try her truly, and satisfy yourself
What frailty is, give her the test:
Do not remember, count, she is your sister;
Nor let my lord the duke believe she's fair;
But put her to it, without hope or pity!
Then ye shall see that golden form fly off,
That all eyes wonder at for pure and fix'd,
And under it base blushing copper; metal
Not worth the meanest honour:
You shall behold her then, my lord, transparent, look through
Her heart, and view the spirits how they leap;
And tell me then I did belie the lady.

Duke. It shall be done!
Come, Gondarino, bear us company.
We do believe thee: she shall die, and thou shalt see it.

Enter LAZARILLO *bound, two Intelligencers, and Guard.*

How now, my friends? who have you guarded hither?

2 Int. So please your grace, we have discovered a villain and a traitor: the lord Lucio hath examined him, and sent him to your grace for judgment.

Val. My lord, I dare
Absolve him from all sin of treason: I know

His most ambition's but a dish of meat,
Which he hath hunted with so true a scent,
That he deserves the collar, not the halter.[6]
Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up?
The poor man had more need have some warm meat,
To comfort his cold stomach.
Val. Your grace shall have
The cause hereafter, when you may laugh more freely.
But these are called *informers;* men that live by treason,
As rat-catchers do by poison.
Duke. 'Would there were
No heavier prodigies hung over us
Than this poor fellow! I durst redeem all perils
Ready to pour themselves upon this state,
With a cold custard.
Val. Your grace
Might do it, without danger to your person.
Laz. My lord, if ever I intended treason
Against your person, or the state, unless
It were by wishing from your table some dish

[6] *He deserves the* collar, *not the* halter;] *i. e.* He deserves the *steward's chain,* rather than to be *hanged.*—Reed.

Mr R. says, that *collar* means a steward's chain; but that was not a collar. I think it rather means a collar of brawn; unless it were customary at the time to ornament with a collar the dog that had distinguished himself in the chase, which I believe was the case. for Richelet, in his French Dictionary says, that—"*Un chien a grand colier, est un chien qui conduit les autres : ces mots se disent figurativement, d'un habile homme qui ha grand credit, parmi ceux de sa compagnie, et qui entraine les autres a ses opinions.*" This appears to me an explanation of the passage.—*Mason.*

I believe Mr Mason is wrong, as this French idiom never appears to have been used in English. His objection, that *collar* did not mean a chain, is easily refuted. Cotgrave explains *carcan* "a carkanet or *collar* of gold, worne about the neck." See a note at the commencement of The Lover's Progress, vol. xiv.

Of meat, which I must needs confess was not
A subject's part; or coveting by stealth
Sups from those noble bottles, that no mouth,
Keeping allegiance true, should dare to taste,—
I must confess, with more than covetous eye,
I have beheld those dear concealed dishes,
That have been brought in by cunning equipage,
To wait upon your grace's palate:
I do confess, out of this present heat,
I have had stratagems and ambuscadoes;
But, God be thanked, they have never took!

Duke. Count,
This business is your own: when you have done,
Repair to us. [*Exit.*

Val. I will attend your grace.—Lazarillo,
You are at liberty; be your own man again:
And, if you can, be master of your wishes;
I wish it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thank your lordship!
I must be unmannerly: I have some present business.
Once more, I heartily thank your lordship. [*Exit.*

Val. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell:
You think you have deserved much of this state
By this discovery: Ye are a slavish people,
Grown subject to the common curse of all men.[7]
How much unhappy were that noble spirit,
Could work by such base engines![8] What misery
Would not a knowing man put on with willingness,
Ere he see himself grown fat and full-fed,
By fall of those you rise by? I do discharge
You my attendance! Our healthful state
Needs no such leeches to suck out her blood.

[7] *To the common* course *of all men.*] Corrected in 1750.

[8] *Could work by such* baser gains.] Amended by Sympson.

1 *Int.* I do beseech your lordship——

2 *Int.* Good my lord——

Val. Go, learn to be more honest! When I see
You work your means from honest industry,
I will be willing to accept your labours;
[*Exeunt Intelligencers.*
Till then I will keep back my promised favours.

Enter LUCIO.

Here comes another remnant of folly:
I must dispatch him too.—Now, lord Lucio,
What business bring you hither?

Lucio. 'Faith, sir, I am discovering what will become of that notable piece of treason intended by that varlet Lazarillo; I have sent him to the duke for judgment.

Val. Sir, you have performed the part of a most careful statesman; and, let me say it to your face, sir, of a father to this state: I would wish you to retire, and insconce yourself in study; for such is your daily labour, and our fear, that your loss of an hour may breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir, I will be commanded by your judgment: And though I find it a trouble scant to be waded through, by these weak years; yet, for the dear care of the commonwealth, I will bruise my brains, and confine myself to much vexation.

Val. Go; and may'st thou knock down treason like an ox!

Lucio. Amen! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Street.

Enter MERCER, PANDAR, *and* FRANCISSINA.

Mercer. Have I spoke thus much in the honour of learning, learned the names of the seven liberal sciences, before my marriage; and, since, have in haste written epistles congratulatory to the nine muses, and is she proved a whore and a beggar?

Pandar. 'Tis true. You are not now to be taught that no man can be learned of a sudden; let not your first project discourage you: what you have lost in this, you may get again in alchymy.

Fran. Fear not, husband; I hope to make as good a wife as the best of your neighbours have, and as honest.

Mercer. I will go home. Good sir, do not publish this; as long as it runs amongst ourselves, 'tis good honest mirth. You'll come home to supper? I mean to have all her friends, and mine, as ill as it goes.

Pandar. Do wisely, sir, and bid your own friends; your whole wealth will scarce feast all hers; neither is it for your credit to walk the streets with a woman so noted: get you home, and provide her clothes; let her come an hour hence with a hand-basket, and shift herself, she'll serve to sit at the upper end of the table, and drink to your customers.

Mercer. Art is just, and will make me amends.

Pandar. No doubt, sir.

Mercer. The chief note of a scholar, you say, is to govern his passions; wherefore I do take all patiently: In sign of which, my most dear wife, I do kiss thee. Make haste home after me; I shall be in my study. [*Exit.*

Pandar. Go, avaunt!—My new city-dame, send me what you promised me for consideration, and may'st thou prove a lady!

Fran. Thou shalt have it; his silks shall fly for it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Street before the Bagnio.

Enter Lazarillo *and Boy.*

Laz. How sweet is a calm after a tempest! what is there now that can stand betwixt me and felicity? I have gone through all my crosses constantly, have confounded my enemies, and know where to have my longing satisfied; I have my way before me: there's the door, and I may freely walk in to my delights. Knock, boy!

Julia. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Laz. Madonna, my love! not guilty, not guilty! Open the door!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Art thou come, sweetheart?

Laz. Yes, to thy soft embraces, and the rest of my overflowing blisses! come, let us in and swim in our delights; a short grace as we go, and so to meat!

Julia. Nay, my dear love, you must bear with me in this; we'll to the church first.

Laz. Shall I be sure of it then?

Julia. By my love, you shall!

Laz. I am content; for I do now wish to hold off longer, to whet my appetite, and do desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquer them:
And, as a holy lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh and tears,
Whilst he pursued his wench, and hath observed
The smiles and frowns, not daring to displease;
When [he] at last hath with his service won
Her yielding heart, that she begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his neck, and wooes him more
Than ever he desired her love before;
[He] then begins to flatter his desert,[9]
And, growing wanton, needs will cast her off;
Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to encrease his pleasing appetite.

[9] *Then begins*——] The relative *he* being omitted, hurt both sense and measure. Most of my friends seem to think there is too much of Lazarillo's passion for his fish, as well as that the passion itself is carried too high. I have before given reasons to justify the extravagance of the passion, which might possibly have been carried even to madness, by some person of our author's age; and as to the long continuance of it, the distresses seem extremely ingeniously contrived to rise by a just gradation, and his marrying a whore at last to obtain his delight, is a most inimitably humorous conclusion of his character.—*Seward.*

Julia. Come, mouse, will you walk?

Laz. I pray thee let me be delivered of the joy I am so big with! I do feel that high heat within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortal:
How I contemn my fellows in the court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse!
And in a lower, and an humbler key,
Did walk and meditate on grosser meats!
There are they still, poor rogues, shaking their chops,
And sneaking after cheeses, and do run
Headlong in chase of every jack of beer[1]
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight that ever set his tooth
To a dear novelty! Approach, my love;
Come, let us go to knit the true love's knot,
That never can be broken!

Boy. That is, to marry a whore. [*Aside.*

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste the gift
Which fates have sent, my fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you will begin to repent upon a full stomach: But I see, 'tis but a form in destiny, not to be altered. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Jack of beer.*] A kind of leathern tankard then in use. See vol. II. p. 172.

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace with a Gallery.

Enter ARRIGO *and* ORIANA *below; Duke,* VALORE, *and* GONDARINO *above.*

Ori. Sir, what may be the current of your business,
That thus you single out your time and place?
Arr. Madam, the business now imposed upon me
Concerns you nearly;
I wish some worser man might finish it.
Ori. Why are you changed so? are you not well, sir?
Arr. Yes, madam, I am well: 'Would you were so!
Ori. Why, sir, I feel myself in perfect health.
Arr. And yet you cannot live long, madam.
Ori. Why, good Arrigo?
Arr. Why, you must die.
Ori. I know I must;
But yet my fate calls not upon me.
Arr. It does;
This hand the duke commands shall give you death.
Ori. Heaven, and the powers divine, guard well the innocent!
Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your soul some good,
But sure your body cannot merit by 'em:[2]

[2] *Lady, your prayers may do your soul some good,
But sure your body cannot* merit *by 'em.*] The word *merit* is here used in a very uncommon sense, and signifies to derive pro-

You must prepare to die.

Ori. What's my offence? What have these years committed,
That may be dangerous to the duke or state?
Have I conspired by poison? have I given up
My honour to some loose unsettled blood,
That may give action to my plots? dear sir,
Let me not die ignorant of my faults!

Arr. You shall not:
Then, lady, you must know, you are held unhonest:
The duke, your brother, and your friends in court,
With too much grief condemn you; though to me,
The fault deserves not to be paid with death.

Ori. Who's my accuser?

Arr. Lord Gondarino.

Ori. Arrigo, take these words, and bear them to the duke;
It is the last petition I shall ask thee:
Tell him, the child this present hour brought forth
To see the world has not a soul more pure,
More white, more virgin, than I have; tell him,
Lord Gondarino's plot I suffer for,
And willingly; tell him, it had been
A greater honour to have saved than kill'd:
But I have done: strike! I am arm'd for Heaven.
Why stay you? is there any hope?

Arr. I would not strike.

Ori. Have you the power to save?

Arr. With hazard of my life, if it should be known.

Ori. You will not venture that?

Arr. I will: Lady,
There is that means yet to escape your death,
If you can wisely apprehend it.

fit or advantage. So in Thierry and Theodoret, Ordella says—

"And if in my poor death, fair France may *merit*,
Give me a thousand blows."—*Mason.*

Ori. You dare not be so kind?
Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve it.
Ori. If I should slight my life, I were to blame.
Arr. Then, madam,
This is the means, or else you die: I love you.
Ori. I shall believe it if you save my life.
Arr. And you must lie with me.
Ori. I dare not buy my life so.
Arr. Come, you must resolve; say *yea* or *no.*
Ori. Then *no!* Nay, look not ruggedly upon me;
I am made up too strong to fear such looks:
Come, do your butcher's part! before
I would wish life, with the dear loss of honour,
I dare find means to free myself.
Arr. Speak, will you yield?
Ori. Villain, I will not! Murderer, do the worst
Thy base unnoble thoughts dare prompt thee to!
I am above thee, slave!
Arr. Wilt thou not be drawn
To yield by fair persuasions?
Ori. No; nor by——
Arr. Peace! know your doom then: your lady-ship must remember
You are not now at home, where you dare feast
All that come about you; but you are fallen
Under my mercy, which shall be but small,
If thou refuse to yield: hear what I have sworn
Unto myself; I will enjoy thee, though it be
Between the parting of thy soul and body;
Yield yet, and live!
Ori. I'll guard the one; let Heaven guard the other!
Arr. Are you so resolute then?
Duke. [*From above.*] Hold, hold, I say!
Ori. What,[3] yet more terror to my tragedy?

[3] *What I? yet, &c.*] As the *I* is undoubtedly an interpolation, we have discarded it.—Ed. 1778.

Arr. Lady, the scene of blood is done;
You are now as free from scandal as from death.

Enter below, Duke, VALORE, *and* GONDARINO.

Duke. Thou woman, which wert born to teach men virtue,
Fair, sweet, and modest maid, forgive my thoughts;
My trespass was my love.
Seize Gondarino! Let him wait our dooms.
Gond. I do begin a little to love this woman;
I could endure her already, twelve miles off.
Val. Sister,
I am glad you have brought your honour off so fairly,
Without loss; you have done a work above your sex;
The duke admires it: give him fair encounter.
Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand,
And call it mine?
Ori. I am your grace's handmaid!
Duke. 'Would you had said *myself*: might it not be so, lady?
Val. Sister, say *ay*; I know you can afford it.
Ori. My lord, I am your subject; you may command me,
Provided still your thoughts be fair and good.
Duke. Here; I am yours; and when I cease to be so,
Let Heaven forget me! thus I make it good.
Ori. My lord, I am no more mine own.
Val. So! this bargain was well driven.
Gond. Duke,
Thou hast sold away thyself to all perdition;
Thou art this present hour becoming cuckold:
Methinks I see thy gall grate through thy veins,
And jealousy seize on thee with her talons.

I know that woman's nose must be cut off;
She cannot 'scape it.
Duke. Sir, we have punishment for you.
Ori. I do beseech your lordship, for the wrongs
This man hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment!
Duke. Lady, I give it to you; he is your own.
Gond. I do beseech your grace, let me be banish'd,
With all the speed that may be.
Val. Stay still! you shall attend her sentence.
Ori. Lord Gondarino, you have wrong'd me highly;
Yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate
To me, but from a general dislike
Unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it.—
Arrigo, call in some ladies to assist us.—
Will your grace take your state?
Gond. My lord, I do
Beseech your grace for any punishment,
Saving this woman: let me be sent upon
Discovery of some island; I do desire
But a small gondola, with ten Holland cheeses,
And I'll undertake it.
Ori. Sir, you must be content.
Will you sit down? Nay, do it willingly.—
Arrigo, tie his arms close to the chair;
I dare not trust his patience.
Gond. [*He is seized and bound in a chair.*] May'st thou
Be quickly old and painted! may'st thou dote
Upon some sturdy yeoman of the wood-yard,
And he be honest! may'st thou be barred
The lawful lechery of thy couch,[4] for want
Of instruments! and, last, be thy womb unopen'd!

[4] *Of thy* coach.] So all former editions.—Ed. 1778.

Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gall.
Val. My lord,
I hope to see him purged, ere he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your ladyships are welcome! I must desire your helps,
Though you are no physicians, to do a strange cure
Upon this gentleman.
Ladies. In what we can assist you,
Madam, you may command us.
Gond. Now do I
Sit like a conjurer within my circle,
And these the devils that are raised about me:
I'll pray, that they may have no power upon me.
Ori. Ladies, fall off in couples;
Then, with a soft still march, with low demeanours,
Charge this gentleman: I'll be your leader.
Gond. Let me be quarter'd, duke, quickly! I can endure it.
These women long for man's flesh; let them have it!
Duke. Count, have you ever seen so strange a passion?
What would this fellow do, if he should find himself
In bed with a young lady?
Val. 'Faith, my lord,
If he could get a knife, sure he would cut her throat;
Or else he would do as Hercules did by Lycas,
Swing out her soul:
He has the true hate of a woman in him.
Ori. Low with your curtsies, ladies!
Gond. Come not too near me! I have a breath will poison ye;
My lungs are rotten, and my stomach raw;
I am given much to belching: hold off, as you love sweet airs!

Ladies, by your first night's pleasure I conjure you,
As you would have your husbands proper men,
Strong backs, and little legs; as you would have
'em hate
Your waiting-women——

Ori. Sir, we must court you, till we have obtain'd
Some little favour from those gracious eyes;
'Tis but a kiss a-piece.

Gond. I pronounce perdition to you all!
Ye are a parcel of that damned crew
That fell down with Lucifer, and here ye stay'd
On earth to plague poor men: Vanish, avaunt!
I am fortified against your charms.
Heaven grant me breath and patience!

1 *Lady.* Shall we not kiss, then?

Gond. No! sear my lips with
Hot irons first, or stitch them up like a ferret's!
Oh, that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady.* Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly; by my troth I think I must box thee till thou be'st bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: I pr'ythee kiss me! be not afraid.

[*She sits on his knee.*

Gond. If there be any here
That yet have so much of the fool left in them
As to love their mothers, let them [look] on her,[5]
And loath them too!

[5] Let *them* on her, *and* loath *them too.*] Sympson would read,

Set *them on her, and* loo *'em too,*

which Seward justly rejects; but thinks he discovers a meaning in these words which they certainly do not convey; *viz.* "If there be any here that are such fools to retain a love even for their mothers, let them be persecuted by this woman, and they will loath them, *i. e.* their mothers also."—It has been very ingeniously suggested, that we probably should read,

Let them honour *and loath them too;*

i. e. "Let them feel the opposite sensations of *honouring* and *d*-

2 Lady. What a slovenly little villain art thou! why dost thou not stroke up thy hair? I think thou ne'er comb'st it; I must have it lie in better order: so, so, so! Let me see thy hands! are they wash'd?

Gond. I would they were loose, for thy sake!

Duke. She tortures him admirably.

Val. The best that ever was.

2 Lady. Alas, how cold they are! Poor golls![6] why dost thee not get thee a muff?

Arr. Madam, here's an old country gentlewoman at the door, that came nodding up for justice; she was with the lord Gondarino to-day, and would now again come to the speech of him, she says.

Ori. Let her in, for sport's sake, let her in!

Gond. Mercy, oh duke! I do appeal to thee:
Plant cannons there, and discharge them
Against my breast rather! Nay, first
Let this she-fury sit still where she does,
And with her nimble fingers stroke my hair,
Play with my fingers' ends, or any thing,
Until my panting heart have broke my breast!

Duke. You must abide her censure.

[*The Lady rises from his knee.*

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come!
Unbutton me, for she will speak.

Gentlew. Where is he, sir?

Gond. Save me! I hear her.

Arr. There he is in state, to give you audience.

spising them at the same time."—But the source of the difficulty has, we apprehend, been the loss of the word *look*, which being restored, the passage carries with it its own explanation.—Ed. 1778.

[6] *Golls.*] A cant term for hands. See vol. ix. p. 31.

Gentlew. How does your good lordship?
Gond. Sick of the spleen.
Gentlew. How?
Gond. Sick.
Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg? you shall not refuse it; 'tis very comfortable.
Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it is
The devil's jubilee; hell is broke loose!
My lord, if ever I have done you service,
Or have deserved a favour of your grace,
Let me be turn'd upon some present action,
Where I may sooner die than languish thus!
Your grace hath her petition; grant it her,
And ease me now at last.
Duke. No, sir; you must endure.
Gentlew. For my petition, I hope your lordship hath remembered me.
Ori. 'Faith, I begin to pity him: Arrigo,
Take her off; bear her away; say her petition
Is granted.
Gentlew. Whither do you draw me, sir? I know it is not my lord's pleasure I should be thus used, before my business be dispatched.
Arr. You shall know more of that without.
[*She is led off.*
Ori. Unbind him, ladies! But, before he go,
This he shall promise: For the love I bear
To our own sex, I would have them still
Hated by thee; and enjoin thee, as a punishment,
Never hereafter willingly to come
In the presence or sight of any woman,
Nor never to seek wrongfully the public
Disgrace of any.
Gond. 'Tis that I would have sworn, and do: when I meddle with them,[7] for their good, or their

[7] *When I* meditate *with them.*] So all editions but the first quarto; from which invaluable copy we have made a great number of

bad, may time call back this day again! and when I come in their companies, may I catch the pox by their breath, and have no other pleasure for it!

Duke. You are too merciful.

Ori. My lord, I shew'd my sex the better.

Val. All is over-blown. Sister, you are like to have a fair night of it, and a prince in your arms. Let's go, my lord.

Duke. Thus, through the doubtful streams of joy
and grief,
True love doth wade, and finds at last relief.

[*Exeunt.*[8]

corrections, some more beneficial to the sense than this before us. On many of the errors in the later editions, we had prepared notes, and proposed variations; but on collating the text with the quarto abovementioned (which we should not have been able to do, but for the favour of Mr Garrick,) we have suppressed our notes, and silently made the amendments there pointed out: not chusing to adopt the mode of our predecessors, who, in such cases, commonly inserted very prolix refutations of the lection in the then last edition, proposed variations, of which they adopted the best, and then concluded their notes with, AND THIS IS CONFIRMED BY THE OLDEST EDITIONS.—Ed. 1778.

[8] It seems not quite clear that the whole of this play was written in verse; but many speeches that evidently resolve themselves into measure having been printed as prose, Seward very properly endeavoured to restore them to their original state. He has, in our opinion, not always been elegant or accurate in his division. We are not entirely satisfied with our own; yet think the text at least runs off more easily in this edition than in any preceding one, less violated by arbitrary additions, omissions, and transpositions, and the eye and ear less offended by elisions, more barbarous than those of Procrustes.—Ed. 1778.

The reason why this "resolving" prose into verse has been generally rejected in this edition, have been given in the Introduction.

EPILOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

THE monuments of virtue and desert
Appear more goodly when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censured at the worst:
We have done our best, for your contents, to fit,
With new pains, this old monument of wit.[1]

[1] This epilogue is now retrieved from the quarto of 1649. It was evidently spoken when the play was revived by Sir William Davenant, who furnished the prologue.

PHILASTER;

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

BY

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

PHILASTER.

Respecting the date of the original production of this celebrated drama, I beg leave to quote the words of Mr Malone, whose accurate researches for the purpose of illustrating Shakspeare, have furnished many facts, for which the editors of contemporary dramatists are bound to acknowledge their obligations to him. "Philaster," he observes,[1] "had appeared before 1611, being mentioned by John Davies of Hereford, in his Epigrams, which have no date, but were published, according to Oldys, in or about that year. Dryden mentions a tradition (which he might have received from Sir William Davenant) that Philaster was the first play by which Beaumont and Fletcher acquired reputation, and that they had written two or three less successful pieces before Philaster appeared. From a prologue of Davenant's, their first production should seem to have been exhibited about the year 1605.[2] Philaster, therefore, it may be presumed, was represented in 1608 or 1609." The first edition was published in the year 1620, and is of such extraordinary rarity, that a copy at Mr Reed's sale was sold for the sum of four and twenty pounds. The quarto of 1622[3] bears the following title-page: "Philaster, or Love Lies a bleeding. As it hath been diverse Times acted, at the Globe and Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gent. The Second impression, corrected and amended. London, printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be solde at his Shoppe, at the Signe of the Eagle and Childe, in Brit-

[1] Chronological order of Shakspeare's plays, *apud* Reed's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 334.

[2] Prologue to the Woman-Hater. Davenant, however, speaks of Fletcher singly.

[3] Some variations of no great consequence from this copy have been mentioned in the notes, as I was ignorant whether they had the sanction of the first quarto.

taines Burse, 1652." 4to. The following address is prefixed by the bookseller:

" *To the Reader.*

" Courteous Reader. Philaster, and Arethusa his love, have lain so long a bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds, which they received in the first impression, that it is wondered how they could go abroad so long, or travel so far, as they have done. Although they were hurt neither by me nor the printer, yet I knowing, and finding by experience, how many well-wishers they have abroad, have adventured to bind up their wounds, and to enable them to visit, upon better terms, such friends of theirs as were pleased to take knowledge of them so maimed and deformed as they at the first were; and if they were then so gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now find double favour, being reformed, and set forth suitable to their birth and breeding, by your serviceable friend, THOMAS WALKLEY."

A third edition was printed in 1628, which was the earliest Theobald and the editors of 1778 were acquainted with. A fourth appeared in 1634, and another in 1651.

Philaster enjoyed great popularity for a long period. In 1659, it was one of the twenty plays acted by the Red Bull actors.[4] After the Restoration, it continued to be performed with great applause; and at the Theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields was acted by the women alone. From Waller's prologue to the Maid's Tragedy,[5] it appears that that tragedy and Philaster were more popular at the time than any of the plays written before the Restoration. In the reign of Charles II. an alteration (probably to serve as a compliment to his majesty) appeared without date, attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, probably on no sound authority, and entituled, The Restoration, or Right will take Place, which was never brought on the stage. In 169., Elkanah Settle made an alteration of the play, writing a new fourth and fifth act to it, and in this state it was acted at the Theatre Royal. A more judicious alteration, chiefly by omitting some scenes and speeches, was made by Mr Colman, which was acted with great applause at Drury Lane, and published in 1763, with a prologue written by that gentleman, which, as the Biographica Dramatica informs us, was " both greatly admired and criticised." That part which relates to our authors is here inserted.

[4] During the civil wars, some of the scenes were extracted by Kirkman, and acted at the public fairs under the title of The Clubmen.

[5] See the introduction to that play, vol. xii. p. 3.

While modern tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought fable, act by act,
We dare to bring you one of those bold plays,
Wrote by rough English wits in former days;
Beaumont and Fletcher! those twin stars, that run
Their glorious course round Shakspeare's golden sun;
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supplied,
Or Bessus walk'd the stage by Falstaff's side.
Their souls, well pair'd, shot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twined the social bays,
Till fashion drove, in a refining age,
Virtue from conrt, and nature from the stage.
Then nonsense, in heroics, seem'd sublime;
Kings raved in couplets, and maids sigh'd in rhime.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A hash from Greece and France, came modern taste.
Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing
In rant and fustian, they ne'er rise to feeling.
O say, ye bards of phlegm, say, where's the name
That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim?

Mr Colman's alteration has been now and then performed on the London stage, but being caviare to the multitude, it seems to have been latterly laid aside.

For the same reasons assigned in the introduction to the Maid's Tragedy, the editor is inclined to ascribe but a small portion of this play to Fletcher, as scarcely any of it, with the exception of part of the last act, bears any of the features of his versification.

Philaster is generally acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful dramatic productions which this country has produced, always excepting the inimitable works of Shakspeare. The pleasing artifice of a woman following the object of her passion in the disguise of a youth, has, as Mr Lamb observes in the passage quoted below,[6]

[6] "The character of Bellario must have been extremely popular in its day. For many years after the date of Philaster's first exhibition on the stage, scarce a play can be found [?] without one of these women-pages in it, following in the train of some pre-engaged lover, calling on the gods to bless her happy rival (his mistress) whom, no doubt, she curses in her heart, giving rise to many pretty equivoques by the way on the confusion of the sex, and either made happy at last by some surprising turn of fate, or dismissed with the joint pity of the lovers and the audience. Our ancestors seem to have been wonderfully delighted with these transformations of sex. Women's parts were then acted by young men. What an odd double confusion it must have made to see a boy play a woman, and a woman play a man! One cannot disentangle the perplexity without some violence to the imagination."—Specimens of Dram. Poets, 1808.

been frequently imitated, but it has certainly never been equalled, much less excelled. Nothing can exceed the beauty of poetical imagery and the flow of versification displayed in Philaster's relating the manner in which he found the disguised Euphrasia, his dismissing her to serve the princess, the description of her attachment to her master, and, finally, the eclaircissement in the last act. The jealousy of Philaster too, very different in its nature and effects from that of Othello, is delineated with unequalled delicacy. He has been compared to Hamlet; but such a parallel is highly injurious, as Philaster only resembles the latter in a very few slight touches of melancholy, the general cast of his character being entirely original. Upon Bellario, Philaster, and Arethusa, the whole interest of the plot depends; the remaining characters being only subservient to produce or obviate the misfortunes which are destined to befall them. Both the king and Pharamond are very disagreeable personages; and the intrigue of the latter with the nauseous Megra is one of the few spots which disfigure this beautiful poem. There is solemnity, mixed with buffoonery, in the old Captain, which renders the single scene in which he is introduced very comical and diverting.

The principal incident in the play, the disguise of Euphrasia, was perhaps suggested to the poets by a tale in the Diana of Montemayor, a work which had been translated by Bartholomew Young, in 1583, and which was very popular in those days. One of the heroines, Fellisarda, follows her lover, Don Felix, to the capital, where, discovering his passion for Celia, one of the court-ladies, she engages herself to him as a page, and in this capacity she is employed in carrying on the love intrigues of Celia and her master. The rest of the story, however, bears no resemblance to the remainder of the plot of Philaster.

p. 363. Mr Lamb quotes an elegy of Donne's, in which he dissuades his mistress from a resolution of following him abroad as a page. It is not at all improbable that she took this romantic resolution from the representation of Philaster, the play being then in high favour, but this supposition would carry back the date of Philaster to 1607, or before.

The disguise of Viola, in the Twelfth Night of Shakspeare, may possibly have been suggested by Philaster, which had been on the stage five or six years when that play is supposed to have been exhibited.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King.
Philaster, *heir to the crown.*
Pharamond, *prince of Spain.*
Dion, *a lord.*
Cleremont, } *noble gentlemen, his associates.*
Thrasiline, }
An old captain.
Five citizens.
A country fellow.
Two woodmen.
The king's guard and train.

Arethusa, *the king's daughter.*
Galatea, *a wise modest lady, attending the princess.*
Megra, *a lascivious lady.*
An old wanton lady, or crone.[1]
Another lady attending the princess.
Euphrasia, *daughter of Dion, but disguised like a page, and called* Bellario.

SCENE,—Messina, and a neighbouring Forest.

[1] *An old wanton lady, or* crone.] We find this character in all the editions but Mr Theobald's.—Ed. 1778.

PHILASTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Messina. The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published,[1] that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, sir, the multitude (that seldom know

[1] *It was* boldly *publish'd.*] Mr Seward reads *loudly;* but there is not the least reason for an alteration; *boldly*, in the text, signifying publicly, in the open day.

any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the rightful heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, MEGRA, *and an old Lady.*

Thra. See, the ladies. What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry,[2] I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog and lye with a whole army, before the league shall break: Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.—

La. Peace, if you love me![3] You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

[2] *Faith.*] So the second quarto.

[3] *Peace, if you love me.*] I have made a transposition in the speakers here, from the following accurate criticism of Mr Seward.—*Theobald.*

The character given of the last of these three ladies so exactly suits Megra, and all the speeches which the *anonymous lady* speaks, her excessive fondness for the courtship of men, and of foreigners in particular, are so entirely in her strain, that, I am persuaded, she has been unjustly deprived of them. It is not the custom of any good writer to give a long and distinguishing character of, and to make a person the chief speaker in any scene, who is a mere cypher in the whole play besides; particularly when there is another in the same scene, to whom both the cha-

Gal. What if they should?
Meg. What if they should?
La. Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravelled.
Gal. Why, what if they be?
Meg. What if they be?
La. Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say "excuse me."
Gal. Ha, ha, ha!
La. Do you laugh, madam?
Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies.
La. Then you must sit beside us.
Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.
La. Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.
Meg. Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.
Thra. Peace, the king!

racter and the speeches exactly correspond. I should guess it to have been some jumble of the players; she, who acted Megra, having given up so much of her part to initiate some younger actress. The entrance should have been thus regulated:

Enter GALATEA, *a Lady, and* MEGRA,

and all the speeches of the two latter transposed.—*Seward.*

Had Mr Seward been altering this play for representation, his right to make this transposition would certainly be allowable, but is not as an editor. It was, however, necessary to mention his conjecture. The person here speaking is doubtless the *old wanton lady*, or *crony*, whose character is left out of the drama in Mr Theobald's edition.—Ed. 1778.

Enter King, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and Train.*

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wonder'd at: next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she
sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you,[4] or add
An artificial shadow to her nature:
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her mo-
desty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm

[4] *To talk of her perfect love.*] Quarto 1622.

The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.
Thra. This will be hardly done.
Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.
Thra. I fear.
Cle. Who does not?
Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.
Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far,
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms:
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes[5] I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself, most happy.[6] Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,

[5] *By more than all* the gods.] Quarto 1622.

[6] Opine *myself most happy.*] Seward reads, *Do I opine it* [this country] *in myself most happy;* but neither sense nor metre requires any alteration.

There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow[7]
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law).
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.

Enter PHILASTER.

But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun, he'll ne'er make king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

[7] *By all the gods.*] Quarto 1622.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise; you have it, sir.

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear!
Oh! this same whorson conscience,[8] how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon[9]
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends beside the gods;

[8] *Oh! this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!*] This sentiment Shakespeare has finely, and as concisely, express'd in his Hamlet:

'Tis conscience, that makes cowards of us all.—Theobald.

[9] ——— *This earth you tread on*
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance, &c.] This transposition is rectified by Mr Seward.—Ed. 1778.

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, 'I might have been.' I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis,[9] it shall!

Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, prince of poppinjays, I'll make it well
Appear to you I'm not mad.

King. You displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud
Sails over, and makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: Sure he's somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. He has given him a general purge already,
For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By these hilts,[1] I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

[1] *By the just gods.*] Quarto 1622.
[2] *By Heaven.*] Quarto 1622.

Pha. What you have seen in me, to stir offence,
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession;
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him[3]
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations)
And from this presence, 'spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince: I gave you not this freedom
To brave our best friends. You deserve our frown.
Go to; be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,[4]

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[3] *If thou wert sole inheritor to him*
Who made the world his.] i. e. Alexander the Great. So Mr Lee, in his tragedy of the Rival Queens,

"*But see, the* master *of the* world *approaches.*"

This is as fine an introduction as possibly can be to the first entrance of that great conqueror, and raises the expectation of the audience to give a due attention to every line he speaks.—*Theobald.*

[4] *This would have been a pattern of* succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief.] Mr Sympson chuses to substitute *submission* for *succession*. I submit his conjecture to the

Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But the other is the man set in my eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King Give me your wrongs in private.

Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
[*They walk apart.*

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery,

readers, though I have not ventured to disturb the text; because the poets perhaps might mean, that Philaster might have been a pattern to *succeeding* kings, had not he fallen under the misfortune of having his right to the kingdom usurped upon.—*Theobald.*

There can be no doubt, if we consider the two following speeches, as well as the present, but that Mr Theobald's explanation, though so doubtfully delivered, gives the true sense of the passage, and confirms the old reading.—Ed. 1778.

and feel him shake like a true recreant.[5] If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to!
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure,
What fashion we will put upon you. Smooth
Your brow, or by the gods——

Phi. I am dead, sir; you're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence, speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possess'd.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here, O king!
A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me "king:"
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me.—Noble sir, your hand:
I am your servant.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit: For this time

[5] *And feel him shake like a true* tenant.] This is the reading of the old copies; Mr Theobald alters *tenant* to *recreant;* i. e. a person remarkable for meanness and cowardice.—Ed. 1778.

I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.
[*Exeunt King*, PHARAMOND, *and* ARETHUSA.

Dion. I thank you, sir; you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But eye yon stranger: Is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely: They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Pride[6] comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:[7]
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If I could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children.[8] You're all honest.

[6] *Gods.*] Quarto 1622.

[7] *I am no minion.*] *i. e.* No favourite of influence enough to carry any suits at court. The word is frequently used by Shakspeare.—*Theobald.*

[8] *You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,*
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children.] I cannot discover any sense in this passage as it stands; but believe we should read, "If *I* could well be flatter'd," instead of *if you*, and then the meaning will

Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court; to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you: In whose name,[9]
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?

be, "You look as if you could be willing to pay your court to me, if you could do so without hazarding the fortunes of your families by offending the king."—*Mason.*

[9] ———————— *In whose name*
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people.] This puts me in mind of a passage in Hesiod, in his Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, v. 260.

ὄφρ' ἀποτίσῃ
Δῆμος ἀτασθαλίας βασιλέων·

This has been generally understood, as if the people should suffer for the faults of their prince; and Horace is quoted in support of this opinion:

Quicquid delirant *reges*, plectuntur *Achivi.*

But would it not be better to understand it in Fletcher's words, for the people to be raised up to punish the crimes and misdemeanors of the prince?—*Sympson.*

Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is:
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord: The princess would entreat
Your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! You are mistaken.
Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her. [*Exit Lady.*
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:
There's all the danger in't. But, be what may,
Her single name hath armed me.
[*Exit* PHILASTER.
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless.

Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquaint-
ed,
Lest the king prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter ARETHUSA *and a Lady.*

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam? sure, he knows not what
it is.
Are. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks hid
more

Of love than fear.

Are. Of love? to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in.——
Ye gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.

Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit Lady.*

Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace

Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: But, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam! Both?

Are. Both, or I die: By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre, and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay then, hear!
I must and will have them, and more——

Phi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I cannot endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;

Nor beast that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them, and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;

Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us.
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Arc. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst.
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me:[1] But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,

[1] *A garland lay him by, made by himself,*
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me.] The words *bred in the bay*, Mr Mason observes, have not been noticed by any commentator, and yet require explanation. He interprets them, *braided in the garland*, conceiving *bred* to be the participle of *to brede*, and informing us that *bay* means a garland. It were to be wished that Mason had furnished us with instances which would bear out these interpretations. I believe that the words in question simply mean, bred in the bay, or on the shallow edge of the fountain, at which Philaster found Bellario.

Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd: so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was [as] glad to follow;[2] and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed out for me.[3]

Are. Dear, hide thyself.—
Bring in the prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag

[2] *Who was glad to follow.*] The word in brackets was inserted by Theobald

[3] *Why, that which all the gods have* appointed out *for me.*] We must either read "*pointed* out for me," or omit the word *out*.—*Mason.*

Some correction seems inevitably necessary; that in the text is more obvious, and restores the metre.

Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.

Phi. I will.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——

Phi. Good sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my sword—[2]

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou——

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done.

[2] *And by the gods.*] Quarto 1622.

Pha. You are gone? By heaven, I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
"Thou wert," and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee.
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop his mouth with some office, when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding. I must seek elsewhere.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Philaster *and* Bellario.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft: Yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,

Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember, *
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,

And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one!
[*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty.
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

SCENE II.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking. I was never so long without sport in my life; and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!—Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

Enter GALATEA.

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand——

Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at a distance, I am for you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar: And then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apothegms your royal blood shall manage.[5]

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting: And, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no handle behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.[6]

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: 'Would you or I could help it!

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brewed

[5] *Your royal blood shall* manage.] This word is used as the French do their *mesnager*, and the Italians, *maneggiare*. So we likewise have adopted it, and say, *manage* (or handle) a dispute or argument.—*Theobald.*

[6] *And for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no* hand *behind it to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.*] Hand has certainly no signification which can make sense of this passage; and the slight alteration in the text, which was proposed by Mason, requires no apology for its adoption.

with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller:[7] But, of all, your grace must *fly* phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden apptite. She's a Danäe, and must be courted in a shower of gold.—Madam, look here: All these, and more than——

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money.—Yet for all this I'll match you. [*Apart.*
[*Exit behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions[8] as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband

[7] *You can shoot in a* tiller;] *i. e.* a stand; a small tree left in a wood for growth, till it is fellable: Or it may mean rather, in a steel-bow; *quasi dicas*, a *steeler: i. e. Arcus chalybeatus*, as Skinner says in his *Etymologicum*.—Theobald.

The following passage, in the Scornful Lady, vol. ii. p. 239, proves the propriety of the last explanation:—

> "I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with my *tiller*
> Bring down your gibship."

[8] Camphire *constitutions.*] Camphire was anciently classed among those articles of the materia medica, which were *cold* in an eminent degree.

to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: If she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on.—Many fair mornings, lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.—
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dyed in blushes,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams,
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation.—Sir,
You have, in such neat poetry, gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,

Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, you shall not. [*Kisses her.*
I'll prompt first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now I ha' done't before;
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory: This is all; love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: If I do not teach you to do it as easily, in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures,[9] than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed; but time, and your good help, will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.

[9] *I'll sooner teach a mare the old* measures.] A measure, as has been observed before, was a solemn stately dance. Horses had not at that time begun to pace minuets, though Bankes's horse was brought very near that perfection of equestrian art.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withall: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you. [*Gives her a ring.*

Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart, go with thee! [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter GALATEA *from behind the Hangings.*

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Towsabel,[1] I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

[1] *And, lady* Towsabel, *I'll fit you for't.*] There's no such word as Towsabel, that I know, or that is acknowledged by any of the

SCENE III.

Arethusa's *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a Lady.*

Are. Where's the boy?
Lady. Within, madam.
Are. Gave you him gold to buy clothes?
Lady. I did.
Are. And has he done't?
Lady. Yes, madam.
Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Ask'd you his name?
Lady. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discover'd?
Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.

dictionaries. I think, by the change of a single letter, I hvae retrieved the genuine word of our poets, *Dowsabel.* This is of French extraction, *douce et belle; i. e.* sweet and fair: But it is here intended ironically, and in derision.—*Theobald.*

Dowsabel is the heroine of a ballad introduced into one of Drayton's Eclogues. Theobald's variation is very injudicious, as Galatea evidently quibbles upon the name in applying it to Megra.

Are. I pr'ythee, how?

Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
"Why did'st thou this?") have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered) yet, this match shall break.
Where's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou can'st sing, and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master[a] when thou went'st to school?

[a] *Curst.*] Cross, shrewish: So in the Midsummer-Night's Dream:—

——"I was never *curst;*
I have no gift at all in shrewishness."

Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?

Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh[3] away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
If it be love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead,—be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your lord's credit: but thou know'st a lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth, that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Think.*] Quarto 1622.

SCENE IV.

Before Prince Pharamond's *Lodgings in the Palace.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, *and* Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find the way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters-up.
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa *and* Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of these ladies.—
Is't not late, gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live.—Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Meg. Why, this is he must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep;
The princess does provide him for you, and for herself.

Pha. I find no music in these boys.

Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.

Dion. Serves he the princess?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she keeps him!

Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you have done your dreams.
[*Exit.*

Meg. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.—
Come, shall we to-bed?

Gal. Yes; all good night.
[*Exeunt* GALATEA *and* MEGRA.

Dion. May your dreams be true to you!—
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter King, ARETHUSA, *and Guard.*

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,
Your highness will not tie me to a man,
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,
And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean?

King. If it be true,
That lady had much better have embraced
Cureless diseases: Get you to your rest.
[*Exeunt* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.
You shall be righted.— Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* DION.
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.—
Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously [*Aside.*
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withall.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this under-standing child of mine;
She has not broke your laws. But how can I[4]

[4] ———— *but how can I*
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?] In this sentiment our authors seem to be copying Shakspeare, in a noble passage of his Hamlet:

———" *Forgive me my foul murther!*
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?" &c.
Theobald.

Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds: I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laugh'd, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answer'd, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: In short, sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.—
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. Once more.—Pharamond! prince!

Pharamond *appears at a Window.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends.
Come down.

Pha. The king?
King. The same, sir; come down.
We have cause of present counsel with you.
Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber.
King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have some private reasons to myself,
Make me unmannerly, and say, "you cannot."—
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life, that comes here.

Enter PHARAMOND *below.*

King. Sir, be resolved,
I must and will come.[5]
Pha. I'll not be dishonour'd.
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,
At these unseason'd hours.
King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known: Enter, I say.
Pha. I say, no. [MEGRA *appears above.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter;
I am up, and ready;[6] I know their business:
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.—
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.—
Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman.

[5] *I must and will* enter.] Quarto 1622.

[6] *I am up and* ready.] *Ready* means dressed.—*Mason.*

King. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

King. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: But I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not.

King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness.
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more.—
Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to-bed indeed.

Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage or two,[7] to breathe himself, without a warrant. If this geer hold, that lodgings be search'd thus, pray heaven, we may lie with our own wives in safety, that they be not by some trick of state mistaken.

Enter MEGRA.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palate, but the prince.
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness; thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swol'n cloud

[7] *A stagge.*] So the old copies read. The alteration is Theobald's, and too obvious to require defence, though the last editors read *stag*.

Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods! all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court;
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls.
Do you laugh, lady Venus?

Meg. 'Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do't to the height——

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things;
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known,
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;

And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms, far
and foreign,
Shall read it there, nay, travel with't, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait
On her; a fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
to forget you. [*Exeunt King*, MEGRA, *and Guard.*

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules. If
ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench
shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her
tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She
has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the
country will scarce cure him. That boy was a
strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection:
That boy; that princess' boy; that brave, chaste,
virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken
boy! All these considered, can make nothing
else—But there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter CLEREMONT, DION, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That raised this punishment, to scourge the king
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land,
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right,
By this regardless king? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?
Thra. That man, that would not stir with you,
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth.
Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,[9]

[9] *and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him.*] This seems, at

Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's move
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause, that draws Philaster back
From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.

Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. Here he comes.—
Good-morrow to your honour! We have spent
Some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know

first view, an odd passage. How are the people *against their natures* for Philaster? What, was there never any people unanimous in their choice of a governor? I take it, he must be understood, as meaning, the people (whose nature for the most part is unconstant, giddy, and wavering) are now so well assured of Philaster's worth, and right to the crown, joined to his present ill usage, that they are resolved and steady to do him justice. This is properly styled, *against their nature*, or custom.—*Sympson.*

It is not the steadiness of the people, but their unanimity, which Cleremont says is against their nature.

[1] *If he be* curious.] That is, scrupulous; a common meaning of the word in old language.

Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do,
Worthy your acceptation?

Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a head,
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deserved none? Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.

Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect:
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they loved——

Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means?

Dion. She's known a whore.

Phi. Thou lyest.

Dion. My lord——

Phi. Thou lyest, [*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardon'd: Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase

All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew
You why he utter'd this.

Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enraged as now.

Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.

Phi. Oh, say not so!
Good sir, forbear to say so! 'Tis then truth,
That all womankind is false! Urge it no more;
It is impossible. Why should you think
The princess light?

Dion. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis false! Oh, Heaven! 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!
Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?

Dion. Why, no, my lord.

Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.

Dion. And she was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy?

Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.

Phi. Oh, good gods!

A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceived;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abused, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
'Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
'Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?
Phi. When any fall from virtue, I am distract;[2]
I have an interest in't.

[2] *Distracted.*] Quarto 1622.

Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it.
Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you [3]
The readiest way!—
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.
Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them.
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves,
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man——

Enter BELLARIO *with a Letter.*

See, see, you gods,
He walks still; and the face, you let him wear

[3] *And give you answer*
The readiest way. Dion. *All the Gods direct you.*] This accidental transposition was rectified by Theobald. The break in the line and the defect in the metre prove its propriety.

When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.

Phi. Oh, Bellario!
Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: She has made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wond'rous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,

That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceived, boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

Bel. How, my lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Not so, my lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.[4]

Bel. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bade her do it; I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not parallelless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused;

[4] Bel. *Never, my lord, by Heaven!*
Phi. *That's strange, I know she does.*] Quarto 1622.

Some villain has abused you! I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least [*Draws.*
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, so you do. [*Kneels.*
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice: But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,[5]
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.

[5] *Bulls of brass.*] See vol. XII. A King and No King, act III. scene I.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall on me, if I destroy thee not.
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls: Think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear

So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [*Exit.*

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st!—Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Arethusa's *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again :
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, waked, talk'd ;
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self. I need no guard ;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. What kind of boy?

Are. A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him ;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away![6] He has done you that good service,
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit King.*
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

[6] *Put him away*, I say.] Quarto 1622.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress.

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again, from what I was,
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me——

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous! who?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy.[*Aside.*]—Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? who shall now tell you,
How much I loved you? who shall swear it to you?
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall sing your crying elegies?
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lid, making me dream, and cry,
"Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!"

Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal.—Mistress, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again,
As my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?
Are. Nay, then I am betray'd:

I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,[7]
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How Heaven is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: How your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison:. How your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you: How that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten: How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

[7] *Some far place,*
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, *must I seek.*] "For bursting with her poisons" means, for fear of bursting with her poisons; a mode of expression which so frequently occurs in these plays, that a particular example of it is unnecessary.—It was vulgarly supposed that there were places where no venomous creatures could live. Ireland, in particular, because none such are to be found in that country.—*Mason.*

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserved this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her
eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter BELLARIO.

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now![8]—
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lyes,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,

[8] ——— *Save me, how black*
And guilty, *methinks, that boy looks now!*] Nothing betrays a corruption so evidently at the first glance, as a lameness in the metre. The *epithet* here must necessarily be turned into an *adverb*, and that supports the versification.—*Theobald.*

Theobald's variation certainly improves the metre so much that it should be retained; but the old text is perfect sense, *guilty* being used, as many adjectives were at the time, adverbially.

And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!

[*Exit* Bellario.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest.

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and Attendants.*

King. What, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen;
Our horses ready, and our bows bent?

Dion. All, sir.

King. You are cloudy, sir: Come, we have forgotten
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it.—

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus. 'Would, he would leave off poaching!

Dion. And for his horn, he has left it at the lodge where he lay late.[9] Oh, he's a precious lime-hound! Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if

[9] *Where he lay* late.] That is, lately. So in the first part of Henry VI. Plantagenet says to Mortimer,

> "Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
> Your nephew *late* despised Richard was."—*Mason.*

he lose her, hang him up i' th' slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.—

King. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

[*They talk apart.*

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth.[1] If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have

[1] *And yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's* slave *in his mouth.*] We must, surely, read *slaver.* Every body must, I think, assent to this; and therefore it needs no note in confirmation.—*Seward.*

We beg our readers' forgiveness for presenting them with this specimen of Mr Seward's delicate ideas; but it is a justice he could not be denied, as we are determined to rob him of no part of the honour due to his ingenuity. A *small* portion, however, of that attention to the old copies, which is so *largely* boasted of by the editors of 1750, would have spared him this conjectural labour, and induced him to restore *salve* to the text.—Ed. 1778.

For an explanation of this passage I am indebted to Mr Steevens, whose observations I shall transcribe in his own words:—"The *Sick Man's Salve* was a devotional tract mentioned in several old plays and pamphlets. In Ben Jonson's Epicœne, act iv. scene iv. Haughty, speaking of the father and mother of her maid Trusty, says that they were both mad when she hired her; and that one of them (she knew not which) was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve*, and the other with Green's 'Groatsworth of Wit.' Again in Eastward-Hoe:—

"And speak you all the *Sick Man's Salve* without book?"

The same work is again alluded to in the Dumb Knight:—

"How well the sound can *Salve* the *Sick Man's* grief!—*Mason.*

"There were two books," says Mr Reed, "with titles very nearly similar; one of them, 'The Sickman's Salve, by Thomas Becon,' 8vo, 1591; and the other 'The Salve for a Sick Man; or, A Treatise concerning the Nature, Difference, and Kinds of Death, by William Perkins,' 8vo, 1595."

opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see, how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour. Why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest!

Thra. 'Troth,[2] no great matter to speak of;[3] a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.[4]

Cle. Sure, this lady has a good turn done her against her will: Before, she was common talk; now, none dare say, cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discretely, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences![5]

[2] *Faith.*] Quarto 1622.

[3] Pha. *Troth, no great matter to speak of,* &c.] The name of the speaker is corrected by Theobald, who did not know that he had the authority of the quarto of 1622 for the variation.

[4] *Come behind with the* carriage.] That is, with the baggage, as Mason observes. He quotes the following passage from the Mad Lover in support of his explanation:—"Why, all the *carriage* shall come behind; the stuff, rich hangings," &c.

[7] *Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these* licences.] It was formerly a branch of revenue to grant licences for stews. The bishop of Winchester particularly licensed a great number in Southwark, and hence the inhabitants were called Winchester-geese.

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?
2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.
1 *Wood.* Who shoots?
2 *Wood.* The princess.
1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.
2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.
1 *Wood.* Who else?
2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.
1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings:[6] He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have had the velvet-head into the bar-

[6] *I never loved his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the* say, *for paying ten shillings*:] When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an assay of the plight and fatness of the game. But this, as the Woodman says, Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings.—*Theobald.*

gain, to tuft his hat withal.[7] I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem; for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye.[8] Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow,[9] they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i'faith, boy;[1] there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting-saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and

[7] *Marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to* turf *his hat withal:*] What consonancy is there betwixt *velvet* and *turf?* The original word must certainly have been *tuft*, which corresponds with the soft *pile* of the velvet. *Veloute*, tufted, as the French dictionaries explain it to us.—*Theobald.*

[8] *He forsook the stag once to strike a rascal* milking *in a meadow, and* her *he kill'd in the eye.*] A *rascal* is a lean deer, or doe; but what sense is there in a deer *milking* in a meadow? I hope I have retrieved the true reading *mitching*; *i. e.* creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd. To kill her *in the eye*, is a sarcasm on Pharamond as a bad shooter; for all good ones level at the heart.—*Theobald.*

The allusion to Sir Tristrem in this speech refers to that hero's great proficiency in the art of venery, and his claiming the honour of having taught the natives of this island the scientific method of cutting up a deer.

[9] *And, by* the Gods.] Quarto 1622.

[1] *That's a* firker, *i'faith, boy.*] The word *firker* had various significations. Here it is used in an obscene sense.

it has been work enough for one man to find her; and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, that I had been[2] nourish'd in these woods,
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

[2] *Oh, that I had been nourish'd, &c.*] Mr Lee, in his Theodosius, has given Varanes a speech so very similar to this, that we must look on it as a mere copy. Lee, however, in some parts has been more refined in his expression:—

"Oh, that I had been born some happy swain,
And never known a life so great, so vain!
Where I extremes might not be forced to choose,
And, blest with some mean wife, no crown could lose;
Where the dear partner of my little state,
With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
Blessing my labours might my coming wait:
Where in our humble beds all safe might lie,
And not in cursed courts for glory die."—Ed. 1778.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body.—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You, that are grieved, can pity: Hear, my lord!
Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?
Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.
Phi. Is it thou? Begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.
Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.
Phi. Now, by my life,[3] this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up:
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;

[3] *Now, by* the Gods.] Quarto 1622.

I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take,
That I may shun thee? For thine eyes are poison
To mine; and I am loth to grow in rage.
This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chace that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt* PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO *severally.*

Enter DION *and the Woodmen.*

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! You, Woodman!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* 'Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt Woodmen.*

Enter CLEREMONT.

Dion. Pox of your questions then!—What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: When she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: Some say, her horse run away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: But, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King and THRASILINE.

King. Where is she?
Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.
King. How is that?
Answer me so again!
Cle. Sir, shall I lye?
King. Yes, lye and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—
Sir, speak you; where is she?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,
It is thy last.—You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king;
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me! What! am I not your king?
If "ay," then am I not to be obey'd?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Indeed[4] I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betray'd me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me,
And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king

[4] *Faith.*] Quarto 1622.

Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of Heaven. Speak, can it not?

Dion. No.

King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs be but corrupted.

King. Is it so? Take heed!

Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers that must be just.

King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flatter'd, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And, when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the gods. 'Would somebody would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them! [*Aside.*

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse:
He gallop'd empty by. There is some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood:
Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! You should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;

But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,
A cook, and a tailor.

Dion. Yet you may do well to spare your lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.

King. I see the injuries I have done must be revenged.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all; disperse yourselves! The man that finds her,
Or, (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us seek.

King. Each man a several way;
Here I myself.

Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd myself.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:

I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.
[*Sits down.*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady: Heaven knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity.—
Oh, hear, you that have plenty! from that flowing store,
Drop some on dry ground.—See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints.—
Madam, look up!—She breathes not. Open once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs:—How is it,
Madam? Speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I pr'ythee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.——
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
Bel. My lord, help the princess.
Are. I am well: Forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act!—Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In lust, without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I pr'ythee, kill me: Thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse:[5] Whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

[5] Sirs, *feel my pulse.*] It should be recollected that *sir* was a term of address to females as well as men. Philaster, speaking again to Arethusa and Bellario in the fifth act, p. 223, says,

For love, *sirs*,
Deal with me truly.

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you?
Bel. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be gone;
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting.—[*Exit* BELLARIO.] Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Shew me, then, the way.
Phi. Then guide my feeble hand, [*Draws.*
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his

wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With Heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

[*Wounds her.*

Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou art a craven,[5] I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters[6] with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

Coun. God uds me, I understand you not; but, I know, the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill

[6] *A craven.*] This term was used generally to denote a dastardly coward; and was derived from the ancient judicial trials by combat, where the person vanquished, upon becoming recreant, and uttering the horrible word "craven," saved his life, but became ever after infamous.

[7] *Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of* venies *at* wasters.] *i. e.* cudgels. Minshew, in his Dictionary of Eleven Languages, has given us a most ridiculous reason for the etymology of this word: That cudgels were called *wasters*, because, in frequently clashing against each other, they splintered and *wasted.* I'll venture to advance a more probable conjecture. We find in our old law-books, that the statute of Westminster (5° Edward tertii, cap. 14) was made against night-walkers, and suspected persons called roberdsmen, *wastours*, and draw-latches. These *wastours*, or plunderers, derived their name from the Latin term, *vastatores*; and thence the mischievous weapons, or bludgeons, with which they went armed, were called *wasters*, i. e. destroyers.—*Theobald.*

Theobald's derivation of the word is not quite so ridiculous as Minshew's, but is very far-fetched, and it is at best very useless to search into the etymology of country cant-phrases, which seldom have any definite meaning, but are generally the produce of chance and caprice.—A *venie* is a bout, or round of fighting.

To multiply blood upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman. [*They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me: Could this boor
Have held me thus else?[7] I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force.

[*Exit* PHILASTER.

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?
Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I' faith[8] she lyes; he has hurt her in the breast; look else.

[8] *The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else?*] Mr Steevens has observed that this bears a strong resemblance to the following speech of Jachimo in Cymbeline:—

"——— I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air of't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession?"

[8] *By God.*] Quarto 1622.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!
Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?
Are. I felt it not.
Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?
Coun. Is it the princess?
Dion. Ay.
Coun. Then I have seen something yet.
Pha. But who has hurt her?
Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.
Pha. Madam, who did it?
Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.
Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox[9] fly about his ears.
Pha. How will you have me kill him?
Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.
Pha. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all in my hat.
Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick[1] to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.
Pha. I will.
Are. But swear.
Pha. By all my love, I will.—Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing.—Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.
[*Exeunt all but second Woodman and Countryman.*
Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

[9] *Fox.*] It has been before observed that this was a term for a sword, generally of little value.

[1] *Quick.*] *Quick* means here alive.—*Mason.*

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the same.

Enter BELLARIO, *and lies down.*

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!
[*Falls asleep.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her, that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathed villain: If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.——
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st

Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd, [*Cry within.*
So broken.—Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds* BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh! Death, I hope, is come: Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself: [*Falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers,
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: Get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.

Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have,
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: Who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come. [PHILASTER *creeps into a bush.*

Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.

Pha. Oh, thou damn'd in thy creation! What
cause could'st thou shape to hurt the princess?

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.

Bel. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd; leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. [PHILASTER *creeps out of a bush.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a Piramis,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not.—Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury.—By all that's good,[a] 'twas I!
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cle. It was Philaster.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me, we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: This had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

Enter King, ARETHUSA, *and a Guard.*

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but say
It was Philaster?

[a] *By all the* Gods.] Quarto 1622.

Phi. Question it no more; it was.

King. The fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us that.

Are. Ah me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguised.

Phi. I was so.—Oh, my stars!
That I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!—
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping: Grant me, then,
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their death.

Dion. Death? Soft! our law will not reach that for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a guard.—
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.

Cle. I pray, that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Messina. The Court of the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dion. We'll scuffle hard, before he perish.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Prison.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario!
Leave to be kind:
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: Can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me! But the king hath sent
To call me to my death; Oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I out-live you, I should then out-live
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,

Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin swear,
To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.

Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults!
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you?
He was not born of women that can cut
It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,[3]
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

[3] ——— *take me in tears betwixt you,*
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. *Why, 'tis well.*] The reader will see, that the second line is no verse; and how absurd is it for the tender Arethusa to answer, that it is well that his heart will break. Beside, a flood of tears eases the heart overcharged with grief, and hinders it from breaking. By restoring the particle *else*, we shall recover both measure and sense. The tears are to prevent the bursting of his heart; and this is what Arethusa says *is well.*—*Seward.*

The particle *else* is introduced by Seward [after *for*] to improve the measure, but it destroys the sense. It is not easy to explain in sober language the rapturous effusions of love and grief; but it is evident that their dividing him in tears betwixt them was to be the consequence of his heart's breaking, not the prevention of it; it must be broken before it could be divided. The word *else*, therefore, should be struck out.—*Mason.*

Your life no price, compared to mine?[4] For love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bel. Then, sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.

Bel. We would, my lord.

Phi. Forgive me, then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A State-room in the Palace.

Enter King, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city,

[4] *What would you have done*
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compared to yours?] This passage has not been noticed by the editors of 1750 and 1778, and yet from the context it is plainly corrupt, as Philaster is evidently placing Arethusa and Bellario in the situation in which he was at the time, and the old text does not bear out this intention. The transposition in the present text was recommended by Mason, who thus explains the passage;—"Suppose yourselves in the same situation that I am, that you had wronged me basely, as I have

And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.

King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your grace.

King. Tell her we stay.

Dion. King, you may be deceived yet: [*Aside.*
The head you aim at, cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and, in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO *in a robe and garland.*

King. How now! what masque is this?

Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar branches,
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept

wronged you, and had found your lives were of no value, compared with mine, which is what I feel when I compare my life with yours."

Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the clouds,
When they were big with humour, and deliver'd,
In thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choak up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns, and thistles, till the sun
Scorch'd them, even to the roots, and dried them
there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god, that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For now there is no masquing[5] in't) this gentle-
man,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband!

[5] *For now there is no masquing in't.*] Here Mr Theobald, whose passion for interpolating mischievous monosyllables exceeds not only example but credibility, puzzles us with the word *now*. Arethusa does not mean to say there had been any *masquing*, which *now* implies, but to reply to the king's question at the beginning of the scene, *What masque is this?*—"Sir, if Bellario is too florid, understand, in plain truth (for there is no masquing in it,) that my prisoner is become my keeper."—Ed. 1778.

Theobald is right in the present instance, as his reading has the authority of the quarto of 1622.

Call in the captain of the citadel;
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat,[6] and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls: Blood shall put out
Your torches; and, instead of gaudy flowers
About your wanton necks, an axe shall hang
Like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Cast among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,

[6] *A masque shall make your* Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat.] Mr Warton, in his notes on Milton's Allegro, has collected various instances from old authors to prove that Hymen was always appropriately clothed in saffron-coloured robes in the ancient masques and pageantries.

As you are, living; all your better deeds[7]
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion[8]) shall be able
To cover this base murder: Make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far out-shine it. And, for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
like
Yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady: If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is a joy to die:
I find a recreation in't.

[7] ———————— *all your* better deeds
Shall be in water *writ, but this in* marble:] This sentiment seems to have been shadowed out from Shakspeare in his King Henry the Eighth:—

"*Men's* evil *manners live in* brass, *their virtues*
We write in water."

Though perhaps our several poets might have had Catullus for their original:—

"*In vento et rapidâ* scribere *oportet* aquâ.—*Theobald.*"

[8] (*Though high and big as* Pelion,) *&c.*] Some of the old quarto ridiculously have it *Pelican*; (as, I remember, some of the old editions of Shakspeare read *Politician* instead of *Pelican.*)—Theobald.

The quarto of 1622 and the folio have it properly *Pelion.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is the king?
King. Here.
Mes. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.
Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!
King. A thousand devils take 'em!
Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em!
Mes. Arm, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster. [*Exit.*
King. Away to th' citadel: I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.
[*Exit with* ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO, *guarded.*
Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.
Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.
Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.
Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp?

Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lack,[9] if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you *in sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.[1]

Thra. What if a toy take 'em i' th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry, "the devil take the hindmost?"[2]

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false

[9] *Well, my dear countrymen*, what ye lack.] We apprehend *What ye lack* to be a name given to, or epithet intended to depict, the lower class of tradesmen and shopkeepers.—Ed. 1778.

The editors might surely have been less cautious in this supposition, for nothing can be more certain than that the epithet denoted shopkeepers. The old captain uses the same phrase in the first speech when addressing the citizens; and in the Rebellion of Naples, or the Tragedy of Massaniello, 1649,—"Every one of those is worth an hundred door-keepers and *what do ye lacks?*"

[1] *I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and* all-to-be praised, *and sung in sonnets, and* bath'd *in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall* trouble *you in sæcula sæculorum, my kind can-carriers.*] I thought this for a long time to be such desperate nonsense, that the meaning of the poets would be quite irretrieveable, as no one of the editions give the least glimpse of light or assistance. But (thanks to plodding industry!) I hope I have found the certain cure.—*Theobald. Troule* is the reading of some old copies.

[2] *And cry*, the devil take the hindmost.] *Occupet extremum scabies*, says Horace: To which execration, no doubt, our authors had an eye.—*Theobald*.

We rather imagine our authors looked *down* to the mob than *up* to Horace for this long-used vulgar phrase.—Ed. 1778.

lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels;[3] unless it be the [4]Gothic Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them, how they swarm together! What a hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster: Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit* CLEREMONT.

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I

[3] *They prattle to their* parcels.] Shakspeare sometimes uses the word *parcels* as a contemptuous mode of expressing *companions, families,* &c. It here refers to tradesmen talking to their goods.—Ed. 1778.

[4] *Unless it be the* goarish *Latin.*] Thus the folio edition in 1679, and the quarto of 1634; but there is no such word in English, and, consequently, it is stark nonsense. The quarto of 1628, [and that of 1622,] has it, *goatish;* but there is nothing wanton or lascivious in a bond; therefore this reading is as unmeaning as the other. I dare warrant that I have retrieved the author's genuine text in the word *Gothic; i. e. barbarous:* No greater *barbarisms* than in Law Latin. So, in Wit without money,

"*No more sense spoke, all things* Goth *and* Vandal."—*Theobald.*

will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter Cleremont *with* Philaster.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you,
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: Take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir: I shall bring your peace

Or never bring myself back.
King. All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter an old Captain and Citizens, with PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on!
Let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother-gibberish, of what do you lack,
And set your mouths up, children, till your palates
Fall frighted, half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry
Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,
Than your cold water camblets, or your paintings
Spotted with copper.[5] Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tissues,
Dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard,
Your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,

[5] ——— or your paintings
Spitted *with copper.*] This to me is quite unintelligible; I have ventured to substitute *spotted; i. e.* sprinkled with copper, as our painted papers for hangings are, to resemble gold, and look gaudy.—*Theobald.*

Up with your three-piled spirits,[6] your wrought
valours;
And let your uncut choler make the king feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles,[7] cry.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince?
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist;[8]
And let a man of war, an argosy,[9]
Hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what
you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning, that you talk
No more such bug-words, or that soldered crown
Shall be scratch'd with a musquet. Dear prince
Pippin,
Down with your noble blood; or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled.—Let him loose, my spirits!
Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,

[6] *Three-piled.*] This epithet was originally applied to the best kind of velvet; but, from that species of stuff being the most costly, and therefore chiefly worn by persons of distinction, *three-piled* was used to denote any thing supereminently excellent or degraded. See the quotation, vol. ix. p. 289.

[7] *Rose-nobles.*] A *rose-noble* was a gold coin, struck originally in the reign of Edward III. and stamped with a rose, worth 6s. 8d.

[8] *A foist.*] A *foist* is a small vessel with sails and oars, called *fuste* in French, and *fusta* in Italian. The Lord-Mayor's barge was formerly called the *galley-foist.*—Mason.

The text evidently alludes to the Lord-Mayor's or any other barge gorgeously painted, in reference to the gaudy apparel and effeminacy of Pharamond.

[9] *An* argosy.] Any large vessel, so called from Jason's large ship Argo. A vessel is said to *hull*, when she floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the water.—*Theobald.*

And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! Here I lie,
And with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?)[1]
I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd,
Like a hare at a poulter's,[2] and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir: We have not seen one for a great while.[3]

Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;
Branch me his skin in flowers like a sattin,
And between every flower a mortal cut.
Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen:
I'll have him cut to the kell,[4] then down the seams.
Oh, for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear, and know himself;
He shall for this time only be seel'd up,
With a feather through his nose,[5] that he may only

[1] *Do you see, sweet prince?*] Quarto 1622.

[2] *Like a hare at a* poulter's.] We now say *poulterer:* however, there is a company in the city of London which still retains its old name of *Poulters*.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one foe a great while.*] So the old copies read. Sympson would read for *foe, so*. The last editors restore the old text, and say it means to express their not having been for a long time engaged in war; but surely their murdering the unresisting prince could not be called "engaging in war." Mason proposes the alteration in the text, which means—"We have not seen one murdered for a great while."

[4] *Kell.*] The same as the caule or *omentum* of a beast.

[5] *He shall for this time only be* seal'd *up, with a feather through*

See Heaven, and think whither he's going. Nay,
My beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you: You
would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale,
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet;
Thou royal ring-tail,[6] fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels;[7]
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build
A college, and clap it upon the gate.[8]

his nose.] There is a difference, which the printers did not know, betwixt *seal'd* and *seel'd*; the latter is a term in falcoury. When a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids, so that she may see very little, to make her the better endure the hood.—*Theobald.*

[6] *Thou royal* ring-tail.] A *ring-tail* is a sort of a kite, with a whitish tail.—*Theobald.*

[7] *Donsels.*] From the Spanish *doncel*, equivalent to the old French *damoisel*, a youth.—The phrase was probably suggested by the *Donzel del Phebo*, who, as well as *Rosiclear*, mentioned on the next page, was a hero of the popular and ponderous Mirrour of Knighthood, one of the romances condemned to the flames by the curate in Don Quixote. Both knights are alluded to in Marston's Malcontent:—"He will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of *Rosiclear*, or *Donzel del Phebo*."

[8] *I'll have his* nose, *and at mine own charge build*
A college, and clap it upon the gate.] A somewhat unappropriate allusion to Brazen-Nose College at Oxford.

4 Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kit with;
For, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.[9]
Pha. 'Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once!
5 Cit. Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.
Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.
1 Cit. Captain, I'll give you the trimmings of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
2 Cit. He has no horns, sir, has he?[1]
Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard.[2] What wouldst thou do
With horns?
1 Cit. Oh, if he had, I would have made
Rare hafts and whistles of 'em; but his shin-bones,
If they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!
Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?
Cap. My royal Rosiclear,

[9] *I'll have his little gut to string a* kit *with; for certainly a royal gut will* sound *like* silver.] A kit is a small violin.—We have here another allusion to the favourite phrase of *silver sound* applied to music.—See vol. vi. p. 114.

[1] *He* had *no horns, sir,* had *he?*] We have made a small alteration here, which, from the other parts of the dialogue, seems absolutely necessary.—Ed. 1778.

[2] *No, sir, he's a* pollard.] A *pollard,* among gardeners, is an old tree which has been often lopped; but, among hunters, a stag, or male deer, which has cast its head or horns.—*Theobald.*

We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: By the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gumm'd golls,[3] and cry, "we are your servants?"
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery: Set me safe aboard
From these wild canibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual 'prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,

[3] *Kiss their* gumd gols.] *Golls,* in old English authors, means *hands* or *paws*. *Gum'd* we apprehend to be formed from the substantive *gum*; and the whole passage to signify, "Do the nobility *kiss* their *hands* in token of civility, and say, "We are your servants?" Mr Theobald reads, *kiss* the gum *gols*.—Ed. 1778.

And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And mail you like a hawk.[4] [*He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my
word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.[5]
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this.

All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince! brave
prince! brave prince!
[*Exeunt* PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cap. Go thy ways![6] Thou art the king of courtesy!

[4] *I'll have a* surcingle, *and* mail *you like a hawk.*] Surcingle generally means a girth or the girdle of a cassock; but in the present case I suspect the word to signify the hood in which the hawk was *mailed*, or shrowded. This meaning of *mailed* is proved by the Duchess of Gloucester's speech in Henry VI. part II. when she is led through the streets wrapped up in the sheet of penance:—

> "Methinks I should not thus be led along,
> *Mailed* up in shame."

[5] *He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.*] One of the means used to tame hawks is to keep them continually awake.—*Mason.*

[6] *Go thy ways!*] These words are retrieved from the second quarto.

—Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again,
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance, and rise,
boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace.

Enter King, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, CLEREMONT, DION, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and Attendants.*

King. Is it appeas'd?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,[7]
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.
King. Kind gentleman![8]
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

[7] *Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night.*] There is no hint of the scene being at midnight; we must therefore read *the* dead of night.—*Seward.*

[8] ———— *My lord Philaster*
Brings on the prince himself. King. *Kind* gentlemen!] It is plain that the king is speaking here of the kindness of Philaster in appeasing the people, and redeeming Pharamond, and not of the kindness of Dion, and the others present, who only informed him of it. We must therefore read *gentleman.*—Seward.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.
King. My son!
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast,
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.
Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?
Meg. Sir, he likes it well;
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.
Dion. How now!
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time.
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure

Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Arc. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions! Hear me, sir:
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.[9]

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir!

9 —— *and will* sadly *be denied.*] i. e. shall be very sorry to be denied.—*Theobald.*

Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: Here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[*Offers to kill himself.*

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh
Will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No!—Help, sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there!
Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.—

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.
Dion. By Heaven, and so there is.
Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! Is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer?[1] Where wert thou born?
Bel. In Siracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?

[1] *Art thou she,*
Or else her murderer?] It was the received opinion in some barbarous countries, that the murderer was to inherit the qualities and shape of the person he destroyed.—*Mason.*

Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What have you done?
Dion. All is discover'd.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself.*
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discover'd?
Dion. Why, my shame!
It is a woman: Let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Bless'd be you powers that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady. [MEGRA *is seized.*
Phi. It is a woman, sir! Hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscretely done,
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak[2]
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive,[3] I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath: Then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! After you were gone,

[2] ——— *My father oft would speak, &c.*] The beauty, the innocence of Euphrasia's character is finely depicted in this narration from her own mouth. Our poets, when they intended it, seldom failed in the art of moving the passions. The young lady, from her father's encomiums first, had fallen in love with Philaster; though she knew that she could have no pretensions to his bed. But, as her next and only happiness was to live in his sight, she disguised her sex, and entered into his service. Her resolution and vow never to marry any other is a fine heightning of her character.—*Theobald.*

[3] *Apprehensive.*] That is, quick to apprehend, or understand. So in Every Man out of his Humour, "You are too quick, too *apprehensive.*"

I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you: Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Arc. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve such virtues should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free

As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince.—When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

When the unpublished plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were collected, in 1647, the present comedy was missing. The stationer, in his preface to that folio, after professing to have given all the remaining plays of our authors, says, "One only play I must except (for I mean to deal openly;) 'tis a comedy called the Wild-Goose Chase, which hath been long lost, and, I fear, irrecoverable; for a person of quality borrowed it from the actors many years since, and, by the negligence of a servant, it was never returned; therefore now I put up this *Si quis*, that whosoever hereafter happily meets with it shall be thankfully satisfied if he please to send it home." Fortunately this proclamation had its desired effect, for it was recovered "by a person of honour," and given to Lowin and Taylor, then in the most needy circumstances, who published it in folio, with the following title:—"The Wild-Goose Chace, a Comedie. As it hath been acted with singular applause at the Black-Friers: Being the noble, last, and onely Remaines of those incomparable Dramatists, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gent. Retriv'd for the publick delight of all the Ingenious; and private Benefit of John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, Servants to his late Majestie. By a Person of Honour. *Ite bonis avibus.*—London, printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at the Princes Armes in St Paules Church-yard. 1652." The play was ushered in by a general dedication, and by five copies of recommendatory verses, which are now reprinted from the first edition, having been omitted in all subsequent ones. The above title-page does not state the comedy to have been written by Beaumont and Fletcher

conjointly, but merely asserts it to be the only remaining play of their works. Lowin and Taylor's dedication, as well as the commendatory poems (with the exception of the epigram subscribed W. E.) attribute it to Fletcher solely in the most decided manner. It was probably produced in 1621, when, together with other new pieces, it was performed at court. It was received with great applause at first, and long continued to be popular on the stage. In 1622, Sir Henry Herbert, the master of the revels, chose it for his winter benefit, and cleared fifteen pounds, a greater sum than he received at any of his registered benefits, excepting when the Custom of the Country was played in 1628. The present comedy was revived by Rhodes's company at the Cockpit, when he obtained a license to act there in 1659, and was one of the pieces in which Betterton first gave proofs of his histrionic powers. After the Restoration it continued in favour; and about the year 1752 was revived by Mrs Clive for her benefit. Since that time it has most undeservedly suffered very general neglect, while a more modern play built on the same plot, but far inferior to it, has continued to be acted occasionally. This is Farquhar's Inconstant, first brought on the stage in 1702, the four first acts of which are entirely founded on, and some scenes almost transcribed from, the Wild-Goose Chase. Farquhar was also indebted to Massinger's Guardian in the same comedy: His obligations to this play he does not notice at all, Massinger being almost unknown at the time, and Rowe as well as Farquhar plundering him, as they conceived, without any chance of detection. Our poets happened to be better known, and for that reason the preface to the Inconstant acknowledges that the *hint* was taken from the present drama; Farquhar using that word with a very convenient latitude of meaning.

Few comedies of any age or language excel the Wild-Goose Chase in lively humour and amusing incident: There is little mixture of matter extraneous to the main plot; the three several amours being carried on throughout in a regular chain of connection one with the other. There is great multiplicity of business, but no confusion, as all the incidents are with great art made to bear upon each other; a praise which cannot be bestowed upon many of Fletcher's dramas of a similar lively description. The language and the characters are consonant to the general airyness of the design; the former is neither exalted above the due level of genteel comedy, nor debased into farcical buffoonery; and the latter are such as perfectly suit the sprightly nature of the plot. With the exception of the insignificant Mariana, there is no absolutely vicious character introduced. Mirabel is a most perfect model of what in Fletcher's time was considered a gallant of the most fashionable stamp. He is well contrasted with

the blunt and shy Belleur, who is perhaps the original of many similar characters in modern comedies, and with the sober and respectable De Gard. In such female characters as Oriana and the two daughters of Nantolet, Fletcher always succeeds, as it may be asserted, without injustice to other dramatists, that he excels most of them in this particular.

THE DEDICATION.

TO THE HONOURED, FEW, LOVERS OF DRAMATIC POESY.

Noble Spirits!

It will seem strange to you that we should beg a pardon from you before you know a crime committed; but such is our harsh fate, that we shall want as much of your mercy to the forgiving of this sad presumption of offering to your view these few poor sheets, the rich remains of our too-long-since-lost friend Mr Fletcher, as we shall your favourable acceptance and encouragement in it. The play was of so general a received acceptance, that, he himself a spectator, we have known him unconcerned, and to have wished it had been none of his; he, as well as the thronged theatre (in despite of his innate modesty) applauding this rare issue of his brain. His complacency in his own work may be, perhaps, no argument to you of the goodness of the play, any more than our confidence of it; and we do not expect our encomium can do any thing with you, when the play itself is so near: That will commend itself unto you. And now farewell our glory! Farewell your choice delight, most noble gentlemen! Farewell the grand wheel that set us smaller motions in action! Farewell the pride and life o' th' stage! Nor can we, though in our ruin, much repine that we are so little, since he that gave us being is no more.[1]

Generous Souls!

'Tis known unto you all, how by a cruel destiny we have a long time been mutes, and bound, although our miseries have been

[1] In allusion to king Charles I. executed four years before.

sufficiently clamorous and expanded, yet till this happy opportunity, never durst vex your open ears and hands: but this we are confident of will be the surest argument for your noblesses. What an ingenious person of quality[2] once spake of his amours, we apply to our necessities;—

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words though ne'er so witty:
The beggar that is dumb, you know,
Deserves a double pity.

But be the comedy at your mercy, as we are; only we wish that you may have the same kind joy in perusing of it as we had in the acting.

So *exeunt*

Your grateful servants,
JOHN LOWIN,
JOSEPH TAYLOR.[3]

On the best, last, and only remaining Comedy of Mr Fletcher.

I'm un-o'erclowded too! clear from the mist!
The blind and late heaven's eye's great oculist,
Obscur'd with the false fires of his sceme[4]
Not half those souls are lightned by this theme.
Unhappy murmurers, that still repine,
(After th' eclypse our sun doth brighter shine)
Recant your false grief, and your true joys know,
Your bliss is endless, as you fear'd your woe!
What fortunate flood is this? What storm of wit?
Oh, who would live, and not o'erwhelm'd in it?
No more a fatal deluge shall be hurl'd,
This inundation hath saved the world.

[2] Sir Walter Raleigh.

[3] This modest and pathetic statement of their miserable condition after the stage was abolished by the fanatical republicans of the time, does great honour to Lowin and Taylor, then far advanced in life, and oppressed by poverty. The latter died and was buried at Richmond; the former, in his latter days, kept an inn, the Three Pigeons, at Brentford.

[4] *Sceme.*] *Sic in orig.* I suppose a purposed variation, *rhythmi gratia*, of *scene*. Lovelace could write good lyric poetry, but in his other poems too frequently loses sight of nature, and, as in the present recommendatory verses, bewilders himself in almost inexplicable quibbling obscurity, which the merit of the composition by no means renders worthy the trouble of decyphering.

Once more the mighty Fletcher doth arise,
Rob'd in a vest, studded with stars and eyes
Of all his former glories; his last worth
Embroider'd with what yet light e'er brought forth.
See! in this glad farewell he doth appear,
Stuck with the constellations of his sphere,
Fearing we numb'd fear'd no flagration[2]
Hath curled all his fires in this one one,
Which, as they guard his hallowed, chaste urn,
The dull approaching heretics do burn.
Fletcher at his adieu carouses thus
To the luxurious ingenious.
A Cleopatra did of old outvie
Th' unnumber'd dishes of her Antony,
When (he at th' empty board a wonderer)
Smiling, she calls for pearl and vinegar;
First pledges him in's breath, then at one draught
Swallows three kingdoms off to his best thought.
Hear, oh ye valiant writers, and subscribe!
His force set by, you're conquer'd by this bribe;
Though you hold out yourselves, he doth commit
In this a sacred treason on your wit;
Although in poems desperately stout,
Give up; this overture must buy you out.
Thus with some prodigal usurer it doth fare
That keeps his gold still veil'd, his steel-breast bare,
That doth exclude his coffers, all but's eye
And his eye's idol, the wing'd deity;
That cannot lock his mines with half the art
As some rich beauty doth his wretched heart:
Wild at his real poverty, and so wise
To win her, turns himself into a prize:
First startles her with th' emerald Mad Lover,
The ruby Arcas;[3] lest she should recover
Her dazzled thought, a diamond he throws
Splendid in all the bright Aspatia's[4] woes;
Then, to sum up the abstract of his store,
He flings a rope of pearl of forty more.

[2] *Fearing we numb'd fear'd no flagration, &c.*] If this is not nonsense, it must mean, "Fearing we were so benumb'd by the constellations of his sphere (his previously published plays) that we feared no further conflagration, he has curled or collected all his former fires into one, which burns all those who are heretics or unbelievers in his glory, while it guards this chaste, hallowed urn of his fame."

[3] The Loyal Subject.

[4] Maid's Tragedy.

Ah, see! the staggering virtue faints! which he
Beholding, darts his wealth's epitome,
And now to consummate her wished fall,
Shows this one carbuncle that darkens all.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

On Mr Fletcher's excellent Play, the Wild-Goose Chase.

Methinks I see thy angred ashes rise,
Fletcher, I feel them smarting in my eyes.
Methinks thou sayst, "What would this rhymer have,
He raises me, yet gives my fame a grave?"
Methinks, like that old moralist's complaint,
"What ill of mine has gain'd this ill man's praise?"
I hear thee say, "Sure this play hath some taint
That this ill poet gives his wither'd bays."
Perhaps this good philosopher's life began
To make the ill man good; as in a man
To love the good's a step to being so,
Love to thy muse may be to me so too;
Then I shall know how to commend thy muse
When her own self the praises shall infuse:
Till then I must sit down, confess the wonder,
'Bove which I cannot go, and won't go under.
But where's the praise, you'll say, to Fletcher's wit?
I would ha' giv'n, but had no offering fit.
Then let these lines be thought to Fletcher's muse
Not an encomium, but an excuse.

NORREYS JEPHSON.

An Epigram upon the long-lost and fortunately-recovered Wild-Goose Chase, and as seasonably bestowed on Mr John Lowin and Mr Joseph Taylor, for their best Advantage.

In this late dearth of wit, when Jose and Jack
Were hunger-bit for want of fowl and sack,
His nobleness found out this happy means
To mend their diet with these Wild-Goose scenes;
By which he hath revived in a day
Two poets and two actors with one play.

W. E.

To the incomparable Mr Fletcher, upon his excellent Play, the Wild-Goose Chase.

Sole soul of dramas! thou who only art
Whole in the whole, and whole in every part!
Thy fury every scene with spirit warms,
And that same spirit every line informs.
No commas lye entranced and rise up sense
Three, four lines off; such is thy influence.
Thy words are all alive; and thou ne'er writ
Things to come to themselves, nor types of wit;
All lives and is fulfilled. And for thy plot,
Whene'er we read we have and have it not,
And, glad to be deceived, finding thy drift
T' excell our guess at every turn and shift.
Some new meanders still do put us out,
Yet find that nearest what we thought about.
Through all intrigues we are securely led,
And all the way we pass we've hold o' th' thread,
Which a long while we feel not, till thy close,
Winding the bottom up, the bottom shows.

H. HARINGTON.

Wild-Goose Chase recovered.

This sprightly posthume, whom our pious fear
Bewail'd as if it an abortive were,
(And out of sense of that, no generous breast
But a forsaken lover's grief express'd)
Hath forced his way thorough the pangs of fate,
And in his infancy's at man's estate.
Thus that fam'd flood that's plung'd into a grave
For many leagues, at length exalts his wave;
Leaps from his sepulchre, and proudly slides
Through's banks in deeper, more expanded tides;
Till to his wat'ry centre he hath got
By wriggling twines subtle as Fletcher's plot.
That 'tis a sacred birth from hence we know,
It doth by burial more glorious grow:
For saints by persecution thrive; and none
Is martyr'd, but's oppress'd into a throne.
There reign he to time's end! while we from this
Do calculate his apotheosis.

JAMES RAMSEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Character	Actor
De Gard, *a noble stayed gentleman, that, being newly lighted from his travels, assists his sister Oriana, in her chase of Mirabel the Wild-Goose,*	Acted by Mr Robert Benfield.
La-Castre, *the indulgent father to* Mirabel,	Acted by Mr Richard Robinson.
Mirabel, *the Wild-Goose, a travelled Monsieur, and great defier of all ladies in the way of marriage, otherwise their much loose servant, at last caught by the despised* Oriana,	Incomparably acted by Mr Joseph Taylor.
Pinac, *his fellow traveller, of a lively spirit, and servant to the no less sprightly* Lillia-Bianca,	Admirably well acted by Mr Thomas Pollard.
Belleur, *companion to both, of a stout blunt humour, in love with* Rosalura,	Most naturally acted by Mr John Lowin.
Nantolet, *father to* Rosalura and Lillia-Bianca,	Acted by Mr William Penn.
Lugier, *the rough and confident tutor to the ladies, and chief engine to entrap the Wild-Goose,*	Acted by Mr Hilliard Swanston.
Oriana, *the fair betrothed of Mirabel, and witty follower of the Chase,*	Acted by Mr Steph. Hammerton.
Rosalura, Lillia-Bianca, *the airy daughters of* Nantolet,	William Trigg. Sander Gough.

Petella, *their waiting woman,* Mr Shanck.
Mariana, *an English courtezan.*
A young man disguised as a factor, By Mr John Honyman.

Page, Servants, Singing-Boy, two Merchants, Priest, four Women.

SCENE,—Paris.[1]

[1] This list has been copied in the present edition verbatim, excepting that the folio reads :—" Petella, their waiting woman. *Their Servant,* Mr Shanck ;" and again " A young factor," but the young man is only disguised as a factor. In the second folio the actors' names are not appropriated, but given in a separate list in the same order ; from which it appears highly probable that the other lists of actors in that copy were also given in regular order from the prompter's books, and this will assist us in conjectures on the respective parts acted by the different players.

THE

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in LA CASTRE'S *House.*

Enter DE GARD *and a Footboy.*

De Ga. Sirrah, you know I have rid hard; stir my horse well,
And let him want no litter.
Boy. I am sure I have run hard;
'Would somebody would walk me, and see me litter'd,
For I think my fellow horse cannot in reason
Desire more rest, nor take up his chamber before me:

[1] The title of this play seems to require elucidation; for though it may be taken in the literal sense, yet it may also refer to a kind of horse race now obsolete, and so called because it resembled the flight of wild-geese. Two horses were started at once; the jockey who could get the lead rode over whatever ground he pleased, the other was obliged to follow his track, and if he was distanced the race was decided. See Reed's Shakspeare, vol. XX. p. 111.

But we are the beasts now, and the beasts are our masters.

De Ga. When you have done, step to the ten-crown ordinary[2]——

Boy. With all my heart, sir; for I have a twenty-crown stomach.

De Ga. And there bespeak a dinner.

Boy. [*Going.*] Yes, sir, presently.

De Ga. For whom, I beseech you, sir?

Boy. For myself, I take it, sir.

De Ga. In truth, you shall not take it; 'tis not meant for you;
There's for your provender. Bespeak a dinner
For Monsieur Mirabell, and his companions;
They'll be in town within this hour. When you have done, sirrah,
Make ready all things at my lodgings, for me,
And wait me there.

Boy. The ten-crown ordinary?

De Ga. Yes, sir, if you have not forgot it.

Boy. I'll forget my feet first:

[2] Ten-*crown ordinary.*] The gallants of our author's age were very expensive in their dinners, the sum of ten crowns being a very considerable one at the time. In Dekkar's Guls Hornbooke, 1609, he devotes a chapter to give directions, "how a yong gallant should behave himself at an ordinary," which commences thus—"First, having diligently enquired out an ordinary of the largest reckoning, whither most of your courtly gallants do resort, let it be your use to repair thither, some halfe houre after eleven, for then you shall find most of your fashion-mongers planted in the room: ride thither upon your galloway nag, or your Spanish jennet, a swift ambling pace, in your hose and doublet, (gilt rapier and poinard bestowed in their places) and your French lackey carrying your cloake, and running before you, or rather in a coach, for that will both hide you from the basiliske eyes of your creditors, and out-runne a whole kennel of bitter-mouth'd serjeants." The whole chapter, which is highly curious, has been re-printed in Mr Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, vol. II. p. 137.—In Marmion's Antiquary a five-crown ordinary is mentioned.

'Tis the best part of a footman's faith. [*Exit Boy.*

De Ga. These youths,
For all they have been in Italy to learn thrift,
And seem to wonder at men's lavish ways,
Yet they cannot rub off old friends, their French itches;
They must meet sometimes to disport their bodies
With good wine, and good women; and good store too.
Let 'em be what they will, they are arm'd at all points,
And then hang saving, let the sea grow high!
This ordinary can fit 'em of all sizes.
They must salute their country with old customs.

Enter LA CASTRE *and* ORIANA.

Ori. Brother!

De Ga. My dearest sister!

Ori. Welcome, welcome!
Indeed, you are welcome home, most welcome!

De Ga. Thank ye!
You're grown a handsome woman, Oriana:
Blush at your faults. I am wond'rous glad to see you!—
Monsieur La Castre, let not my affection
To my fair sister make me held unmannerly:
I am glad to see you well, to see you lusty,
Good health about you, and in fair company;
Believe me, I am proud——

La Ca. Fair sir, I thank you.
Monsieur De Gard, you are welcome from your journey!
Good men have still good welcome: Give me your hand, sir.
Once more, you are welcome home! You look still younger.

De Ga. Time has no leisure to look after us;
We wander every where; age cannot find us.
La Ca. And how does all?
De Ga. All well, sir, and all lusty.
La Ca. I hope my son be so: I doubt not, sir,
But you have often seen him in your journies,
And bring me some fair news.
De Ga. Your son is well, sir,
And grown a proper gentleman; he's well, and lusty.
Within this eight hours I took leave of him,
And over-hied him,[3] having some slight business
That forced me out o' th' way: I can assure you,

[3] *And* over-eyd *him, having some slight business*
That forced me out o' th' way.] *Over-eyed* is plainly a corruption, and *out o' th' way* unsatisfactory. Mr Seward reads with me,

*And over-*rid *him*——
—— on *the way*:——

But yet I have some doubt whether *over-rid* is the true lection, there being a reading which has occurred to me, much nearer the traces of the letters than that advanced above, *viz.*

*And over-*yed *him*,——

i. e. Over-went him; though I am afraid the reader will think this too obsolete a word to stand in the text, as fitter for Chaucer or Spenser, then Mr Fletcher, and therefore I have chose to leave the passage just as I found it.—*Sympson.*

The opening of the play, *sirrah, I have* RID HARD, seems to countenance the conjectural reading of *over-*RID him. Obsolete and uncouth indeed is Mr Sympson's *over-*YED *him.* Were we to offer a reading "near the trace of the letters," we would rather propose *over* HIED *him*, which might, we think, much more familiarly express De Gard's having gone on before his fellow-traveller. As to *out of the way*, we see no difficulty requiring an alteration.—Ed. 1778.

Having no doubt that the emendation proposed by the last editors was the original word, easily corrupted into *over-eyd*, I have introduced it into the text. De Garde means to say, that, on account of having some business out of the straight road, he had *hied* or hastened so much, as even to outstrip Mirabell, who proceeded on the nearest road.

He will be here to-night.

La Ca. You make me glad, sir,
For, o' my faith, I almost long to see him!
Methinks, he has been away——

De Ga. 'Tis but your tenderness;
What are three years? a love-sick wench will allow it.[4]
His friends, that went out with him, are come back too,
Belleur, and young Pinac: He bid me say little,
Because he means to be his own glad messenger.

La Ca. I thank you for this news, sir. He shall be welcome,
And his friends too: Indeed, I thank you heartily!
And how (for I dare say you will not flatter him)
Has Italy wrought on him? has he mew'd yet
His wild fantastic toys?[5] They say, that climate
Is a great purger of those humorous fluxes.
How is he improved, I pray you?

De Ga. No doubt, sir, well.
He has borne himself a full and noble gentleman;
To speak him further is beyond my charter.

La Ca. I am glad to hear so much good. Come, I see
You long to enjoy your sister; yet I must entreat you,
Before I go, to sup with me to-night,
And must not be denied.

De Ga. I am your servant.

[4] —— *a love-sick wench will* allow *it.*] That is, a love-sick maid will submit to it. The editors mistake the meaning of the passage [explaining it, she will agree or allow three years absence to be no such great matter] and Sympson's amendment [*swallow it*] is unnecessary.—*Mason.*

[5] *Has he* mew'd *yet*
His wild fantastic toys?] That is, shed them as the hawk sheds her feathers when mewed or confined.

La Ca. Where you shall meet fair, merry, and noble company;
My neighbour Nantolet; and his two fair daughters.
De Ga. Your supper's season'd well, sir: I shall wait upon you.
La Ca. Till then I'll leave ye: And you are once more welcome! [*Exit.*
De Ga. I thank you, noble sir!—Now, Oriana,
How have ye done since I went? have ye had your health well?
And your mind free?
Ori. You see, I am not bated;
Merry, and eat my meat.
De Ga. A good preservative.
And how have you been used? You know, Oriana,
Upon my going out, at your request,
I left your portion in La Castre's hands,
The main means you must stick to: For that reason,
And 'tis no little one, I ask you, sister,
With what humanity he entertains you,
And how you find his courtesy?
Ori. Most ready:
I can assure you, sir, I am used most nobly.
De Ga. I am glad to hear it: But, I pr'ythee tell me,
And tell me true, what end had you, Oriana,
In trusting your money here? He is no kinsman,
Nor any tie upon him of a guardian;
Nor dare I think you doubt my prodigality.
Ori. No, certain, sir; none of all this provoked me;
Another private reason.
De Ga. 'Tis not private,
Nor carried so; 'tis common, my fair sister;
Your love to Mirabell: Your blushes tell it.
'Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely;
And with no little shame I wonder at it.

Ori. Is it a shame to love?

De Ga. To love undiscreetly:
A virgin should be tender of her honour,
Close, and secure.

Ori. I am as close as can be,
And stand upon as strong and honest guards too;
Unless this warlike age need a portcullis.
Yet, I confess, I love him.

De Ga. Hear the people.

Ori. Now I say, hang the people! he that dares
Believe what they say, dares be mad, and give
His mother, nay, his own wife, up to rumour.
All grounds of truth, they build on, is a tavern;
And their best censure's sack, sack in abundance;
For as they drink, they think: They ne'er speak modestly,
Unless the wine be poor, or they want money.
Believe them? Believe Amadis de Gaul,
The Knight o' th' Sun, or Palmerin of England;
For these, to them, are modest and true stories!
Pray understand me; if their tongues be truth,
As if *in vino veritas* be an oracle,
What woman is, or has been ever, honest?
Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll swear Lucretia
Died not for want of power to resist Tarquin,
But want of pleasure, that he stay'd no longer:
And Portia, that was famous for her piety
To her loved lord, they'll face ye out, died o' th' pox.

De Ga. Well, there is something, sister.

Ori. If there be, brother,
'Tis none of their things; 'tis not yet so monstrous:
My thing is marriage; and, at his return,
I hope to put their squint eyes right again.

De Ga. Marriage? 'Tis true, his father is a rich man,
Rich both in land and money; he his heir,

A young and handsome man, I must confess too;
But of such qualities, and such wild flings,
Such admirable imperfections, sister,
(For all his travel, and bought experience)
I should be loth to own him for my brother.
Methinks, a rich mind in a state indifferent
Would prove the better fortune.

Ori. If he be wild,
The reclaiming him to good and honest, brother,
Will make much for my honour; which, if I prosper,
Shall be the study of my love, and life too.

De Ga. You say well; 'would he thought as well, and loved too!
He marry? he'll be hang'd first; he knows no more
What the conditions and the ties of love are,
The honest purposes and grounds of marriage,
Nor will know, nor be ever brought to endeavour,
Than I do how to build a church: He was ever
A loose and strong defier of all order;
His loves are wanderers, they knock at each door,
And taste each dish, but are no residents.
Or say, he may be brought to think of marriage,
(As 'twill be no small labour) thy hopes are strangers:
I know, there is a labour'd match now follow'd,
Now at this time, for which he was sent for home too:
Be not abused; Nantolet has two fair daughters,
And he must take his choice.

Ori. Let him take freely:
For all this I despair not; my mind tells me
That I, and only I, must make him perfect;
And in that hope I rest.

De Ga. Since you're so confident,
Prosper your hope! I'll be no adversary;

Keep yourself fair and right, he shall not wrong
you.
Ori. When I forget my virtue, no man know me!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street before the same House.

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, BELLEUR, *and Servants.*

Mir. Welcome to Paris, once more, gentlemen!
We have had a merry and a lusty ordinary,
And wine, and good meat, and a bouncing reckoning!
And let it go for once; 'tis a good physic:
Only the wenches are not for my diet;
They are too lean and thin, their embraces brawn-fallen.
Give me the plump Venetian, fat, and lusty,
That meets me soft and supple; smiles upon me,
As if a cup of full wine leap'd to kiss me;
These slight things I affect not.
Pinac. They are ill-built;
Pin-buttock'd, like your dainty Barbaries,
And weak i' th' pasterns; they'll endure no hardness
Mir. There's nothing good or handsome bred amongst us:
Till we are travell'd, and live abroad, we are coxcombs.
You talk of France; a slight unseason'd country,

Abundance of gross food, which makes us block-
heads!
We are fair set out indeed, and so are fore-horses:
Men say, we are great courtiers; men abuse us!
We are wise, and valiant too; *non credo, signor!*
Our women the best linguists; they are parrots;
O' this side the Alps they're nothing but mere drol-
leries.[6]
Ha! *Roma la Santa*, Italy for my money!
Their policies, their customs, their frugalities,
Their courtesies so open, yet so reserved too,
As, when you think you are known best, you're a
stranger;[7]
Their very pick-teeth speak more man than we do,
And season of more salt!

Pinac. 'Tis a brave country;
Not pester'd with your stubborn precise puppies,
That turn all useful and allow'd contentments
To scabs and scruples: Hang 'em, capon-worship-
pers!

Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their wo-
men too,
And would fain do as others do; but I'm so bashful,
So naturally an ass—Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
And very willingly I go to see 'em,
(There's no man willinger) and I can kiss 'em,
And make a shift——

Mir. But if they chance to flout you,

[6] *Mere* drolleries.] This countenances, and perhaps confirms, our conjectural reading of *drolleries* for *dralleries* in the Tragedy of Valentinian. It is there as well as here applied to women: *Dralleries* too is, as far as we can discover, absolute nonsense; and the corruption is easy. If the reader has any curiosity to refer to the passage in question, he will find it p. 394, vol. IV.—Ed. 1778.

Drollery, as explained there, means *puppet-show*.

[7] *You're* known *best*.] i. e. are *most acquainted* with them.—Ed. 1778.

Or say, "You are too bold! fy, sir, remember!
I pray, sit further off——"
Bel. 'Tis true—I am humbled,
I am gone; I confess ingenuously, I am silenced;
The spirit of amber cannot force me answer.[8]
Pinac. Then would I sing and dance——
Bel. You have wherewithal, sir.
Pinac. And charge her up again.
Bel. I can be hang'd first;
Yet, where I fasten well, I am a tyrant.
Mir. Why, thou dar'st fight?
Bel. Yes, certainly, I dare fight,
And fight with any man at any weapon;
'Would, the other were no more! but, a pox on't!
When I am sometimes in my height of hope,
And reasonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd,
Some scornful jest or other chops between me
And my desire: What would you have me to do then, gentlemen?
Mir. Belleur, you must be bolder: Travel three years,
And bring home such a baby to betray you
As bashfulness? a great fellow, and a soldier?
Bel. You have the gift of impudence; be thankful;
Every man has not the like talent. I will study,
And if it may be reveal'd to me——
Mir. Learn of me,
And of Pinac: No doubt, you'll find employment;
Ladies will look for courtship.
Pinac. 'Tis but fleshing,
But standing one good brunt or two. Hast thou any mind to marriage?

[8] *The spirit of* amber *cannot force me answer.*] *Amber* was considered as a strong provocative. See vol. II. p. 328.

We'll provide thee some soft-natured wench, that's dumb too.

Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee in charity.

Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were eager,
And cared not for discourse, I were excellent at.

Mir. You must now put on boldness (there's no avoiding it)
And stand all hazards, fly at all games bravely;
They'll say, you went out like an ox, and return'd like an ass else.

Bel. I shall make danger, sure.[9]

Mir. I am sent for home now,
I know it is to marry; but my father shall pardon me:
Although it be a weighty ceremony,[1]
And may concern me hereafter in my gravity,

[9] *I shall make danger sure.*] That is, I shall certainly attempt it. This bad translation of *facere periculum* too often occurs in these plays. There must be a comma after danger.—*Mason.*
The phrase was perhaps a common one at the time.

[1] *A* witty *ceremony.*] Where the wit of the matrimonial ceremony lies, will, I believe, puzzle, at this time of the day, any of our wits to discover. Mr Seward saw with me that the true reading ought to be,

——— *a* weighty *ceremony* —Sympson.

The old reading, however, is not entirely indefensible: *Wit* and *wisdom*, as the late learned editor of Evelyn's Silvia observes, were, at the time when his author wrote, and long before, synonimous terms, of which he gives the following instance: "—— then might I by councell help my trouth, which by mine owne *witt* I am not able againste such a prepared thynge." *Sir Thomas Wyat's Defence, No.* ii. *Walpole's Miscell. Ant.* 22.—Mr Evelyn's words are, "Rather, therefore, we should take notice how many great *wits* and ingenious persons, who have leisure and faculty, are in pain for improvements of their heaths and barren hills, &c." Other examples might be produced.—*Reed.*
Witty is used in a similar sense, vol. VIII. p. 366.

I will not lose the freedom of a traveller;
A new strong lusty bark cannot ride at one anchor.
Shall I make divers suits to shew to the same eyes?
'Tis dull and home-spun! study several pleasures,
And want employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd first!
Tie me to one smock? make my travels fruitless?
I'll none of that; for every fresh behaviour,
By your leave, father, I must have a fresh mistress,
And a fresh favour too.

Bel. I like that passingly;
As many as you will, so they be willing,
Willing, and gentle, gentle.

Pinac. There's no reason
A gentleman, and a traveller, should be clapt up,
(For 'tis a kind of bilboes[2] to be married)
Before he manifest to the world his good parts:
Tug ever, like a rascal, at one oar?
Give me the Italian liberty!

Mir. That I study,
And that I will enjoy. Come, go in, gentlemen;
There mark how I behave myself, and follow.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *a kind of* bæboes *to be married.*] Corrected by Sympson. The nature of *bilboes* has been already explained. See vol V. p. 522.

SCENE III.

A Room in La Castre's *House.*

Enter LA CASTRE, NANTOLET, LUGIER, ROSALURA, *and* LILLIA-BIANCA.

La Ca. You and your beauteous daughters are most welcome!
Beshrew my blood they are fair ones!—Welcome, beauties,
Welcome, sweet birds!
Nant. They are bound much to your courtesies.
La Ca. I hope we shall be nearer acquainted.
Nant. That's my hope too;
For, certain, sir, I much desire your alliance.
You see 'em; they are no gypsies; for their breeding,
It has not been so coarse, but they are able
To rank themselves with women of fair fashion.
Indeed, they have been trained well.
Lug. Thank me!
Nant. Fit for the heirs of that state I shall leave 'em;
To say more, is to sell 'em. They say, your son,
Now he has travell'd, must be wond'rous curious
And choice in what he takes; these are no coarse ones.
Sir, here's a merry wench—let him look to himself;
All heart, i'faith!—may chance to startle him;
For all his care, and travell'd caution,

May creep into his eye: If he love gravity,
Affect a solemn face, there's one will fit him.
La Ca. So young and so demure?
Nant. She is my daughter,
Else I would tell you, sir, she is a mistress
Both of those manners, and that modesty,
You would wonder at: She is no often-speaker,
But, when she does, she speaks well; nor no reveller,
Yet she can dance, and has studied the court elements,
And sings, as some say, handsomely; if a woman,
With the decency of her sex, may be a scholar,
I can assure you, sir, she understands too.
La Ca. These are fit garments, sir.
Lug. Thank them that cut 'em!
Yes, they are handsome women, they have handsome parts too,
Pretty becoming parts.
La Ca. 'Tis like they have, sir.
Lug. Yes, yes, and handsome education they have had too,
Had it abundantly; they need not blush at it:
I taught it, I'll avouch it.
La Ca. You say well, sir.
Lug. I know what I say, sir, and I say but right, sir:
I am no trumpet of their commendations
Before their father; else I should say farther.
La Ca. 'Pray you, what's this gentleman?
Nant. One that lives with me, sir;
A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter;
Yet it offends no wise man; I take pleasure in't:
Many fair gifts he has, in some of which,
That lie most easy to their understandings,
He has handsomely bred up my girls, I thank him.
Lug. I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urged it;

It seems, they are of years now to take hold on't.[3]
Nant. He's wond'rous blunt.
La Ca. By my faith, I was afraid of him:
Does he not fall out with the gentlewomen sometimes?
Nant. No, no; he's that way moderate and discreet, sir.
Ros. If he did, we should be too hard for him.
Lug. Well said, sulphur!
Too hard for thy husband's head, if he wear not armour.
Nant. Many of these bickerings, sir.
La Ca. I am glad, they are no oracles!
Sure as I live, he beats them, he's so puissant.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Belleur, De Gard, *and* Oriana.

Ori. Well, if you do forget——
Mir. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace!
I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'st me;
Preserve it till we have a fit time to discourse on't,
And a fit place; I'll ease thy heart, I warrant thee;
Thou seest, I have much to do now.
Ori. I am answer'd, sir:
With me you shall have nothing on these conditions.
De Ga. Your father and your friends.
La Ca. You are welcome home, sir!
'Bless you, you are very welcome! 'Pray know this gentleman,

[3] *I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urged it,*
It seems, they are of years now to take hold on't.
Nant. *He's wond'rous blunt.*] A small degree of attention will shew us, that the two first lines can properly belong to no one but *Lugier.*—Sympson.

And these fair ladies.
Nant. Monsieur Mirabell,
I am much affected with your fair return, sir;
You bring a general joy.
Mir. I bring you service,
And these bright beauties, sir.
Nant. Welcome home, gentlemen!
Welcome with all my heart!
Bel. Pinac. We thank you, sir.
La Ca. Your friends will have their share too.
Bel. Sir, we hope
They'll look upon us, though we shew like strangers.
Nant. Monsieur De Gard, I must salute you also,
And this fair gentlewoman: You are welcome from your travel too!
All welcome, all!
[LA CASTRE *and* MIRABELL *speak apart.*
De Ga. We render you our loves, sir,
The best wealth we bring home.[4] By your favours, beauties!—
One of these two. You know my meaning.
Ori. Well, sir;
They are fair and handsome, I must needs confess it,
And, let it prove the worst, I shall live after it:
Whilst I have meat and drink, love cannot starve me;
For, if I die o' th' first fit, I am unhappy,
And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.
Mir. To marry, sir?
La Ca. You know, I am an old man,
And every hour declining to my grave,
One foot already in; more sons I have not,
Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are worthy;

[4] *The best wealth, &c.*] Mr Sympson has made a strange piece of work here; he puts no part of this line into the text of his edition, and yet has quoted the latter part of it in the following note. —Ed. 1778.

In you lies all my hope, and all my name,
The making good or wretched of my memory;
The safety of my state.
Mir. And you have provided,
Out of this tenderness, these handsome gentlewomen,
Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?
La Ca. I have, dear son.
Mir. 'Tis true, you are old, and feebled;
'Would you were young again, and in full vigour!
I love a bounteous father's life, a long one;
I am none of those, that, when they shoot to ripeness,
Do what they can to break the boughs they grew on;
I wish you many years, and many riches,
And pleasures to enjoy 'em: But for marriage,
I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it,
Nor think it fit.
La Ca. You'll render me your reasons?
Mir. Yes, sir, both short and pithy, and these they are:
You would have me marry a maid?
La Ca. A maid? what else?
Mir. Yes, there be things called widows, dead men's wills,
I never loved to prove those; nor never long'd yet
To be buried alive in another man's cold monument.
And there be maids appearing, and maids being:
The appearing are fantastic things, mere shadows;
And, if you mark 'em well, they want their heads too;
Only the world, to cozen misty eyes,
Has clapt 'em on new faces. The maids being
A man may venture on, if he be so mad to marry,
If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune;
And let him take heed how he gather these too;

For look you, father, they are just like melons,
Musk-melons are the emblems of these maids;
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em they taste pleasantly,
And are a dainty fruit, digested easily;
Neglect this present time, and come to-morrow,
They are so ripe, they are rotten—gone![5] their sweetness
Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit!

La Ca. Why, these are now ripe, son.

Mir. I'll try them presently,
And, if I like their taste——

La Ca. 'Pray you please yourself, sir.

Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it.
—Lady, what think you of a handsome man now?

Ros. A wholesome too, sir?

Mir. That's as you make your bargain.
A handsome, wholesome man then, and a kind man,
To cheer your heart up, to rejoice you, lady?

Ros. Yes, sir, I love rejoicing.

Mir. To lie close to you?
Close as a cockle? keep the cold nights from you?

Ros. That will be look'd for too; our bodies ask it.

Mir. And get two boys at every birth?

Ros. That's nothing;
I have known a cobler do it, a poor thin cobler,
A cobler out of mouldy cheese perform it,
Cabbage, and coarse black thread; methinks, a gentleman
Should take foul scorn to have an awl out-name him.

[5] *They are rotten* gone.] Probably, *rotten* grown.—*Sympson.* We think *rotten* GONE better than *rotten* GROWN: but a stop renders it still better;

They are so ripe, they are rotten—gone! *&c*,—Ed. 1778.

Two at a birth? Why, every house-dove has it:
That man that feeds well, promises as well too,
I should expect indeed something of worth from.
You talk of two?

Mir. She would have me get two dozen,
Like buttons, at a birth.

Ros. You love to brag, sir;
If you proclaim these offers at your marriage,
(You are a pretty-timber'd man; take heed!)
They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hoped for at a higher rate too.

Mir. I will take heed, and thank you for your counsel.—
Father, what think you?

La Ca. 'Tis a merry gentlewoman;
Will make, no doubt, a good wife.

Mir. Not for me:
I marry her, and, happily, get nothing;
In what a state am I then, father? I shall suffer,
For any thing I hear to th' contrary, *more majorum*;
I were as sure to be a cuckold, father,
A gentleman of antler——

La Ca. Away, away, fool!

Mir. As I am sure to fail her expectation.
I had rather get the pox than get her babies!

La Ca. You are much to blame! If this do not affect you,
Pray try the other; she's of a more demure way.

Bel. That I had but the audacity to talk thus! [*Aside.*
I love that plain-spoken gentlewoman admirably;
And, certain, I could go as near to please her,
If down-right doing—She has a perilous countenance!
If I could meet one that would believe me,
And take my honest meaning without circumstance—

Mir. You shall have your will, sir; I will try the other;
But 'twill be to small use.—I hope, fair lady,
(For, methinks, in your eyes, I see more mercy)
You will enjoin your lover a less penance;
And though I'll promise much, as men are liberal,
And vow an ample sacrifice of service,
Yet your discretion, and your tenderness,
And thriftiness in love, good huswife's carefulness
To keep the stock entire——

Lil. Good sir, speak louder,
That these may witness too, you talk of nothing:
I should be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of so much indiscretion.

Mir. Hark ye, hark ye!
Ods-bobs, you are angry, lady!

Lil. Angry? no, sir;
I never own'd an anger to lose poorly.

Mir. But you can love, for all this; and delight too,
For all your set austerity, to hear
Of a good husband, lady?

Lil. You say true, sir;
For, by my troth, I have heard of none these ten years,
They are so rare; and there are so many, sir,
So many longing women on their knees too,
That pray the dropping-down of these good husbands—
The dropping-down from Heaven; for they are not bred here—
That you may guess at all my hope, but hearing—[6]

[6] *That you may guess at all my hopes, but hearing—*] There should be no break at the end of this speech, as the sentence is complete. Lillia means to say, that, after what she had stated, he might guess that all her hopes of those good husbands were confined to the hearing of them.—*Mason.*

Mir. Why may not I be one?
Lil. You were near 'em once, sir,
When ye came o'er the Alps; those are near Heaven:
But since you miss'd that happiness, there's no
hope of you.
Mir. Can ye love a man?
Lil. Yes, if the man be lovely,
That is, be honest, modest: I would have him
valiant,
His anger slow, but certain for his honour;
Travell'd he should be, but through himself exactly,
For 'tis fairer to know manners well than countries;
He must be no vain talker, nor no lover
To hear himself talk; they are brags of a wanderer,
Of one finds no retreat for fair behaviour.
Would you learn more?
Mir. Yes.
Lil. Learn to hold your peace then:
Fond girls are got with tongues, women with tempers.
Mir. Women, with I know what; but let that
vanish:
Go thy way, good wife Bias! Sure, thy husband
Must have a strong philosopher's stone, he will ne'er
please thee else.
Here's a starcht piece of austerity!—Do you hear,
father?
Do you hear this moral lecture?
La Ca. Yes, and like it.
Mir. Why, there's your judgment now; there's
an old bolt shot!
This thing must have the strangest observation,
(Do you mark me, father?) when she is married
once,

Mason's explanation is right; but, as it can hardly be brought out of the words as they now stand, and as Lillia may intend to prosecute her speech when she is interrupted by Mirabel, the break must be suffered to remain.

The strangest custom too of admiration
On all she does and speaks, 'twill be past sufferance;
I must not lie with her in common language,
Nor cry, 'Have at thee, Kate!' I shall be hiss'd
then;
Nor eat my meat without the sauce of sentences,
Your powder'd beef and problems, a rare diet!
My first son monsieur Aristotle, I know it,
Great master of the metaphysicks, or so;
The second, Solon, and the best law-setter;
And I must look Egyptian god-fathers,[7]
Which will be no small trouble: My eldest daughter
Sappho, or such a fiddling kind of poetess,
And brought up, *invitâ Minervâ*, at her needle;
My dogs must look their names too, and all Spartan,
Lelaps, Melampus; no more Fox and Baudiface.
I married to a sullen set of sentences?
To one that weighs her words and her behaviours
In the gold weights of discretion? I'll be hang'd first.

La Ca. Pr'ythee reclaim thyself.

Mir. Pray ye, give me time then:
If they can set me any thing to play at,
That seems fit for a gamester, have at the fairest!
Till then, see more, and try more![8]

La Ca. Take your time then;
I'll bar you no fair liberty.—Come, gentlemen;
And, ladies, come; to all, once more, a welcome!

[7] *And I must* look *Egyptian god-fathers.*] *Look* means here, as well as in the fourth line after this, *look out.*

[8] *Till* I *see more, and try more.*] The sense here seems to indicate a slight corruption; which, however, makes a material difference; We would read,

Pray ye, give me time then:
If they can set me any thing to play at,
That seems fit for a gamester, have at the fairest!
Till then *see more, and try more!*

La Ca. *Take your time then.*—Ed. 1778.

And now let's in to supper. [*Exit.*
Mir. How dost like 'em ?
Pinac. They are fair enough, but of so strange behaviours——
Mir. Too strange for me: I must have those have mettle,
And mettle to my mind. Come, let's be merry.
Bel. Bless me from this woman! I would stand the cannon,
Before ten words of hers.
De Ga. Do you find him now?
Do you think he will be ever firm?
Ori. I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter MIRABELL, PINAC, *and* BELLEUR.

Mir. Ne'er tell me of this happiness; 'tis nothing;
The state they bring with being sought-to, scurvy!
I had rather make mine own play, and I will do.
My happiness is in mine own content,
And the despising of such glorious trifles,[9]

[9] Glorious *trifles.*] i. e. VAIN *trifles.* The word occurs twice

As I have done a thousand more. For my humour,
Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me,
A jovial fair companion; there's a beauty!
For women, I can have too many of them;
Good women too, as the age reckons 'em,
More than I have employment for.

Pinac. You're happy.

Mir. My only fear is, that I must be forced,
Against my nature, to conceal myself:
Health and an able body are two jewels.

Pinac. If either of these two women were offer'd to me now,
I would think otherwise, and do accordingly;
Yes, and recant my heresies, I would, sir,
And be more tender of opinion,[1]
And put a little of my travell'd liberty
Out of the way, and look upon 'em seriously.
Methinks, this grave-carried wench——

Bel. Methinks, the other,
The home-spoken gentlewoman, that desires to be fruitful,
That treats of the full manage of the matter,
(For there lies all my aim) that wench, methinks,
If I were but well set on, for she is affable,[2]

again, in the same sense, in this act. So the French often use *gloire* and *glorieux*.—Ed. 1778.

[1] *Opinion.*] i. e. Reputation. So in Shirley's Gamester:—

"I mean you have the *opinion*
Of a valiant gentleman, one that dares
Fight and maintain your honour against odds."

[2] ——*for she is* a fable.] The glaring nonsense of this passage strikes at first sight. I shall give the reader what I imagine was the original lection, and leave it to him whether it must stand or fall:

————*for she is* affable.—*Sympson.*

Sympson's conjecture is ingenious, though we cannot think the

If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me:
She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to th'
point!
Now do I know I have such a body to please her,
As all the kingdom cannot fit her with, I am sure
on't,
If I could but talk myself into her favour.

Mir. That's easily done.

Bel. That's easily said; 'would 'twere done!
You should see then how I would lay about me.
If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me,
Or any thing that might justify my modesty;
But when my nature is prone to do a charity,
And my calf's tongue will not help me——

Mir. Will you go to 'em?
They cannot but take it courteously.

Pinac. I'll do my part,
Though I am sure 'twill be the hardest I e'er play'd
yet;
A way I never tried too, which will stagger me;
And, if it do not shame me, I am happy.

Mir. Win 'em, and wear 'em; I give up my in-
terest.

Pinac. What say you, monsieur Belleur?

Bel. 'Would I could say,
Or sing, or any thing that were but handsome!
I would be with her presently!

present reading *glaring nonsense;* and the next line seems to enforce it. The whole passage should be in a parenthesis, thus,

——— *that wench, methinks,*
If I were but well set on—(*for she is* a fable,
'*If I were but hounded right, and one to* teach me)—
She speaks, &c.—Ed. 1778.

Sympson is plainly right, and the corruption, by the dropping out of a letter at the press, easily accounted for: The reading proposed by the last editors makes nonsense of the passage.

Pinac. Yours is no venture;
A merry, ready wench.
Bel. A vengeance squibber!
She'll fleer me out of faith too.
Mir. I'll be near thee;
Pluck up thy heart; I'll second thee at all brunts.
Be angry, if she abuse thee, and beat her a little;
Some women are won that way.
Bel. Pray be quiet,
And let me think: I am resolved to go on;
But how I shall get off again——
Mir. I am persuaded
Thou wilt so please her, she'll go near to ravish thee.
Bel. I would 'twere come to that once! Let me pray a little.
Mir. Now for thine honour, Pinac! Board me this modesty,
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a conquest
(Although I know thou art a fortunate wencher,
And hast done rarely in thy days) above all thy ventures.
Bel. You will be ever near?
Mir. At all necessities;
And take thee off, and set thee on again, boy,
And cherish thee, and stroke thee.
Bel. Help me out too;
For I know I shall stick i' th' mire. If ye see us close once,
Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly,
For I am then determined to do wonders.
Farewell, and fling an old shoe.[4] How my heart throbs!

[3] *Fling an old shoe.*] *i. e.* In order to produce good luck. It is a saying not yet obsolete. The same allusion occurs in the Honest Man's Fortune:—

> "Captain, your shoes are old; pray put 'em off,
> And let one fling 'em after us."

'Would I were drunk! Farewell, Pinac! Heaven
send us
A joyful and a merry meeting, man!
Pinac. Farewell,
And cheer thy heart up! and remember, Belleur,
They are but women.
Bel. I had rather they were lions.
Mir. About it; I'll be with you instantly.—
[*Exeunt* BELLEUR *and* PINAC.

Enter ORIANA.

Shall I ne'er be at rest? no peace of conscience?
No quiet for these creatures? am I ordain'd
To be devour'd quick by these she-cannibals?
Here's another they call handsome; I care not for
her,
I ne'er look after her: When I am half tippled,
It may be I should turn her, and peruse her;
Or, in my want of women, I might call for her;
But to be haunted when I have no fancy,
No maw to th' matter—Now! why do you follow
me?
Ori. I hope, sir, 'tis no blemish to my virtue;
Nor need you, out of scruple, ask that question,
If you remember you, before your travel,
The contract you tied to me: 'Tis my love, sir,
That makes me seek you, to confirm your memory;
And that being fair and good, I cannot suffer.
I come to give you thanks too.
Mir. For what, pr'ythee?
Ori. For that fair piece of honesty you shew'd, sir,
That constant nobleness.
Mir. How? for I am short-headed.
Ori. I'll tell ye then; for refusing that free offer
Of monsieur Nantolet's, those handsome beauties,
Those two prime ladies, that might well have prest ye

If not to have broken,[4] yet to have bow'd your promise.
I know it was for my sake, for your faith sake,
You slipt 'em off; your honesty compell'd ye;
And let me tell ye, sir, it shew'd most handsomely.
Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no such matter;
Nothing intended that way, of that nature:
I have more to do with my honesty than to fool it,
Or venture it in such leak barks as women.
I put 'em off because I loved 'em not,
Because they are too queasy for my temper,
And not for thy sake, nor the contract sake,
Nor vows nor oaths; I have made a thousand of 'em;
They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken;
Mere venial slips, that grow not near the conscience;
Nothing concerns those tender parts; they are trifles:
For, as I think, there was never man yet hoped for
Either constancy or secrecy from a woman,
Unless it were an ass ordain'd for sufferance;
Nor to contract with such can be a tial;[5]
So let them know again; for 'tis a justice,
And a main point of civil policy,
Whate'er we say or swear, they being reprobates,
Out of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides,
And 'tis a curious blindness to believe us.
Ori. You do not mean this, sure?

[4] *If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your promise.*] Butler probably had this place in his head when he wrote these lines,

"Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow."—*Sympson.*

[5] *Can be a* tial.] Mr Theobald makes a *query* about *tial* in his margin; as it is a word I don't know any where to be found, I have, with Mr Seward, taken the freedom to alter it.—*Sympson.*
Mr Sympson changes *tial* to *tie:* We have retained the old word, and think it is intelligible, though there be no authority for it.—Ed. 1778.

Mir. Yes, sure, and certain;
And hold it positively, as a principle,
As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires
and fluxes,
So we are allow'd as strange ways to obtain ye,
But not to hold; we are all created errant.
Ori. You told me other tales.
Mir. I not deny it;
I have tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,
And protestations likewise of all sizes,
As they have vanities to make us coxcombs:
If I obtain a good turn, so it is,
I am thankful for it; if I be made an ass,
The 'mends are in mine own hands, or the surgeon's,
And there's an end on't.
Ori. Do not you love me then?
Mir. As I love others; heartily I love thee;
When I am high and lusty, I love thee cruelly:
After I have made a plenteous meal, and satisfied
My senses with all delicates, come to me,
And thou shalt see how I love thee.
Ori. Will not you marry me?
Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet:
I must not lose my liberty, dear lady,
And, like a wanton slave, cry for more shackles.
What should I marry for? do I want any thing?
Am I an inch the farther from my pleasure?
Why should I be at charge to keep a wife of mine
own,
When other honest married men's will ease me,
And thank me too, and be beholding to me?
Thou think'st I am mad for a maidenhead; thou
art cozen'd:
Or, if I were addicted to that diet,
Can you tell me where I should have one? Thou
art eighteen now,
And if thou hast thy maidenhead yet extant,

Sure, 'tis as big as cods-head; and those grave dishes
I never love to deal withal. Dost thou see this
book here?
Look over all these ranks; all these are women,
Maids, and pretenders to maidenheads; these are
my conquests;
All these I swore to marry, as I swore to thee,
With the same reservation, and most righteously:
Which I need not have done neither; for, alas, they
made no scrnple,
And I enjoyed 'em at my will, and left 'em:
Some of 'em are married since, and were as pure
maids again,
Nay, o' my conscience, better than they were bred
for;
The rest, fine sober women.

Ori. Are you not ashamed, sir?

Mir. No, by my troth, sir; there's no shame
belongs to it;
I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleasure,
As others do in rotten sheep and pasture.

Enter DE GARD.

Ori. Are all my hopes come to this? Is there no
faith,
No troth, nor modesty, in men? [*Weeps.*

De Ga. How now, sister?
Why weeping thus? Did I not prophesy?
Come, tell me why——

Ori. I am not well; pray ye pardon me. [*Exit.*

De Ga. Now, monsieur Mirabell, what ails my
sister?
You have been playing the wag with her.

Mir. As I take it,
She is crying for a cod-piece. Is she gone?
Lord, what an age is this! I was calling for ye;

For, as I live, I thought she would have ravish'd me.
De Ga. You are merry, sir.
Mir. Thou know'st this book, De Gard, this inventory?
De Ga. The debt-book of your mistresses; I remember it.
Mir. Why, this was it that anger'd her; she was stark mad
She found not her name here; and cried down-right,
Because I would not pity her immediately,
And put her in my list.
De Ga. Sure she had more modesty.
Mir. Their modesty is anger to be over-done;
They'll quarrel sooner for precedence here,
And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted,
Than they will in public meetings; 'tis their natures:
And, alas, I have so many to dispatch yet,
And to provide myself for my affairs too,
That, in good faith——
De Ga. Be not too glorious foolish;
Sum not your travels up with vanities;
It ill becomes your expectation![6]
Temper your speech, sir! Whether your loose story
Be true or false, (for you are so free, I fear it)
Name not my sister in't, I must not hear it;
Upon your danger, name her not! I hold her
A gentlewoman of those happy parts and carriage,
A good man's tongue may be right proud to speak her.
Mir. Your sister, sir? do ye blench at that?[7] do ye cavil?

[6] *Your expectation.*] *i. e.* The expectation the world has of you.—*Sympson.*

[7] *Do ye* blench *at that?*] *Blench* occurs more than once in these plays, and means shrink, start. See vol. VI. p. 308.

Do ye hold her such a piece she may not be play'd
withal?
I have had an hundred handsomer and nobler,
Have sued to me too, for such a courtesy;
Your sister comes i' th' rear. Since ye are so angry,
And hold your sister such a strong Recusant,
I tell ye, I may do it; and, it may be, will too;
It may be, have too; there's my free confession:
Work upon that now!

De Ga. If I thought ye had, I would work,
And work such stubborn work should make your
heart ache!
But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye,
A glorious talker, and a legend-maker
Of idle tales, and trifles; a depraver
Of your own truth: their honours fly about ye![8]
And so I take my leave; but with this caution,
Your sword be surer than your tongue! you'll
smart else.

Mir. I laugh at thee, so little I respect thee!
And I'll talk louder, and despise thy sister;
Set up a chamber-maid that shall out-shine her,
And carry her in my coach too, and that will kill
her.
Go, get thy rents up, go!

De Ga. You are a fine gentleman! [*Exit.*

Mir. Now, have at my two youths; I'll see how
they do;

[8] —— *their honours fly about ye.*] This is the old reading, which Sympson changes to *above ye*, and is followed by the last editors. But I wish they had told whose honours De Gard was talking of. No persons have been mentioned to whom these words would apply. The pronoun *their* can have no relative in the passage but *idle tales and trifles*, and De Gard leaves Mirabel in possession of all the honours he can derive from them. This is the true meaning of the speech, and therefore I conclude the old reading is right.—*Mason.*

How they behave themselves; and then I'll study
What wench shall love me next, and when I'll lose
her.[9] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in La Castre's *House.*

Enter PINAC *and a Servant.*

Pinac. Art thou her servant, say'st thou?
Serv. Her poor creature;
But servant to her horse, sir.
Pinac. Canst thou shew me
The way to her chamber, or where I may conveniently
See her, or come to talk to her?
Serv. That I can, sir;
But the question is, whether I will or no.
Pinac. Why, I'll content thee.
Serv. Why, I'll content thee then; now you come
to me.

[9] *And when I'll* lose *her.*] Edition 1652, reads, *And when I'll* loose *her*, which we have followed.—Ed. 1778.

Mason does not seem to have known that the copy of 1652 was the oldest, as he asserts that *lose* is the old and true reading. The true one it is certainly, and *loose* is one of the numerous instances of the unsettled orthography of the time: The commentator observes judiciously, "Mirabel says that he will study what wench he shall next make in love with him, and when he shall get rid of her."

Pinac. There's for your diligence. [*Gives money.*
Serv. There's her chamber, sir,
And this way she comes out; stand you but here, sir,
You have her at your prospect, or your pleasure.
Pinac. Is she not very angry?
Serv. You'll find that quickly:
May be she'll call you saucy, scurvy fellow,
Or some such familiar name; may be she knows you,
And will fling a piss-pot at you, or a pantofle,
According as you are in acquaintance: If she like you,
May be she'll look upon you; may be no;
And two months hence call for you.
Pinac. This is fine.
She is monstrous proud then?
Serv. She is a little haughty;
Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted.
Can you speak Greek?
Pinac. No, certain.
Serv. Get you gone then!—
And talk of stars, and firmaments, and fire-drakes?
Do you remember who was Adam's schoolmaster,
And who taught Eve to spin? She knows all these,
And will run you over the beginning o' th' world
As familiar as a fiddler.
Can you sit seven hours together, and say nothing?
Which she will do, and, when she speaks, speak oracles,
Speak things that no man understands, nor herself neither.
Pinac. Thou mak'st me wonder!
Serv. Can you smile?
Pinac. Yes, willingly;
For naturally I bear a mirth about me.

Serv. She'll ne'er endure you then; she's never
merry;
If she see one laugh, she'll swoon past *aquæ vitæ*.
Never come near her, sir; if you chance to venture,
And talk not like a doctor, you are damn'd too.
I have told you enough for your crown, and so good
speed you! [*Exit.*

Pinac. I have a pretty task if she be thus curious,
As, sure, it seems she is! If I fall off now,
I shall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward,
I can but be abused, and that I look for;
And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.
Stay! in what mood and figure shall I attempt her?
A careless way? No, no, that will not waken her;
Besides, her gravity will give me line still,
And let me lose myself; yet this way often
Has hit, and handsomely. A wanton method?
Ay, if she give it leave to sink into her consideration:
But there's the doubt: If it but stir her blood once,
And creep into the crannies of her fancy,
Set her a-gog—But if she chance to slight it,
And by the power of her modesty fling it back,
I shall appear the arrant'st rascal to her,
The most licentious knave—for I shall talk lewdly.
To bear myself austerely? rate my words?
And fling a general gravity about me,
As if I meant to give laws? But this I cannot do,
This is a way above my understanding:
Or, if I could, 'tis odds she'll think I mock her;
For serious and sad[1] things are ever still
Suspicious. Well, I'll say something:
But learning I have none, and less good manners,
Especially for ladies. Well; I'll set my best face.

[1] *Serious and* sad.] That is, serious and grave. The two words were nearly synonymous at the time.

I hear some coming. This is the first woman
I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me.
[*Stands apart.*

Enter LILLIA *and* PETELLA.

Lil. Give me my hat, Petella; take this veil off,
This sullen cloud; it darkens my delights.
Come, wench, be free, and let the music warble;
Play me some lusty measure. [*Music.*
Pinac. This is she, sure,
The very same I saw, the very woman,
The gravity I wonder'd at. Stay, stay;
Let me be sure. Ne'er trust me, but she danceth!
Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth.
I'll go a little nearer.
Lil. Quicker time, fellows!
I cannot find my legs yet. Now, Petella!

Enter MIRABELL.

Pinac. I am amazed! I am founder'd in my fancy!
Mir. Ha! say you so? Is this your gravity?
This the austerity you put upon you?
I'll see more o' this sport. [*Stands apart.*
Lil. A song now!
Call in for a merry, and a light song;
And sing it with a liberal spirit.

Enter a Singing Boy.

Boy. Yes, madam.
Lil. And be not amazed, sirrah, but take us for your own company.
Let's walk ourselves: Come, wench. 'Would we had a man or two!

Pinac. Sure, she has spied me, and will abuse me dreadfully;
She has put on this for the purpose; yet I will try her.—
Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion,
Which I must crave a pardon for——
Lil. Oh, you are welcome,
You are very welcome, sir! we want such a one.
Strike up again. I dare presume you dance well.
Quick, quick, sir, quick! the time steals on.
Pinac. I would talk with you.
Lil. Talk as you dance. [*They dance.*
Mir. She'll beat him off his legs first.
This is the finest masque!
Lil. Now, how do you, sir?
Pinac. You have given me a shrewd heat.
Lil. I'll give you a hundred.
Come, sing now, sing; for I know you sing well;
I see you have a singing face.
Pinac. A fine modesty!
If I could, she'd never give me breath.—Madam, 'would
I might sit and recover.
Lil. Sit here, and sing now;
Let's do things quickly, sir, and handsomely.—
Sit close, wench, close.—Begin, begin!
Pinac. I am lesson'd. [*Song.*
Lil. 'Tis very pretty, i' faith. Give me some wine now.
Pinac. I would fain speak to you.
Lil. You shall drink first, believe me.
Here's to you a lusty health.
Pinac. I thank you, lady.—
'Would I were off again! I smell my misery;
I was never put to this rack! I shall be drunk too.
Mir. If thou be'st not a right one, I have lost mine aim much:

I thank Heaven, that I have 'scaped thee! To her, Pinac;
For thou art as sure to have her, and to groan for her—
I'll see how my other youth does; this speeds trimly.
A fine grave gentlewoman, and worth much honour!
[*Exit.*

Lil. How do you like me, sir?

Pinac. I like you rarely.

Lil. You see, sir, though sometimes we are grave and silent,
And put on sadder dispositions,
Yet we're compounded of free parts, and sometimes too
Our lighter, airy, and our fiery mettles
Break out, and shew themselves: And what think you of that, sir?

Pinac. Good lady, sit, (for I am very weary)
And then I'll tell you.

Lil. Fy! a young man idle?
Up, and walk; be still in action;
The motions of the body are fair beauties:
Besides, 'tis cold. Odds-me, sir, let's walk faster!
What think you now of the lady Felicia?
And Bella-Fronte, the duke's fair daughter? ha?
Are they not handsome things? There is Duarta,
And brown Olivia——

Pinac. I know none of 'em.

Lil. But brown must not be cast away, sir.[2] If young Lelia
Had kept herself till this day from a husband,
Why, what a beauty, sir! You know Ismena,
The fair gem of Saint-Germains?

Pinac. By my troth, I do not.

[2] *But brown must not be cast away, sir.*] A proverbial expression at this day.

Lil. And then, I know, you must hear of Brisac,
How unlike a gentleman——
Pinac. As I live, I heard nothing.
Lil. Strike me another galliard![3]
Pinac. By this light, I cannot!
In troth, I have sprain'd my leg, madam.
Lil. Now sit you down, sir,
And tell me why you came hither? why you chose me out?
What is your business? your errand? Dispatch, dispatch!
May be you are some gentleman's man, (and I mistook you)
That have brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison,
Sent me from some friend of mine.
Pinac. Do I look like a carrier?
You might allow me, what I am, a gentleman.
Lil. 'Cry you mercy, sir! I saw you yesterday:
You are new come out of travel; I mistook you.
And how do all our impudent friends in Italy?
Pinac. Madam, I came with duty, and fair courtesy,
Service, and honour to you.
Lil. You came to jeer me!
You see I am merry, sir; I have changed my copy:
None of the sages now, and pray you proclaim it;
Fling on me what aspersion you shall please, sir,
Of wantonness, or wildness; I look for it;
And tell the world, I am an hypocrite,
Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape, I expect it;
But not to have you believed: For, mark you, sir,
I have won a nobler estimation,
A stronger tie by my discretion
Upon opinion (howe'er you think I forc'd it)

[3] *Strike me another* galliard.] A fashionable dance of a lively turn. See vol. VII. p. 355.

Than either tongue or art[4] of yours can slubber,
And, when I please, I will be what I please, sir,
So I exceed not mean;[5] and none shall brand it,
Either with scorn or shame, but shall be slighted.

Pinac. Lady, I come to love you.

Lil. Love yourself, sir;
And when I want observers, I'll send for you.
Heigh-ho! my fit's almost off; for we do all by fits, sir.
If you be weary, sit till I come again to you.

[*Exit with* PETELLA.

Pinac. This is a wench of a dainty spirit; but
Hang me if I know yet either what to think
Or make of her; she had her will of me,
And baited me abundantly, I thank her;
And, I confess, I never was so blurted,[6]
Nor ever so abused: I must bear mine own sins.
You talk of travels; here's a curious country!
Yet I will find her out, or forswear my faculty.

[*Exit.*

[4] *Tongue or* art *of yours.*] The old reading should not be changed. The amendment [*act* for *art*] is Sympson's, who says, that the words *act* and *art* are frequently confounded in these plays: but he is mistaken; the words are not confounded, but *art* is designedly used by the poets as synonymous to *act;* of which I have already shewn many instances both in these plays and those of Shakspeare. We should therefore adhere to the old reading as that of the authors.—*Mason.*

See vol. II. 406, III. 142, V. 79, VII. 129.

[5] *Exceed not* mean.] *i. e.* Moderation, discretion.—Ed. 1778.

[6] ———*I never was so* blurred,
Nor ever so abused.] Edit. 1652 reads, *blurted.* Mr Sympson, disliking both words, is inclined to substitute *flurted;* but *blurted* is certainly the right word. It is used in the same sense in Edward III. See Capell's Prolusions, p. 81:—

"Oh, that I were some other countryman!
This day hath set derision on the French,
And all the world will *blurt* and scorn at us."—*Reed.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Rosalura *and* Oriana.

Ros. Ne'er vex yourself, nor grieve; you are a fool then.
Ori. I am sure I am made so: Yet, before I suffer
Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph——
Ros. You say right; for as long as he perceives you
Sink under his proud scornings, he'll laugh at you:
For me, secure yourself; and for my sister,
I partly know her mind too: Howsoever,
To obey my father, we have made a tender
Of our poor beauties to the travell'd monsieur,
Yet two words to a bargain! He slights us
As skittish things, and we shun him as curious.[7]
May be, my free behaviour turns his stomach,
And makes him seem to doubt a loose opinion:[8]
I must be so sometimes, though all the world saw it.
Ori. Why should not you? Are not[9] minds only measured?

[7] *Curious.*] That is, over scrupulous in his choice; a common meaning of the word in old books.

[8] *Opinion.*] Fame, reputation. See above, p. 66.

[9] *Are* our *minds only measured?*] The sense seems to require,

Are not *minds only measured?*—Ed. 1778.

The text may however possibly be right. Oriana says,—"Why should not you assume a free behaviour as well as men? Are *our* minds to be exclusively measured out by rules and regulations?"

As long as here you stand secure——
Ros. You say true;
As long as mine own conscience makes no question,
What care I for report? that woman's miserable,
That's good or bad for their tongues' sake. Come, let's retire,
And get my veil, wench; by my troth, your sorrow,
And the consideration of men's humorous maddings,
Have put me into a serious contemplation.

Enter MIRABELL *and* BELLEUR, *and stand apart.*

Ori. Come, 'faith, let's sit and think.
Ros. That's all my business.
Mir. Why stand'st thou peeping here? Thou great slug, forward!
Bel. She is there; peace!
Mir. Why stand'st thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou wouldst steal linen?
Hast thou not place and time?
Bel. I had a rare speech
Studied, and almost ready; and your violence
Has beat it out of my brains.
Mir. Hang your rare speeches!
Go me on like a man.
Bel. Let me set my beard up.
How has Pinac perform'd?
Mir. He has won already:
He stands not thrumming of caps thus.
Bel. Lord, what should I ail!

The reading of the last editors is no doubt much better, and has therefore been retained.

What a cold I have over my stomach; 'would I
had some hum![2]
Certain I have a great mind to be at her,
A mighty mind.

Mir. On, fool!

Bel. Good words, I beseech you;
For I will not be abused by both.

Mir. Adieu, then,
(I will not trouble you; I see you are valiant)
And work your own way.

Bel. Hist, hist! I will be ruled;
I will, i' faith; I will go presently:
Will you forsake me now, and leave me i' th' suds?
You know, I am false-hearted this way; I beseech
you,
Good sweet Mirabel (I'll cut your throat if you
leave me,
Indeed I will!) sweet-heart!

Mir. I will be ready,
Still at thine elbow; take a man's heart to thee,
And speak thy mind; the plainer still the better.
She is a woman of that free behaviour,
Indeed, that common courtesy, she cannot deny
thee;
Go bravely on.

Bel. Madam—keep close about me,
Still at my back.—Madam, sweet madam—

[2] *'Would I had some* hum.] Mr Theobald, doubtful of this term, queries whether *rum* ought not to supply its place. I once thought *mum* was the more likely to be the true reading, but am convinced (so precarious, however likely, are all conjectural emendations) that the text is right, upon credit of Ben Jonson, in his Devil's an Ass, vol. iv. p. 256:—

> " Chimney-sweepers and carmen, are got,
> To their tobacco, strong-waters, *hum*,
> Meath, and obarni."—*Sympson*.

Hum is the common cant for strong liquor. See Beggars' Bush, vol. III. p. 120.—Ed. 1778.

Ros. Ha!
What noise is that? what saucy sound to trouble
me?
Mir. What said she?
Bel. I am saucy.
Mir. 'Tis the better.
Bel. She comes; must I be saucy still?
Mir. More saucy.
Ros. Still troubled with these vanities? Heaven
bless us!
What are we born to?—Would you speak with any
of my people?
Go in, sir; I am busy.
Bel. This is not she, sure:
Is this two children at a birth? I'll be hang'd then!
Mine was a merry gentlewoman, talk'd daintily,
Talk'd of those matters that befitted women;
This is a parcel-prayer-book;[3] I'm served sweetly!
And now I am to look too; I was prepared for th'
other way.
Ros. Do you know that man?
Ori. Sure, I have seen him, lady.
Ros. Methinks 'tis pity such a lusty fellow
Should wander up and down, and want employ-
ment.
Bel. She takes me for a rogue!—You may do
well, madam,
To stay this wanderer, and set him at work, forsooth;
He can do something that may please your ladyship;
I have heard of women that desire good breedings,
Two at a birth, or so.
Ros. The fellow's impudent.
Ori. Sure, he is crazed.
Ros. I have heard of men too that have had good
manners;

[3] *This is a* parcel-*prayer-book.*] That is, half as pious as a prayer-book. See vol. p. 230.

Sure, this is want of grace! Indeed, 'tis great pity
The young man has been bred so ill; but this lewd
age
Is full of such examples.

Bel. I am founder'd,
And some shall rue the setting of me on!

Mir. Ha! so bookish, lady? is it possible?
Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'll be hang'd then.
Why, this is such a feat, such an activity,
Such fast and loose—

Enter Servant, with a veil.

A veil too for your knavery?
O Dio, Dio!

Ros. What do you take me for, sir?

Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,
Howe'er you seem, and thus you are to be handled;
(Mark me, Belleur) and this you love, I know it.

Ros. Stand off, bold sir!

Mir. You wear good clothes to this end,
Jewels; love feasts, and masques.

Ros. Ye are monstrous saucy!

Mir. All this to draw on fools; and thus, thus,
lady, [*Takes hold of her.*
Ye are to be lull'd.

Bel. Let her alone, I'll swinge ye else,
I will, i' faith! for though I cannot skill o' this
matter
Myself, I will not see another do it before me,
And do it worse.

Ros. Away! you are a vain thing!
You have travell'd far, sir, to return again
A windy and poor bladder! You talk of women,
That are not worth the favour of a common one,
The grace of her grew in an hospital!
Against a thousand such blown fooleries,

I am able to maintain good women's honours,
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do it—

Mir. She has almost struck me dumb too.

Ros. And declaim
Against your base malicious tongues, your noises,
For they are nothing else. You teach behaviours?
Or touch us for our freedoms?[4] Teach yourselves manners,
Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly
That our lives may shine in ye; and then task us.
It seems, ye are hot; the suburbs[5] will supply ye:
Good women scorn such gamesters; so I'll leave ye!
I am sorry to see this: 'Faith, sir, live fairly.
[*Exit.*

Mir. This woman, if she hold on, may be virtuous;
'Tis almost possible: We'll have a new day.

Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forced me to this foolery;
I am shamed, I am scorn'd, I am flurted! yes, I am so!
Though I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.

Mir. Fy!

Bel. I can, sir;
And I will fight.

Mir. With whom?

Bel. With you; with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.

Mir. Pr'ythee be moderate.

[4] *Or touch us for our freedoms.*] The editors wish to read *task* instead of *touch*; but unnecessarily, as both words have the same meaning. So Lugier says afterwards to Mirabel,

> It will be dangerous to pursue your old way,
> To *touch* at any thing concerns her honour.—*Mason.*

[5] *Suburbs.*] See vol. V. p. 372.

Bel. And I'll beat all men. Come!
Mir. I love thee dearly.
Bel. I will beat all that love; love has undone me!
Never tell me! I will not be a history.
Mir. Thou art not.
Bel. 'Sfoot, I will not! Give me room,
And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me;
And I'll begin with you first.
Mir. Pr'ythee, Belleur!
If I do not satisfy thee——
Bel. Well, look you do.
But, now I think on't better, 'tis impossible!
I must beat somebody; I am maul'd myself,
And I ought in justice——
Mir. No, no, no, ye are cozen'd:
But walk, and let me talk to thee.
Bel. Talk wisely,
And see that no man laugh, upon no occasion;
For I shall think then 'tis at me.
Mir. I warrant thee.
Bel. Nor no more talk of this.
Mir. Dost think I am maddish?
Bel. I must needs fight yet; for I find it concerns me:
A pox on't! I must fight.
Mir. I' faith, thou shalt not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Garden of the same House.

Enter DE GARD *and* LUGIER.

De Ga. I know you are a scholar, and can do wonders.

Lug. There's no great scholarship belongs to this, sir;
What I am, I am: I pity your poor sister,
And heartily I hate these travellers,
These gim-cracks, made of mops[6] and motions:
There's nothing in their houses here but hummings;
A bee has more brains. I grieve and vex too[7]
The insolent licentious carriage
Of this out-facing fellow Mirabell;
And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.

De Ga. His wrongs you partly know.

Lug. Do not you stir, sir;
Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it:

[6] Mops.] *Mopping* and *mowing*, and *mops* and *mows*, are used by Shakspeare for wild and extravagant behaviour.—Ed. 1778.
Rather for insulting, by making wry faces and grinning with the teeth and lips.

[7] ——*I grieve and* vex *too*
The insolent licentious carriage.] *Vex* here is a neutral herb, and is used so a little lower:

Mir. ——*now* vex, *ladies,*
Envy, and vex. *and rail.*—Sympson.

Keep your sword close; we'll cut his throat a new way.
I am ashamed the gentlewoman should suffer
Such base, lewd wrongs.

De Ga. I will be ruled; he shall live,
And left to your revenge.

Lug. Ay, ay, I'll fit him:
He makes a common scorn of handsome women;
Modesty and good manners are his may-games;
He takes up maidenheads with a new commission;
The church-warrant's out of date. Follow my counsel,
For I am zealous in the cause.

De Ga. I will, sir,
And will be still directed; for the truth is,
My sword will make my sister seem more monstrous:
Besides, there is no honour won on reprobates.

Lug. You are i' th' right. The slight he has shew'd my pupils
Sets me a-fire too. Go; I'll prepare your sister,
And, as I told you——

De Ga. Yes; all shall be fit, sir.

Lug. And seriously, and handsomely.

De Ga. I warrant you.

Lug. A little counsel more. [*Whispers.*

De Ga. 'Tis well.

Lug. Most stately!
See that observed; and then!

De Ga. I have you every way.

Lug. Away then, and be ready.

De Ga. With all speed, sir. [*Exit.*

Lug. We'll learn to travel too, may be, beyond him.

Enter LILLIA, ROSALURA, *and* ORIANA.

Good day, fair beauties!

Lil. You have beautified us.

We thank you, sir; you have set us off most gallantly
With your grave precepts.

Ros. We expected husbands
Out of your documents and taught behaviours,
Excellent husbands; thought men would run stark mad on us,
Men of all ages, and all states; we expected
An inundation of desires and offers,
A torrent of trim suitors; all we did,
Or said, or purposed, to be spells about us,
Spells to provoke.

Lil. You have provoked us finely!
We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,
We were stately, coy, demure, careless, light, giddy,
And play'd at all points: This, you swore, would carry.

Ros. We made love, and contemn'd love; now seem'd holy,
With such a reverend put-on reservation
Which could not miss, according to your principles;
Now gave more hope again; now close, now public,
Still up and down we beat it like a billow;
And ever those behaviours you read to us,
Subtle, and new: But all this will not help us!

Lil. They help to hinder us of all acquaintance,
They have frighted off all friends! What am I better
For all my learning, if I love a dunce,
A handsome dunce? to what use serves my reading?
You should have taught me what belongs to horses,
Dogs, dice, hawks, banquets, masques, free and fair meetings,
To have studied gowns and dressings.

Lug. Ye are not mad, sure!

Ros. We shall be, if we follow your encouragements:
I'll take mine own way now!

Lil. And I my fortune;
We may live maids else till the moon drop mill-
stones.
I see, your modest women are taken for monsters;
A dowry of good breeding is worth nothing.
Lug. Since ye take it so to th' heart, pray ye
give me leave yet,
And you shall see how I'll convert this heretic:
Mark how this Mirabell——
Lil. Name him no more;
For, though I long for a husband, I hate him,
And would be married sooner to a monkey,
Or to a Jack of Straw,[8] than such a juggler.
Ros. I am of that mind too; he is too nimble,
And plays at fast and loose too learnedly,
For a plain-meaning woman; that's the truth on't.
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry;
[*Pointing to* ORIANA.
And reason why. No, no, we will not trouble you,
Nor him at this time: May he make you happy!
We'll turn ourselves loose now, to our fair fortunes;
And the down-right way——
Lil. The winning way we'll follow;
We'll bait that men may bite fair, and not be frighted;
Yet we'll not be carried so cheap neither; we'll
have some sport,

[8] *A Jack of Straw.*] In Shakspeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, act v. scene iv. Falstaff says, "See now, how wit may be made a *Jack-a-lent*, when 'tis upon ill employment." Upon which Mr Steevens observes, that "a *Jack o' Lent* appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks," and, among other instances to prove it, produces this passage from our author.—*Reed.*

So in Brome's Antipodes:—

——"My grandfather,
Whose legs and hearing fail him very much;
Then to preserve his sight, a *Jack-a-Lent*
In a green sarsnet suit; he'll make my father
To send me one of scarlet."

Some mad-morris[9] or other for our money, tutor.
Lug. 'Tis like enough: Prosper your own devices!
Ye are old enough to chuse: But, for this gentlewoman,

[9] *Mad-morris*] By the labours of Mr Douce, the subject of morris-dancers has received complete illustration. The mad-morris seems to be the particular kind described in the following passage from Stubbes' the Puritan's Anatomie of Abuses, which I beg leave to quote from Mr Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 441 :—" First, all the wilde heads of the parish, flocking togither chuse them a graund captaine (of mischief) whom they innoble with the title of *my Lord of Misrule*, and him they crowne with great solemnitie and adopt for their king. This king annoynted chooseth foorth twentie, fourtie, three score, or a hundred lustie guttes like to himself to wait upon his lordly majesty, and to guarde his noble person. Then every one these his men he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other light wanton collour. And as though that were not (bawdy) gawdy enough, I should say, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold ringes, precious stones, and other jewels: this done, they tie about either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with rich handkerchiefes in their handes, and sometimes laide a-crosse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the most part of their pretie Mopsies and loving Bessies, for bussing them in the darke. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, their dragons, and other antiques, togither with their bawdie pipers and thundering drummers, to strike up the Devil's Daunce withall: then martch this heathen company towards the church and church-yarde, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundering, their stumpes dauncing, their belles jingling, their handkercheefes fluttering about their heades *like madde men*, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng: and in this sort they goe to the church (though the minister be at prayer or preaching) dauncing and swinging their handkerchiefes over their heades in the church like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his owne voyce. Then the foolish people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleare and mount upon formes and pewes, to see these goodly pageants solemnized in this sort. Then after this about the church they goe againe and againe, and so foorth into the church-yard, where they have commonly their sommer haules, their bowers, arbours, and banquetting-houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet and daunce all

So please her give me leave ——
Ori. I shall be glad, sir,
To find a friend whose pity may direct me.
Lug. I'll do my best, and faithfully deal for ye;
But then ye must be ruled.
Ori. In all, I vow to you.
Ros. Do, do: He has a lucky hand sometimes,
I'll assure you;
And hunts the recovery of a lost lover deadly.
Lug. You must away straight.
Ori. Yes.
Lug. And I'll instruct you:
Here you can know no more.
Ori. By your leave, sweet ladies;
And all our fortunes arrive at our own wishes!
Lil. Amen, amen!
Lug. I must borrow your man.
Lil. Pray take him;
He is within: To do her good, take any thing,
Take us and all.
Lug. No doubt, ye may find takers;
And so we'll leave ye to your own disposes.
[*Exeunt* LUGIER *and* ORIANA
Lil. Now, which way, wench?
Ros. We'll go a brave way, fear not;
A safe and sure way too; and yet a bye-way.
I must confess, I have a great mind to be married.

that day and (peradventure) all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend the sabbath day. Another sort of fantasticall fooles bring to these hel-hounds (the Lord of Misrule and his complices) some good bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some olde cheese, some custardes, some cracknels, some cakes, some flaunes, some tartes, some creame, some meat, some one thing, some another; but if they knewe that as often as they bringe anye to the maintenance of these execrable pastimes they offer sacrifice to the devill and Sathanas, they would repent and withdrawe their handes, which God graunt they may."

Lil. So have I too a grudging of good-will that way;
And would as fain be dispatch'd. But this monsieur Quicksilver——

Ros. No, no; we'll bar him, bye and main:[1] Let him trample;
There is no safety in his surquedry:[2]
An army-royal of women are too few for him;
He keeps a journal of his gentleness,
And will go near to print his fair dispatches,
And call it his triumph over time and women:
Let him pass out of memory! What think you
Of his two companions?

Lil. Pinac, methinks, is reasonable;
A little modesty he has brought home with him,
And might be taught, in time, some handsome duty.

Ros. They say, he is a wencher too.

Lil. I like him better;
A free light touch or two becomes a gentleman,
And sets him seemly off: So he exceed not,
But keep his compass clear, he may be look'd at.
I would not marry a man that must be taught,
And conjured up with kisses; the best game
Is play'd still by the best gamesters.

Ros. Fy upon thee!
What talk hast thou?

Lil. Are not we alone, and merry?
Why should we be ashamed to speak what we think?
Thy gentleman,
The tall fat fellow, he that came to see thee——

Ros. Is't not a goodly man?

Lil. A wond'rous goodly!

[1] *No, no, we'll bar him bye and main.*] These are phrases from cock-fighting.

[2] *Surquedry.*] Pride. See Monsieur Thomas, vol. VI. p. 513. The word occurs again in the fourth act.

He has weight enough, I warrant thee: Mercy upon me,
What a serpent wilt thou seem under such a St George!

Ros. Thou art a fool! Give me a man brings mettle,
Brings substance with him, needs no broths to lare him.[3]
These little fellows shew like fleas in boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us:
Give me the puissant pike; take you the small shot.

Lil. Of a great thing, I have not seen a duller
Therefore, methinks, sweet sister——

Ros. Peace, he's modest;
A bashfulness; which is a point of grace, wench:
But, when these fellows come to moulding, sister,
To heat, and handling—As I live, I like him;
And, methinks, I could form him.

Enter MIRABELL.

Lil. Peace! the fire-drake.

Mir. Bless ye, sweet beauties, sweet incomparable ladies,
Sweet wits, sweet humours! Bless you, learned lady!
And you, most holy nun! Bless your devotions!

Lil. And bless your brains, sir, your most pregnant brains, sir!
They are in travel; may they be deliver'd
Of a most hopeful Wild-Goose!

Ros. Bless your manhood!

[3] *To* lare *him.*] The precise allusion of this phrase I am not acquainted with. Cotgrave explains *tournoir,* "a turne, turning wheele, or turners wheele, called a lath or *lare.*" To *lair, Scottice,* signifies to plunge into mire. But neither of these meanings apply to the text, and I suspect we should read, to *lure* him.

They say you are a gentleman of action,
A fair accomplish'd man, and a rare engineer;
You have a trick to blow up maidenheads,
A subtle trick, they say abroad.

Mir. I have, lady.

Ros. And often glory in their ruins.

Mir. Yes, forsooth;
I have a speedy trick, please you to try it:
My engine will dispatch you instantly.

Ros. I would I were a woman, sir, fit for you,
As there be such, no doubt, may engine you too;
May, with a counter-mine, blow up your valour.
But, in good faith, sir, we are both too honest;
And, the plague is, we cannot be persuaded:
For, look you, if we thought it were a glory
To be the last of all your lovely ladies——

Mir. Come, come; leave prating: This has spoil'd your market!
This pride, and puft-up heart, will make ye fast, ladies,
Fast, when ye are hungry too.

Ros. The more our pain, sir.

Lil. The more our health, I hope too.

Mir. Your behaviours
Have made men stand amazed; those men that loved ye;
Men of fair states and parts. Your strange conversions[4]
Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore;
Your scorns of those that came to visit ye;
Your studied whim-whams, and your fine set faces:
What have these got ye? Proud and harsh opinions!

[4] · *strange* conventions
Into I know not what, &c.] Mr Theobald too here has affixed his query in the margin. I make no doubt but our authors have suffered only at the press, and that the original reading was,

——— *strange* conversions.—*Sympson.*

A travell'd monsieur was the strangest creature,
The wildest monster to be wonder'd at;
His person made a public scoff, his knowledge
(As if he had been bred 'mongst bears or bandogs)
Shunn'd and avoided; his conversation snuff'd at:[5]
What harvest brings all this?

Ros. I pray you proceed, sir.

Mir. Now ye shall see in what esteem a traveller,
An understanding gentleman, and a monsieur,
Is to be held; and to your griefs confess it,
Both to your griefs and galls!

Lil. In what, I pray ye, sir?
We would be glad to understand your excellence

Mir. Go on, sweet ladies; it becomes ye rarely!
For me, I have blest me from ye; scoff on seriously,
And note the man ye mock'd. You, lady Learning,
Note the poor traveller that came to visit ye,
That flat unfurnish'd fellow; note him throughly!
You may chance to see him anon.

Lil. 'Tis very likely.

Mir. And see him courted by a travell'd lady,
Held dear, and honour'd by a virtuous virgin;
May be a beauty not far short of yours neither;
It may be, clearer.

Lil. Not unlikely.

Mir. Younger:
As killing eyes as yours, a wit as poignant;
May be, a state too that may top your fortune:
Enquire how she thinks of him, how she holds him;
His good parts, in what precious price already;
Being a stranger to him, how she courts him;
A stranger to his nation too, how she dotes on him;
Enquire of this; be sick to know: Curse, lady,

[5] *His conversation snuffed at.*] That is, taken offence at. This colloquial vulgarism still continues.

And keep your chamber; cry, and curse! A sweet
one,
A thousand in yearly land, well bred, well friended,
Travell'd, and highly follow'd for her fashions!
Lil. Bless his good fortune, sir.
Mir. This scurvy fellow,
I think they call his name Pinac, this serving-man
That brought you venison, as I take it, madam,
Note but this scab! 'Tis strange, that this coarse
creature,
That has no more set-off but his jugglings,
His travell'd tricks——
Lil. Good sir, I grieve not at him,
Nor envy not his fortune: Yet I wonder!
He's handsome, yet I see no such perfection.
Mir. 'Would I had his fortune! for it is a woman
Of that sweet-temper'd nature, and that judgment,
Besides her state, that care, clear understanding,
And such a wife to bless him——
Ros. Pray you whence is she?
Mir. Of England, and a most accomplish'd lady;
So modest that men's eyes are frig ted at her,
And such a noble carriage—How now, sirrah?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the great English lady——
Mir. What of her, sir?
Boy. Has newly left her coach, and coming this
way,
Where you may see her plain: Monsieur Pinac
The only man that leads her.

Enter PINAC, MARIANA, *and Attendants.*

Mir. He is much honour'd;
'Would I had such a favour!—Now vex, ladies,

Envy, and vex, and rail!
Ros. You are short of us, sir.
Mir. Bless your fair fortune, sir!
Pinac. I nobly thank you.
Mir. Is she married, friend?
Pinac. No, no.
Mir. A goodly lady;
A sweet and delicate aspéct!—Mark, mark, and wonder!—
Hast thou any hope of her?
Pinac. A little.
Mir. Follow close then;
Lose not that hope.
Pinac. To you, sir. [MARIANA *courtesies to him.*
Mir. Gentle lady!
Ros. She is fair, indeed.
Lil. I have seen a fairer; yet
She is well.
Ros. Her clothes sit handsome too.
Lil. She dresses prettily.
Ros. And, by my faith, she's rich; she looks still sweeter.
A well-bred woman, I warrant her.
Lil. Do you hear, sir?
May I crave this gentlewoman's name?
Pinac. Mariana, lady.
Lil. I will not say, I owe you a quarrel, monsieur,
For making me your stale![6] A noble gentleman
Would have had more courtesy, at least more faith,
Than to turn off his mistress at first trial:
You know not what respect I might have shew'd you;
I find you have worth.

[6] *Your* stale!] That is, your stalking-horse. Mr Douce, with great plausibility, derives the term from the phrase *stale mate* at chess.

Pinac. I cannot stay to answer you;
You see my charge. I am beholding to you
For all your merry tricks you put upon me,
Your bobbs, and base accounts: I came to love
you,
To woo you, and to serve you; I am much in-
debted to you
For dancing me off my legs, and then for walking
me,
For telling me strange tales I never heard of,
More to abuse me; for mistaking me,
When you both knew I was a gentleman,
And one deserved as rich a match as you are!

Lil. Be not so bitter, sir.

Pinac. You see this lady:
She is young enough, and fair enough, to please me;
A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves
her;
I am content with this, and bless my fortune:
Your curious wits, and beauties——

Lil. 'Faith, see me once more.

Pinac. I dare not trouble you.

Lil. May I speak to your lady?

Pinac. I pray you content yourself: I know you
are bitter,
And, in your bitterness, you may abuse her;
Which, if she comes to know, (for she understands
you not)
It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred,
And such an indiscretion fling on you too
(For she is nobly friended)——

Lil. I could eat her! [*Aside.*

Pinac. Rest as ye are, a modest noble gentle-
woman,
And afford your honest neighbours some of your
prayers.

[*Exeunt* PINAC, MARIANA, *and Attendants.*

Mir. What think you now?
Lil. 'Faith, she's a pretty whiting;
She has got a pretty catch too!
Mir. You are angry,
Monstrous angry now, grievously angry;
And the pretty heart does swell now!
Lil. No, in troth, sir.
Mir. And it will cry anon, 'a pox upon it!'
And it will curse itself, and eat no meat, lady;
And it will sigh![7]
Lil. Indeed you are mistaken;
It will be very merry.
Ros. Why, sir, do you think
There are no more men living, nor no handsomer,
Than he, or you? By this light, there be ten thousand,
Ten thousand thousand! Comfort yourself, dear monsieur!
Faces, and bodies, wits, and all abiliments:[8]
There are so many we regard 'em not.
Mir. That such a noble lady—I could burst now!
So far above such trifles——

Enter BELLEUR *and two Gentlemen.*

Bel. You did laugh at me;
And I know why ye laugh'd!
2 *Gent.* I pray ye be satisfied

[7] *And it will* fight.] Mr Sympson for *fight* substitutes *sigh*, because the word *merry* occurs in Lillia's answer; and thus "the sentence, says he, is set sound by restoring of the *antithesis*." We have not adopted his variation, because the text is sense, and spirited.—Ed. 1778.

I am perfectly persuaded, with Mr Mason, that Sympson's amendment is right. Lillia's answer strongly proves the necessity of introducing it into the text.

[8] *Abiliments.*] Probably we should read, *habiliments*; unless *abiliments* formerly signified *capacity*, or *accomplishments*.—Ed 1778.

If we did laugh, we had some private reason,
And not at you.

2 Gent. Alas, we know you not, sir.

Bel. I'll make you know me! Set your faces soberly;
Stand this way, and look sad; I'll be no may-game!
Sadder, demurer yet!

Ros. What is the matter?
What ails this gentleman?

Bel. Go off now backward, that I may behold ye:
And not a simper, on your lives!

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Lil. He's mad, sure.

Bel. Do you observe me too?

Mir. I may look on you.

Bel. Why do you grin? I know your mind.

Mir. You do not.
You are strangely humorous: Is there no mirth, nor pleasure,
But you must be the object?

Bel. Mark, and observe me: Wherever I am named,
The very word shall raise a general sadness,
For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me,
This proud pert thing! Take heed you laugh not at me;
Provoke me not; take heed!

Ros. I would fain please you;
Do any thing to keep you quiet.

Bel. Hear me:
Till I receive a satisfaction
Equal to the disgrace and scorn you gave me,
You are a wretched woman; till thou woo'st me,
And I scorn thee as much, as seriously
Jeer and abuse thee; ask, what Gill thou art,
Or any baser name; I will proclaim thee,
I will so sing thy virtue, so be-paint thee——

Ros. Nay, good sir, be more modest.
Bel. Do you laugh again?—
Because you are a woman, you are lawless,
And out of compass of an honest anger.
Ros Good sir, have a better belief of me.
Lil. Away, dear sister.
[*Exeunt* ROSALURA *and* LILLIA.
Mir. Is not this better now, this seeming madness,
Than falling out with your friends?
Bel. Have I not frighted her?
Mir. Into her right wits, I warrant thee: Follow this humour,
And thou shalt see how prosperously 'twill guide thee.
Bel. I am glad I have found a way to woo yet; I was afraid once
I never should have made a civil suitor.
Well, I'll about it still.
Mir. Do, do, and prosper.— [*Exit* BELLEUR.
What sport do I make with these fools! what pleasure
Feeds me, and fats my sides at their poor innocence!
Wooing and wiving! hang it! give me mirth,
Witty and dainty mirth! I shall grow in love, sure,
With mine own happy head.

Enter LUGIER.[9]

Who's this?—To me, sir?—

[9] *Enter Leverduce, des Lugier, Mr Illiard.*] Such is the stage-direction in the folio of 1652. *Mr Illiard* refers to Hilliard Swanston, who acted the part. This proves that the play was printed from the prompter's book.—*Leverduce* is the name of the supposed merchant in the last act; but Lugier never appears under that name, though in the present scene *Lev.* is inadvertently prefixed to his speeches.

What youth is this?

Lug. Yes, sir, I would speak with you,
If your name be monsieur Mirabell.

Mir. You have hit it:
Your business, I beseech you?

Lug. This it is, sir;
There is a gentlewoman hath long time affected you,
And loved you dearly.

Mir. Turn over, and end that story;
'Tis long enough: I have no faith in women, sir.

Lug. It seems so, sir: I do not come to woo for her,
Or sing her praises, though she well deserve 'em;
I come to tell you, you have been cruel to her,
Unkind and cruel, false of faith, and careless;
Taking more pleasure in abusing her,
Wresting her honour to your wild disposes,
Than noble in requiting her affection:
Which, as you are a man, I must desire you
(A gentleman of rank) not to persist in,
No more to load her fair name with your injuries.

Mir. Why, I beseech you, sir?

Lug. Good sir, I'll tell you,
And I'll be short; I'll tell you, because I love you;
Because I would have you shun the shame may follow.
There is a nobleman, new come to town, sir,
A noble and a great man, that affects her,
(A countryman of mine, a brave Savoyan,
Nephew to th' duke) and so much honours her,
That 'twill be dangerous to pursue your old way,
To touch at any thing concerns her honour,
Believe, most dangerous: Her name is Oriana,
And this great man will marry her. Take heed, sir;
For howsoe'er her brother, a staid gentleman,
Lets things pass upon better hopes, this lord, sir,

Is of that fiery and that poignant metal,
(Especially provoked on by affection)
That 'twill be hard—But you are wise.
Mir. A lord, sir?
Lug. Yes, and a noble lord.
Mir. 'Send her good fortune!
This will not stir her lord?—A baroness?
Say you so? say you so? By'r lady, a brave title!
Top, and top-gallant now! Save her great ladyship!
I was a poor servant of hers, I must confess, sir,
And in those days I thought I might be jovy,[1]
And make a little bold to call in to her;
But, *basta!* now, I know my rules and distance:
Yet, if she want an usher, such an implement,
One that is throughly paced, a clean-made gentleman,
Can hold a hanging up with approbation,
Plant his hat formally, and wait with patience,
I do beseech you, sir——
Lug. Sir, leave your scoffing,
And, as you are a gentleman, deal fairly:
I have given you a friend's counsel; so I'll leave you
Mir. But, hark ye, hark ye, sir! Is't possible
I may believe what you say?
Lug. You may choose, sir.
Mir. No baits? no fish-hooks, sir? no gins? no nooses?
No pitfalls to catch puppies?
Lug. I tell you certain:
You may believe; if not, stand to the danger!
[*Exit.*
Mir. A lord of Savoy, says he? the duke's nephew?
A man so mighty? By'r lady, a fair marriage!

[1] *Jovy.*] Jovial, merry, from the French *joué* or *enjoué*.

By my faith, a handsome fortune! I must leave
prating;
For, to confess the truth, I have abused her,
For which I should be sorry, but that will seem
scurvy.
I must confess she was, ever since I knew her,
As modest as she was fair; I am sure she loved me;
Her means good, and her breeding excellent;
And for my sake she has refused fair matches:
I may play the fool finely.—Stay! who are these?

Enter DE GARD *disguised*, ORIANA, *and Attendants*.

'Tis she, I am sure; and that the lord, it should
seem:
He carries a fair port, is a handsome man too.
I do begin to feel I am a coxcomb.

Ori. Good my lord, chuse a nobler; for I know
I am so far below your rank and honour,
That what you can say this way, I must credit
But spoken to beget yourself sport. Alas, sir,
I am so far off from deserving you,
My beauty so unfit for your affection,
That I am grown the scorn of common railers,
Of such injurious things, that, when they cannot
Reach at my person, lie with my reputation.
I am poor, besides.

De Ga. You are all wealth and goodness;
And none but such as are the scum of men,
The ulcers of an honest state, spite-weavers,
That live on poison only, like swoln spiders,
Dare once profane such excellence, such sweetness.

Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.

De Ga. Name but the men, lady;
Let me but know these poor and base depravers,
Lay but to my revenge their persons open,
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully,

For your most beauteous sake, how direfully,
I'll handle their despites. Is this thing one?
Be what he will——

Mir. Sir!

De Ga. Dare your malicious tongue, sir——

Mir. I know you not, nor what you mean.

Ori. Good my lord!

De Ga. If he, or any he——

Ori. I beseech your honour!
This gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge;
And, no doubt, sir, a worthy man.

De Ga. Your mercy!
But, had he been a tainter of your honour,
A blaster of those beauties reign within you—
But we shall find a fitter time. Dear lady,
As soon as I have freed you from your guardian,
And done some honour'd offices unto you,
I'll take you, with those faults the world flings on you,
And dearer than the whole world I'll esteem you!
[*Exeunt.*

Mir. This is a thundering lord; I am glad I 'scaped him.
How lovingly the wench disclaim'd my villainy!
I am vex'd now heartily that he shall have her;
Not that I care to marry, or to lose her,
But that this bilbo-lord shall reap that maidenhead
That was my due; that he shall rig and top her!
I'd give a thousand crowns now, he might miss her.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep your counsel,
You have good luck, sir: I'll teach you to strike lighter.

Mir. Come hither, honest fellow: Canst thou tell me
Where this great lord lies? this Savoy lord? Thou met'st him;
He now went by thee, certain.
Serv. Yes, he did, sir;
I know him, and I know you are fool'd.
Mir. Come hither; [*Gives money.*
Here's all this, give me truth.
Serv. Not for your money,
(And yet that may do much) but I have been beaten,
And by the worshipful contrivers beaten, and I'll tell you.
This is no lord, no Savoy lord.
Mir. Go forward.
Serv. This is a trick, and put upon you grossly
By one Lugier: The lord is monsieur De Gard, sir,
An honest gentleman, and a neighbour here:
Their ends you understand better than I, sure.
Mir. Now I know him;
Know him now plain!
Serv. I have discharged my choler;[2] so God be wi' you, sir! [*Exit.*
Mir. What a purblind puppy was I! Now I remember him;
All the whole cast on's face, though it were umber'd,
And mask'd with patches. What a dunder-whelp,
To let him domineer thus! How he strutted,
And what a load of lord he clapt upon him!
'Would I had him here again! I would so bounce him,

[2] *I have discharged my colours.*] As it appears that the Servant betrays the plot out of resentment from having been beaten, Mr Sympson properly reads, *I have discharged my* CHOLER.—Ed. 1778.

I would so thank his lordship for his lewd plot——
Do they think to carry it away, with a great band made of bird-pots,[4]
And a pair of pin-buttock'd breeches?—Ha!

Enter De Gard, Oriana, *and Attendants.*

'Tis he again; he comes, he comes, he comes! have at him.— [*Sings.*
My Savoy lord, why dost thou frown on me?
And will that favour never sweeter be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever play the fool?
De Gard, be wise, and, Savoy, go to school!
My lord De Gard, I thank you for your antick;
My lady bright, that will be sometimes frantic;
You worthy train that wait upon this pair,
—'Send you more wit, and them a bouncing bair![5]
And so I take my humble leave of your honours!
[*Exit.*

De Ga. We are discover'd, there's no remedy.
Lillia-Bianca's man, upon my life,
In stubbornness, because Lugier corrected him——
A shameless slave![6] plague on him for a rascal!

Ori. I was in perfect hope. The bane on't is now,

[4] *A great* band *made of* bird-pots.] That is, a band of musical performers on bird-pots. See vol. V. p. 514.

[5] *And* they *a bouncing* baire.] It is clear that for *they* we should read *them;* but we know not what to make of the word *baire.*—Ed. 1778.

Mr Mason says that *baire* is a purposed corruption for the sake of the rhyme of the Scotch word *bairn,* which is not improbable; but a quibble seems to be intended upon *bouncing bear,* in allusion to the swaggering deportment of De Gard.

[6] *A shameless* slave's plague *on him for a rascal.*] What a *shameless slaves plague* means, is possibly as much unknown to

He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.

De Ga. We must be patient; I am vex'd to th' proof too.
I'll try once more; then if I fail, here's one speaks.
[*Puts his hand on his sword.*

Ori. Let me be lost, and scorn'd first!

De Ga. Well, we'll consider.
Away, and let me shift; I shall be hooted else.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street before the House of Pinac.

Enter LUGIER, LILLIA, *and Servant, with a willow garland.*

Lug. Faint not, but do as I direct ye; trust me.
Believe me too, for what I have told you, lady,
As true as you are Lillia, is authentic;
I know it, I have found it: 'Tis a poor courage
Flies off for one repulse. These travellers
Shall find, before we have done, a home-spun wit,
A plain French understanding, may cope with 'em.

the reader as myself. I dispute not but the poet gave the line thus,
A shameless slave! plague on him for a rascal.—Sympson.

They have had the better yet, thank your sweet squire here!
And let 'em brag. You would be revenged?
Lil. Yes, surely.
Lug. And married too?
Lil. I think so.
Lug. Then be counsell'd;
You know how to proceed. I have other irons
Heating as well as yours, and I will strike
Three blows with one stone home Be ruled, and happy;
And so I leave you. Now's the time. [*Exit.*
Lil. I am ready,
If he do come to do me.[7]
Serv. Will you stand here,
And let the people think you are God knows what, mistress?
Let boys and prentices presume upon you?
Lil. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.
Serv. Stand at his door that hates you?

[7] *—do come to* do *me.*] This unmeaning place I would reform thus,

If he do come to dor *me.*

The *dor* and to *dor* are common in our authors, and Ben Jonson's writings. Thus in the Lovers' Progress, act i. scene i. Malfort says to Leon,

——— *I would not*
Receive the dor.———*Sympson.*

Possibly *do* is an accidental interpolation of the printer or transcriber: The measure, as well as sense, is better without it; and Sympson's alteration is hard and unplausible. The *dor*, as a substantive, is common; but we remember no instance of its being used as a verb, *to dor*.—Ed. 1778.

Mason also thinks the passage corrupt, and wishes to adopt one of these amendments; but it is surely a very singular thing that neither he nor Sympson, nor the last editors, ever met with the word *do* in the wanton sense which it still bears in many parts of the country, and in which it is used more than once in these plays. See vol. IX, p. 362.

Lil. Pr'ythee leave prating.

Serv. Pray you go to th' tavern: I'll give you a pint of wine there.
If any of the mad-cap gentlemen should come by,
That take up women upon special warrant,
You were in a wise case now.

Lil. Give me the garland;
And wait you here.

Enter MIRABELL, PINAC, MARIANA, *Priest, and Attendants.*

Mir. She is here to seek thee, sirrah:
I told thee what would follow; she is mad for thee!
Shew, and advance.—So early stirring, lady?
It shews a busy mind, a fancy troubled.
A willow garland too? Is't possible?
'Tis pity so much beauty should lie musty;
But 'tis not to be help'd now.

Lil. The more's my misery.
Good fortune to you, lady, you deserve it;
To me, too-late repentance, I have sought it.
I do not envy, though I grieve a little,
You are mistress of that happiness, those joys,
That might have been, had I been wise—But fortune—

Pinac. She understands you not; pray you do not trouble her!
And do not cross me like a hare thus; 'tis as ominous.

Lil. I come not to upbraid your levity,
(Though you made show of love, and though I liked you)
To claim an interest, (we are yet both strangers;
But what we might have been, had you persév er'd, sir!)
To be an eye-sore to your loving lady:

This garland shews, I give myself forsaken,
(Yet, she must pardon me, 'tis most unwillingly!)
And all the power and interest I had in you
(As, I persuade myself, somewhat you loved me!)
Thus patiently I render up, I offer
To her that must enjoy you, and so bless you!
Only, I heartily desire this courtesy,
And would not be denied, to wait upon you
This day, to see you tied, then no more trouble you.

Pinac. It needs not, lady.

Lil. Good sir, grant me so much.

Pinac. 'Tis private, and we make no invitation.

Lil. My presence, sir, shall not proclaim it public.

Pinac. May be, 'tis not in town.

Lil. I have a coach, sir,
And a most ready will to do you service.

Mir. Strike, now or never! make it sure! I tell thee, [*Aside to* Pinac.
She will hang herself, if she have thee not.

Pinac. Pray you, sir,
Entertain my noble mistress: Only a word or two
With this importunate woman, and I'll relieve you.—
Now you see what your flings are, and your fancies,
Your states, and your wild stubbornness; now you find
What 'tis to gird and kick at men's fair services,
To raise your pride to such a pitch and glory,
That goodness shews like gnats, scorn'd under you,
'Tis ugly, naught; a self-will in a woman,
Chain'd to an over-weening thought, is pestilent,
Murders fair Fortune first, then fair Opinion:[8]
There stands a pattern, a true patient pattern,
Humble, and sweet.

Lil. I can but grieve my ignorance.

[8] *Opinion.*] Reputation. The word has occurred in the same sense several times in these plays.

Repentance, some say too, is the best sacrifice;
For sure, sir, if my chance had been so happy
(As I confess I was mine own destroyer)
As to have arrived at you, (I will not prophesy,
But certain, as I think) I should have pleased you;
Have made you as much wonder at my courtesy,
My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd you.
Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly;
And being free-born maids, we take a liberty,
And, to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.

Pinac. Now you talk reason.

Lil. But being yoak'd and govern'd,
Married, and those light vanities purged from us,
How fair we grow! how gentle, and how tender,
We twine about those loves that shoot up with us!
A sullen woman fear, that talks not to you;
She has a sad and darken'd soul, loves dully:
A merry and a free wench, give her liberty,
Believe her, in the lightest form she appears to you,
Believe her excellent, though she despise you;
Let but these fits and flashes pass, she'll shew to you
As jewels rubb'd from dust, or gold new burnish'd:
Such had I been, had you believed!

Pinac. Is't possible?

Lil. And to your happiness I dare assure you,
If true love be accounted so. Your pleasure,
Your will, and your command, had tied my motions:
But that hope's gone. I know you are young and giddy,
And, till you have a wife can govern with you,
You sail upon this world's sea,[9] light and empty;

[9] *You sail upon this* wold-sea.] The reader, I dare say, will be pleased to see this dark phrase so well cleared up. The text, with only the trifling addition of a letter, is from the copy of 1652, which represents the line thus,

You sail upon this world-*sea, light and empty.*—Sympson.

Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name neither
Of wife can steer you, but the noble nature,
The diligence, the care, the love, the patience;
She makes the pilot, and preserves the husband,
That knows and reckons every rib he is built on.
But this I tell you, to my shame.

Pinac. I admire you;
And now am sorry that I aim beyond you.—

Mir. So, so, so! fair and softly! She is thine own, boy; [*Apart to him.*
She comes now without lure.—

Pinac. But that it must needs
Be reckon'd to me as a wantonness,
Or worse, a madness, to forsake a blessing,
A blessing of that hope——

Lil. I dare not urge you:
And yet, dear sir——

Pinac. 'Tis most certain, I had rather,
If 'twere in my own choice—for you're my country-woman,
A neighbour, here born by me; she a stranger,
And who knows how her friends——

Lil. Do as you please, sir;
If you be fast, not all the world—I love you,
It is most true, and clear, I would persuade you;
And I shall love you still.

Pinac. Go, get before me:
So much you have won upon me—do it presently;
Here's a priest ready—I'll have you.

Lil. Not now, sir;
No, you shall pardon me!—Advance your lady;
I dare not hinder your most high preferment:
'Tis honour enough for me I have unmask'd you.

Pinac. How's that?

Lil. I have caught you, sir! Alas, I am no states-woman,

Nor no great traveller, yet I have found you:
I have found your lady too, your beauteous lady;
I have found her birth and breeding too, her discipline,
Who brought her over, and who kept your lady,
And, when he laid her by, what virtuous nunnery
Received her in; I have found all these! Are you blank now?
Methinks, such travell'd wisdoms should not fool thus;
Such excellent indiscretions——

Mir. How could she know this?

Lil. 'Tis true, she is English born, but most part French now,
And so I hope you will find her to your comfort.
Alas, I am ignorant of what she cost you!
The price of these hired clothes I do not know, gentlemen!
Those jewels are the broker's, how you stand bound for 'em!

Pinac. Will you make this good?

Lil. Yes, yes; and to her face, sir,
That she's an English whore! a kind of fling-dust,
One of your London light o 'loves,[1] a right one!
Came over in thin pumps, and half a petticoat,
One faith,[2] and one smock, with a broken haberdasher:
I know all this without a conjurer.
Her name is Jumping-Joan, an ancient sin-weaver:
She was first a lady's chambermaid, there slipp'd,
And broke her leg above the knee; departed,

[1] *One of your London* light o' loves.] See vol. VII. p. 19.

[2] *One* faith, *and one smock with a broken haberdasher*.] The word *faith* seems a corruption here.—Ed. 1778.

The text seems to imply, "possessing just as much faith and as large a stock of linen as a bankrupt haberdasher," whose credit is destroyed and his goods seized by the law.

And set up shop herself; stood the fierce conflicts
Of many a furious term; there lost her colours,
And last shipp'd over hither.
Mir. We are betray'd!
Lil. Do you come to fright me with this mystery?
To stir me with a stink none can endure, sir?
I pray you proceed; the wedding will become you!
Who gives the lady? you? An excellent father!
A careful man, and one that knows a beauty!
Send you fair shipping, sir! and so I'll leave you.
Be wise and manly, then I may chance to love you!
[*Exit.*
Mir. As I live, I am ashamed this wench has reach'd me,
Monstrous ashamed! but there's no remedy.
This skew'd-eyed carrion——
Pinac. This I suspected ever.
Come, come, uncase; we have no more use of you;
Your clothes must back again.
Mariana. Sir, you shall pardon me;
'Tis not our English use to be degraded.
If you will visit me, and take your venture,
You shall have pleasure for your properties:[3]
And so, sweetheart—— [*Exit.*
Mir. Let her go, and the devil go with her!
We have never better luck with these preludiums.
Come, be not daunted; think she's but a woman,
And let her have the devil's wit, we'll reach her!
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Properties.*] A play-house term, denoting the incidental necessaries of a theatre.

SCENE II.

A Grove near Nantolet's *House.*

Enter ROSALURA *and* LUGIER.

Ros. You have now redeem'd my good opinion, tutor,
And you stand fair again.
Lug. I can but labour,
And sweat in your affairs. I am sure Belleur
Will be here instantly, and use his anger,
His wonted harshness.
Ros. I hope he will not beat me.
Lug. No, sure, he has more manners. Be you ready!
Ros. Yes, yes, I am; and am resolved to fit him,
With patience to out-do all he can offer.
But how does Oriana?
Lug. Worse, and worse still;
There is a sad house for her; she is now,
Poor lady, utterly distracted.
Ros. Pity!
Infinite pity! 'Tis a handsome lady.
That Mirabell's a beast, worse than a monster,
If this affliction work not.

Enter LILLIA-BIANCA.

Lil. Are you ready?
Belleur is coming on, here, hard behind me:

I have no leisure to relate my fortune;
Only I wish you may come off as handsomely.
Upon the sign you know what. [*Exit.*
Ros. Well, well; leave me!

Enter Belleur.

Bel. How now?
Ros. You are welcome, sir.
Bel. 'Tis well ye have manners!
That court'sy again, and hold your countenance staidly!
That look's too light; take heed! so, sit ye down now;
And, to confirm me that your gall is gone,
Your bitterness dispersed, (for so I'll have it)
Look on me stedfastly, and, whatsoe'er I say to you,
Move not, nor alter in your face; you are gone then!
For if you do express the least distaste,
Or shew an angry wrinkle, (mark me, woman!
We are now alone) I will so conjure thee,
The third part of my execution
Cannot be spoke.
Ros. I am at your dispose, sir.
Bel. Now rise, and woo me a little; let me hear that faculty:
But touch me not; nor do not lie, I charge you!
Begin now.
Ros. If so mean and poor a beauty
May ever hope the grace——
Bel. You cog, you flatter!
Like a lewd thing, you lie! 'May hope that grace?'
Why, what grace canst thou hope for? Answer not;
For if thou dost, and liest again, I'll swinge thee!
Do not I know thee for a pestilent woman?

A proud at both ends? Be not angry,
Nor stir not o' your life!

Ros. I am counsell'd, sir.

Bel. Art thou not now (confess, for I'll have the truth out)
As much unworthy of a man of merit,
Or any of ye all, nay, of mere man,
Though he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him,
Nay, of any dishonest thing that bears that figure,
As devils are of mercy?

Ros. We are unworthy.

Bel. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to save thee.
And is it not our bounty that we take ye?
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortured with ye,
Our mere and special bounty?

Ros. Yes.

Bel. Our pity,
That for your wickedness we swinge ye soundly;
Your stubbornness, and your stout hearts, we belabour ye?
Answer to that!

Ros. I do confess your pity.

Bel. And dost not thou deserve in thine own person,
Thou impudent, thou pert—Do not change countenance!

Ros. I dare not, sir.

Bel. For if you do——

Ros. I am settled.

Bel. Thou wagtail, peacock, puppy, look on me;
I am a gentleman.

Ros. It seems no less, sir.

Bel. And darest thou in thy surquedry——

Ros. I beseech you!
It was my weakness, sir, I did not view you,

I took not notice of your noble parts,
Nor culled your person,[4] nor your proper fashion.
Bel. This is some amends yet.
Ros. I shall mend, sir, daily,
And study to deserve.
Bel. Come a little nearer!
Canst thou repent thy villainy?
Ros. Most seriously.
Bel. And be ashamed?
Ros. I am ashamed.
Bel. Cry!
Ros. It will be hard to do, sir.
Bel. Cry now instantly;
Cry monstrously, that all the town may hear thee;
Cry seriously, as if thou hadst lost thy monkey;
And, as I like thy tears——
Ros. Now!

Enter LILLIA, *and four Women laughing.*

Bel. How! how! do you jeer me?
Have you broke your bounds again, dame?
Ros. Yes, and laugh at you,
And laugh most heartily.
Bel. What are these? whirlwinds?
Is hell broke loose, and all the furies flutter'd?
Am I greased once again?
Ros. Yes, indeed are you;
And once again you shall be, if you quarrel!
Do you come to vent your fury on a virgin?

[4] *Nor called your person, nor your proper fashion.*] *Proper*, as Mason observes, here means handsome. *Called* is evidently corrupt. Sympson proposes *skilled*, which sounds very awkward; the last editors propose *marked*, which is a very weak expression, and far from the trace of letters in the corrupted word. Mason proposes *conned* or *scanned*. The word in the text is however nearer the trace of the letters in the corrupted word, and means, "picked out and contemplated each part of your person."

Is this your manhood, sir?
1 *Wom.* Let him do his best;
Let's see the utmost of his indignation;
I long to see him angry. Come; proceed, sir.
Hang him, he dares not stir; a man of timber!
2 *Wom.* Come hither to fright maids with thy bull-faces?
To threaten gentlewomen! Thou a man? a may-pole!
A great dry pudding!
3 *Wom.* Come, come, do your worst, sir;
Be angry if thou darest.
Bel. The lord deliver me!
4 *Wom.* Do but look scurvily upon this lady,
Or give us one foul word—We are all mistaken;
This is some mighty dairy-maid in man's clothes.
Lil. I am of that mind too.
Bel. What will they do to me?
Lil. And hired to come and abuse us: A man has manners;
A gentleman, civility and breeding.
Some tinker's trull, with a beard glew'd on.
1 *Wom.* Let's search him,
And as we find him——
Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Christian women!
Lil. Hear the thing speak, neighbours.
Bel. 'Tis but a small request: If e'er I trouble ye,
If e'er I talk again of beating women,
Or beating any thing that can but turn to me;
Of ever thinking of a handsome lady
But virtuously and well, of ever speaking
But to her honour—This I'll promise ye,
I will take rhubarb, and purge choler mainly,
Abundantly I'll purge.
Lil. I'll send you broths, sir.
Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently;

I will do any thing!
Ros. I'll be your bail then.
When you come next to woo, pray you come not boisterously,
And furnish'd like a bear-ward.
Bel. No, in truth, forsooth.
Ros. I scented you long since.
Bel. I was to blame, sure;
I will appear a gentleman.
Ros. 'Tis the best for you,
For a true noble gentleman's a brave thing.
Upon that hope, we quit you. You fear seriously?
Bel. Yes, truly do I; I confess I fear you,
And honour you, and any thing!
Ros. Farewell then!
Wom. And when you come to woo next, bring more mercy!
[*Exeunt* Rosalura *and Women.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. A dairy-maid! a tinker's trull! Heaven bless me!
Sure, if I had provoked 'em, they had quarter'd me.
I am a most ridiculous ass, now I perceive it;
A coward, and a knave too.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the mad gentleman;
Let's set our faces right.
Bel. No, no; laugh at me,
And laugh aloud.
2 *Gent.* We are better manner'd, sir.
Bel. I do deserve it; call me patch,[5] and puppy,

[5] *Patch.*] A general term for a fool, and sometimes for any mean fellow. Mr Douce has fully disproved the notion that the word originated in the name of Cardinal Wolsey's fool (Illustr. vol. i. p. 257.)

And beat me, if you please.
 1 *Gent.* No, indeed; we know you.
 Bel. 'Death, do as I would have ye!
 2 *Gent.* You are an ass then,
A coxcomb, and a calf!
 Bel. I am a great calf.
Kick me a little now: Why, when? Sufficient.
[*They kick him.*
Now laugh aloud, and scorn me; so God b' wi' ye!
And ever when ye meet me, laugh.
 1 *Gent.* We will, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in La Castre's *House.*

Enter NANTOLET, LA CASTRE, DE GARD, LUGIER, *and* MIRABELL.

 Mir. Your patience, gentlemen! Why do ye bait me?
 Nant. Is't not a shame you are so stubborn-hearted,
So stony and so dull, to such a lady,
Of her perfections and her misery?
 Lug. Does she not love you? Does not her distraction
For your sake only, her most pitied lunacy
Of all but you, shew ye? Does it not compel ye?
 Mir. Soft and fair, gentlemen; pray ye proceed temperately.
 Lug. If you have any feeling, any sense in you,
The least touch of a noble heart——
 La Ca. Let him alone:

It is his glory that he can kill beauty.
You bear my stamp, but not my tenderness;
Your wild unsavoury courses set that in you!
For shame, be sorry, though you cannot cure her;
Shew something of a man, of a fair nature.

Mir. You make me mad!

De Ga. Let me pronounce this to you;
You take a strange felicity in slighting
And wronging women, which my poor sister feels
now;
Heaven's hand be gentle on her! Mark me, sir,
That very hour she dies, (there's small hope other-
wise)
That minute, you and I must grapple for it;
Either your life or mine!

Mir. Be not so hot, sir;
I am not to be wrought on by these policies.
In truth, I am not! nor do I fear the tricks,
Or the high-sounding threats, of a Savoyan.
I glory not in cruelty, (ye wrong me)
Nor grow up water'd with the tears of women.
This let me tell ye, howsoe'er I shew to ye,
Wild, as ye please to call it, or self-will'd,
When I see cause I can both do and suffer,
Freely, and feelingly, as a true gentleman.

Enter Rosalura *and* Lillia.

Ros. Oh, pity, pity! thousand, thousand pities!

Lil. Alas, poor soul! she will die! she is grown
senseless;
She will not know, nor speak now.

Ros. Die for love?
And love of such a youth? I would die for a dog
first!
He that kills me, I'll give him leave to eat me!
I'll know men better, ere I sigh for any of 'em.

Lil. Ye have done a worthy act, sir, a most famous;
You have kill'd a maid the wrong way; ye're a conqueror!

Ros. A conqueror? a cobler! Hang him, sowter!
Go hide thyself, for shame! go lose thy memory!
Live not 'mongst men; thou art a beast, a monster,
A blatant beast![6]

Lil. If you have yet any honesty,
Or ever heard of any, take my counsel;
Off with your garters, and seek out a bough,
A handsome bough; for I would have you hang like a gentleman;
And write some doleful matter to the world,
A warning to hard-hearted men.

Mir. Out, kittlings!
What catterwauling's here! what gibing!
Do you think my heart is soften'd with a black santis?[7]
Shew me some reason.

ORIANA *is brought in, lying on a bed.*

Ros. Here then, here is a reason.

Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this sight shake ye!

La Ca. Alas, poor gentlewoman! Do you know me, lady?

Lug. How she looks up, and stares!

[6] *A blatant beast.*] Probably an allusion to the animal so termed in Spenser's Fairy Queen.

[7] *Black Santis.*] A mock hymn to Saint Satan. See a note on the Mad Lover, vol. VI. p. 221. It is again alluded to in Davenport's New Trick to cheat the Devil:—

> "All tongues are clamour to her, saving yours,
> Harsh as a *black sant* or a grating wheel."

Ori. I know you very well;
You are my godfather; and that's the monsieur.
De Ga. And who am I?
Ori. You are Amadis de Gaul, sir.
Oh, oh, my heart! Were ye never in love, sweet lady?
And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?
I dream of walking fires: Take heed! It comes now.
Who's that? Pray stand away. I have seen that face sure.
How light my head is!
Ros. Take some rest.
Ori. I cannot;
For I must be up to-morrow to go to church,
And I must dress me, put my new gown on,
And be as fine to meet my love! Heigh-ho!
Will not you tell me where my love lies buried?
Mir. He is not dead.—Beshrew my heart, she stirs me! [*Aside.*
Ori. He is dead to me.
Mir. Is't possible my nature
Should be so damnable, to let her suffer?—
Give me your hand.
Ori. How soft you feel, how gentle!
I'll tell you your fortune, friend.
Mir. How she stares on me!
Ori. You have a flattering face, but 'tis a fine one;
I warrant you may have a hundred sweethearts.
Will ye pray for me? I shall die to-morrow;
And will ye ring the bells?
Mir. I am most unworthy,
I do confess, unhappy. Do you know me?
Ori. I would I did!
Mir. Oh, fair tears, how ye take me!
Ori. Do ye weep too? You have not lost your lover?

You mock me; I'll go home and pray.
Mir. Pray you pardon me;
Or, if it please you to consider justly,
Scorn me, for I deserve it; scorn and shame me,
Sweet Oriana!
Lil. Let her alone; she trembles:
Her fits will grow more strong, if ye provoke her.
La Ca. Certain she knows you not, yet loves to see you.
How she smiles now!

Enter BELLEUR.

Bel. Where are ye? Oh, why do not you laugh? Come, laugh at me!
Why 'a devil art thou sad, and such a subject,
Such a ridiculous subject, as I am,
Before thy face?
Mir. Pr'ythee put off this lightness;
This is no time for mirth, nor place; I have used too much on't:
I have undone myself, and a sweet lady,
By being too indulgent to my foolery,
Which truly I repent. Look here!
Bel. What ails she?
Mir. Alas, she is mad.
Bel. Mad?
Mir. Yes, too sure; for me too.
Bel. Dost thou wonder at that? By this good light, they are all so;
They are cozening mad, they are brawling mad, they are proud mad;
They are all, all mad. I came from a world of mad women,
Mad as March hares: Get 'em in chains, then deal with 'em.

There's one that's mad; she seems well, but she is
dog-mad.
Is she dead, dost think?

Mir. Dead? Heaven forbid!

Bel. Heaven further it!
For, till they be key-cold dead, there's no trusting
of 'em.
Whate'er they seem, or howsoe'er they carry it,
Till they be chap-fall'n, and their tongues at peace,
Nail'd in their coffins sure, I'll ne'er believe 'em.
Shall I talk with her?

Mir. No, dear friend, be quiet,
And be at peace a while.

Bel. I'll walk aside,
And come again anon. But take heed to her:
You say she is a woman?

Mir. Yes.

Bel. Take great heed;
For if she do not cozen thee, then hang me.
Let her be mad, or what she will, she'll cheat thee!
[*Exit.*

Mir. Away, wild fool!—How vile this shews in
him now!
Now take my faith, (before ye all I speak it)
And with it my repentant love.

La Ca. This seems well.

Mir. Were but this lady clear again, whose sor-
rows
My very heart melts for, were she but perfect,
(For thus to marry her would be two miseries)
Before the richest and the noblest beauty,
France, or the world could shew me, I would take
her:
As she now is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

De Ga. This makes some small amends.

Ros. She beckons to you:

To us too, to go off.
Nant. Let's draw aside all.
[*Exeunt all but* ORIANA *and* MIRABELL.
Ori. Oh, my best friend! I would fain——
Mir. What! She speaks well,
And with another voice.
Ori. But I am fearful,
And shame a little stops my tongue——
Mir. Speak boldly.
Ori. Tell you, I am well, I am perfect well; (pray you mock not)
And that I did this to provoke your nature;
Out of my infinite and restless love,
To win your pity. Pardon me!
Mir. Go forward:
Who set you on?
Ori. None, as I live, no creature;
Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant.
Will you be mine?
Mir. 'Tis true, I pity you;
But when I marry you, you must be wiser.
Nothing but tricks? devices?
Ori. Will you shame me?
Mir. Yes, marry, will I.—Come near, come near! a miracle!
The woman's well; she was only mad for marriage,
Stark mad to be stoned to death; give her good counsel.—
Will this world never mend?—Are you caught, damsel?

Enter BELLEUR, LA CASTRE, LUGIER, NANTOLET, DE GARD, ROSALURA, *and* LILLIA.

Bel. How goes it now?
Mir. Thou art a kind of prophet;
The woman's well again, and would have gull'd me;

Well, excellent well, and not a taint upon her.
Bel. Did not I tell you? Let 'em be what can be,
Saints, devils, any thing, they will abuse us.
Thou wert an ass to believe her so long, a coxcomb;
Give 'em a minute, they'll abuse whole millions.
Mir. And am not I a rare physician, gentlemen,
That can cure desperate mad minds?
De Ga. Be not insolent.
Mir. Well, go thy ways: From this hour I disclaim thee,
Unless thou hast a trick above this; then I'll love thee.
You owe me for your cure.—Pray have a care of her,
For fear she fall into a relapse.—Come, Belleur;
We'll set up bills to cure diseased virgins.
Bel. Shall we be merry?
Mir. Yes.
Bel. But I'll no more projects:
If we could make 'em mad, it were some mastery!
[*Exeunt.*
Lil. I am glad she is well again.
Ros. So am I, certain.—
Be not ashamed.
Ori. I shall never see a man more.
De Ga. Come, you're a fool! had you but told me this trick,
He should not have gloried thus.
Lug. He shall not long, neither.
La Ca. Be ruled, and be at peace: You have my consent,
And what power I can work with.
Nant. Come, leave blushing;
We are your friends: An honest way compell'd you.
Heaven will not see so true a love unrecompenced.
Come in, and slight him too.
Lug. The next shall hit him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter DE GARD *and* LUGIER.

De Ga. 'Twill be discover'd.
Lug. That's the worst can happen:
If there be any way to reach, and work upon him,
Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him—That he loves,
Though he dissemble it and would shew contrary,
And will at length relent, I'll lay my fortune;
Nay, more, my life.
De Ga. Is she won?
Lug. Yes, and ready,
And my designments set.
De Ga. They are now for travel;
All for that game again; they have forgot wooing.
Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.
De Ga. Where's his father?
Lug. Within; he knows my mind too, and allows it,
Pities your sister's fortune most sincerely;
And has appointed, for our more assistance,
Some of his secret friends.
De Ga. 'Speed the plough!
Lug. Well said:
And be you serious too.
De Ga. I shall be diligent.

Lug. Let's break the ice for one, the rest will drink too
(Believe me, sir) of the same cup: My young gentlewomen
Wait but who sets the game a-foot; though they seem stubborn,
Reserved, and proud now, yet I know their hearts,
Their pulses how they beat, and for what cause, sir,
And how they long to venture their abilities
In a true quarrel. Husbands they must and will have,
Or nunneries, and thin collations
To cool their bloods. Let's all about our business;
And, if this fail, let Nature work!

De Ga. You have armed me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before La Castre's *House.*

Enter MIRABELL, NANTOLET, *and* LA CASTRE.

La Ca. Will you be wilful then?

Mir. Pray, sir, your pardon;
For I must travel. Lie lazy here,
Bound to a wife? chain'd to her subtleties,
Her humours, and her wills, which are mere fetters?
To have her to-day pleased, to-morrow peevish,
The third day mad, the fourth rebellious?
You see, before they are married, what moriscoes,[9]

[9] *Moriscoes.*] A Moorish dance, from which the English morris is supposed to be derived.

What masques and mummeries they put upon us:
To be tied here, and suffer their lavoltas?[1]

Nant. 'Tis your own seeking.

Mir. Yes, to get my freedom.
Were they as I could wish 'em——

La Ca. Fools and meacocks,[2]
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em!
Come, change your mind.

Mir. Not before I have changed air, father.
When I know women worthy of my company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
Till then, dear sir, I'll amble all the world over,[3]
And run all hazards, misery, and poverty,
So I escape the dangerous bay of matrimony!

Enter BELLEUR *and* PINAC.

Pinac. Are you resolved?

Mir. Yes, certain; I will out again.

Pinac. We are for you, sir; we are your servants once more:
Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange countries:
Ours is too scornful for us.

Bel. Is there ne'er a land
That you have read, or heard of, (for I care not how far it be,

[1] *Lavoltas.*] The *lavolta* was a favourite dance with our ancestors, of a very sprightly turn, and somewhat resembling, though not identical with, the German *waltz.*

[2] *Meacocks.*] Dastardly, foolish creatures; a common word of derision in old plays. So in Dekker's Honest Whore:—"A woman's well holp'd up with such a *meacock.*"

[3] *I'll amble all the world over.*] We have ventured to insert *ramble*, which is a much better word here than *amble*, and probably the right.—Ed. 1778.
The old word is perfectly right, and fully as good as the amendment. It does not even stand in need of an explanation.

Nor under what pestiferous star it lies)
A happy kingdom, where there are no women?
Nor have been ever? nor no mention
Of any such lewd things, with lewder qualities?
For thither would I travel; where 'tis felony
To confess he had a mother; a mistress, treason.

La Ca. Are you for travel too?

Bel. For any thing,
For living in the moon, and stopping hedges,[4]
Ere I stay here to be abused, and baffled.

Nant. Why did you not break your minds to me? they are my daughters;
And sure I think I should have that command over 'em,
To see 'em well bestow'd. I know ye are gentlemen,
Men of fair parts and states; I know your parents;
And had ye told me of your fair affections——
Make but one trial more, and let me second ye.

Bel. No; I'll make hob-nails first, and mend old kettles!
Can you lend me an armour of high proof, to appear in,
And two or three field-pieces to defend me?
The king's guard are mere pigmies.

Nant. They'll not eat you.

Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter monsieurs,
If their high stomachs hold: They came with chopping-knives,

[4] *For living in the moon, and stopping hedges.*] An allusion to the vulgar tale of the man in the moon, who is represented with a bundle of sticks, which Belleur ludicrously supposes to be for the purpose of mending hedges.

To cut me into rands and sirloins,[5] and so powder
me.—
Come, shall we go?
Nant. You cannot be so discourteous,
If ye intend to go, as not to visit 'em,
And take your leaves.
Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,
And thank 'em too.
Pinac. Yes, sir, we know that honesty.[6]
Bel. I'll come i' th' rear, forty foot off, I'll assure
you,
With a good gun in my hand; I'll no more Amazons,
I mean no more of their frights: I'll make my three
legs,
Kiss my hand twice, and if I smell no danger,
If the interview be clear, may be I'll speak to her;
I'll wear a privy coat too, and behind me,
To make those parts secure, a bandog.[7]

[5] *To cut me into* rands *and sirloins.*] As we can annex no meaning to the word *rands* in this passage, we have inserted *rounds*. A *round* of beef is almost as common a phrase as a *sirloin*.—Ed. 1778.

So it is at this day, no doubt; but *rand* was as common with our ancestors. Sherwood explains, a *rande* of beef, *une giste de bœuf*.

[6] *Honesty.*] *i. e.* Good-breeding, good-manners.—*Sympson.*

[7] *Bandog.*] This word has often occurred before. It is frequently to be met with in our old writers as a term of reproach; as in Massinger's Virgin Martyr, act ii. scene ii.—

"Sirrah! *bandog!*"

It appears to have been the name of a dog of the fierce kind; thus in the same play, act iv. scene ii:—

"What *bandogs* but you two would worry a woman?"

And again, act v. scene i.—

"*Bandogs* (kept three days hungry) worried
A thousand British rascals," *&c.*—Reed.

It seems in this place to signify some part of dress which had

La Ca. You are a merry gentleman.
Bel. A wary gentleman, I do assure you;
I have been warn'd, and must be arm'd.
La Ca. Well, son,
These are your hasty thoughts; when I see you are bent to it,
Then I'll believe, and join with you; so we'll leave ye.
There is a trick will make ye stay. [*Exit.*
Nant. I hope so. [*Exit.*
Mir. We have won immortal fame now, if we leave 'em.
Pinac. You have, but we have lost.
Mir. Pinac, thou art cozen'd;
I know they love you; and to gain you handsomely,
Not to be thought to yield, they would give millions:
Their father's willingness, that must needs shew you.
Pinac. If I thought so——
Mir. You shall be hang'd, you recreant!
Would you turn renegado now?
Bel. No; let's away, boys,
Out of the air and tumult of their villainies.
Though I were married to that grashopper,
And had her fast by th' legs, I should think she would cozen me.

derived its name from the dog; though it may mean literally a *bandog*.—Ed. 1778.

And why not? Belleur says, he will guard his fore-parts with a privy coat of armour under his doublet, and his back with a bandog. These dogs were certainly, as Mr Reed supposes, very fierce, and were chiefly kept for baiting bears. Of course they were kept at the celebrated Paris-garden, then appropriated to that sport. So in the Witch of Edmonton, (Ford's Works, ii. 488.) Cuddy Banks says to the devil disguised in the shape of a black dog,—" If thou canst rub thy shoulder against a lawyer's gown as thou passest by Westminster-hall, do; if not, to the *stairs amongst the bandogs* take water, and the devil go with thee."

Enter a young Man disguised as a Factor.

Fac. Monsieur Mirabell, I take it?
Mir. You are i' th' right, sir.
Fac. I am come to seek you, sir; I have been at your father's,
And understanding you were here——
Mir. You are welcome.
May I crave your name?
Fac. Fosse, sir, and your servant.
That you may know me better, I am factor
To your old merchant, Leverdure.
Mir. How does he?
Fac. Well, sir, I hope; he is now at Orleans,
About some business.
Mir. You are once more welcome.
Your master's a right honest man, and one
I am much beholding to, and must very shortly
Trouble his love again.
Fac. You may be bold, sir.
Mir. Your business, if you please now?
Fac. This it is, sir.
I know you well remember, in your travel,
A Genoa merchant——
Mir. I remember many.
Fac. But this man, sir, particularly; your own benefit
Must needs imprint him in you; one Alberto,
A gentleman you saved from being murder'd
A little from Bologna:
I was then myself in Italy, and supplied you;
Though happily you have forgot me now.
Mir. No, I remember you,
And that Alberto too; a noble gentleman.
More to remember were to thank myself, sir.
What of that gentleman?

Fac. He's dead.
Mir. I am sorry.
Fac. But on his death-bed, leaving to his sister
All that he had, beside some certain jewels,
(Which, with a ceremony, he bequeathed to you,
In grateful memory) he commanded strictly
His sister, as she loved him and his peace,
To see those jewels safe and true deliver'd,
And, with them, his last love. She, as tender to
Observe this will, not trusting friend nor servant
With such a weight, is come herself to Paris,
And at my master's house.
Mir. You tell me a wonder.
Fac. I tell you a truth, sir. She is young and handsome,
And well attended; of much state and riches;
So loving and obedient to her brother,
That, on my conscience, if he had given her also,
She would most willingly have made her tender.
Mir. May not I see her?
Fac. She desires it heartily.
Mir. And presently?
Fac. She is now about some business,
Passing accounts of some few debts here owing,
And buying jewels of a merchant.
Mir. Is she wealthy?
Fac. I would you had her, sir, at all adventure:
Her brother had a main state.
Mir. And fair too?
Fac. The prime of all those parts of Italy,
For beauty and for courtesy.
Mir. I must needs see her.
Fac. 'Tis all her business, sir. You may now see her;
But to-morrow will be fitter for your visitation,
For she's not yet prepared.
Mir. Only her sight, sir:

And, when you shall think fit, for further visit.
Fac. Sir, you may see her, and I'll wait your coming.
Mir. And I'll be with ye instantly. I know the house;
Meantime, my love, and thanks, sir!
Fac. Your poor servant. [*Exit.*
Pinac. Thou hast the strangest luck! What was that Alberto?
Mir. An honest noble merchant, 'twas my chance
To rescue from some rogues had almost slain him;
And he in kindness to remember this!
Bel. Now we shall have you
(For all your protestations, and your forwardness)
Find out strange fortunes in this lady's eyes,
And new enticements to put off your journey;
And who shall have honour then?
Mir. No, no, never fear it:
I must needs see her, to receive my legacy.
Bel. If it be tied up in her smock, Heaven help thee!
May not we see too?
Mir. Yes, afore we go:
I must be known myself ere I be able
To make thee welcome. Wouldst thou see more women?
I thought you had been out of love with all.
Bel. I may be,
(I find that) with the least encouragement;
Yet I desire to see whether all countries
Are naturally possess'd with the same spirits,
For if they be, I'll take a monastery,
And never travel; for I had rather be a friar,
And live mewed up, than be a fool, and flouted.
Mir. Well, well, I'll meet you anon, then tell you more, boys;

However, stand prepared, prest for our journey;[8]
For certain, we shall go, I think, when I have seen
her,
And viewed her well.
Pinac. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;
Your fortune directs ours.
Bel. You shall find us i' th' tavern,
Lamenting in sack and sugar[9] for our losses.
If she be right Italian, and want servants,
You may prefer the properest man: How I could
Worry a woman now!
Pinac. Come, come, leave prating:
You may have enough to do, without this boasting.
[*Exeunt.*

[8] *Prest.*] Prepared, ready. So in the Four P's, by John Heywood, (Dodsley's Collection, vol. i. p. 95:—)

"Who may not play one day in a week
May think his thrift far to seek.
Devise what pastime that ye think best,
And make ye sure to find me *prest.*"—Reed.

[9] Sack and sugar.] "*Sugar and sack* was a favourite liquor in Shakspeare's time: In a letter describing Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo, the writer says, (p. 86,) "Sipt I no more *sak* and *suger* than I do Malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz as I doo." And in another place, describing a minstrel, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended by the company, he adds, "at last, by some entreaty, and many fair woords, with *sak and suger*, we sweeten him again. P. 52."—Dr Percy's note on the First Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene iv.—*Reed.*
See vol. VI. p. 475.

SCENE III.

A Room in La Castre's *House.*

Enter LUGIER, DE GARD, ROSALURA, *and* LILLIA-BIANCA.

Lug. This is the last adventure.
De Ga. And the happiest,
As we hope, too.
Ros. We should be glad to find it.
Lil. Who shall conduct us thither?
Lug. Your man is ready,
For I must not be seen; no, nor this gentleman;
That may beget suspicion; all the rest
Are people of no doubt. I would have ye, ladies,
Keep your old liberties, and do as we instruct ye.
Come, look not pale, ye shall not lose your wishes,
Nor beg 'em neither, but be yourselves and happy.
Ros. I tell you true, I cannot hold off longer,
Nor give no more hard language.
De Ga. You shall not need.
Ros. I love the gentleman, and must now shew it:
Shall I beat a proper man out of heart?
Lug. There's none advises you.
Lil. 'Faith, I repent me too.
Lug. Repent and spoil all;
Tell what you know, you had best!
Lil. I'll tell what I think;
For if he ask me now, if I can love him,

I'll tell him, yes, I can. The man's a kind man,
And out of his true honesty affects me.
Although he play'd the fool, which I requited,
Must I still hold him at the stave's end?
Lug. You are two strange women.
Ros. We may be, if we fool still.
Lug. Dare ye believe me?
Follow but this advice I have set you in now,
And if ye lose—Would ye yield now so basely?
Give up without your honours saved?
De Ga. Fy, ladies!
Preserve your freedom still.
Lil. Well, well, for this time.
Lug. And carry that full state——
Ros. That's as the wind stands;
If it begin to chop about, and scant us,
Hang me, but I know what I'll do! Come, direct
us;
I make no doubt, we shall do handsomely.
De Ga. Some part o' th' way we'll wait upon you,
ladies;
The rest your man supplies.
Lug. Do well, I'll honour ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in a neighbouring House with a Gallery.

Enter the young Man disguised as a Factor and MIRABELL *above*; ORIANA *disguised, and two disguised as Merchants.*

Fac. Look you, sir, there she is; you see how busy.
Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her journey.
Mir. How gloriously she shews! She's a tall woman.
Fac. Of a fair size, sir. My master not being at home,
I have been so out of my wits to get her company!
I mean, sir, of her own fair sex and fashion——
Mir. Afar off, she's most fair too.
Fac. Near, most excellent.—
At length, I have entreated two fair ladies,
(And happily you know 'em) the young daughters
Of monsieur Nantolet——
Mir. I know 'em well, sir.
What are those? jewels?
Fac. All.
Mir. They make a rich show.
Fac. There is a matter of ten thousand pounds too
Was owing here: You see those merchants with her;

They have brought it in now.

Mir. How handsomely her shape shews!

Fac. Those are still neat; your Italians are most curious.

Now she looks this way.

Mir. She has a goodly presence!

How full of courtesy! Well, sir, I'll leave you;

And if I may be bold to bring a friend or two,

Good noble gentlemen——

Fac. No doubt, you may, sir;

For you have most command.

Mir. I have seen a wonder! [*Exit.*

Ori. Is he gone?

Fac. Yes.

Ori. How?

Fac. Taken to the utmost:

A wonder dwells about him.

Ori. He did not guess at me?

Fac. No; be secure, you shew another woman.

He is gone to fetch his friends.

Ori. Where are the gentlewomen?

Enter below, Rosalura, Lillia, *and Servant.*

Fac. Here, here; now they are come,

Sit still, and let them see you.

Ros. Pray you, where's my friend, sir?

Fac. She is within, ladies; but here's another gentlewoman,

A stranger to this town: So please you visit her,

'Twill be well taken.

Lil. Where is she?

Fac. There, above, ladies.

Enter ROSALURA, LILLIA, *and Servant.*

Serv. Bless me! what thing is this? Two pinnacles
Upon her pate! Is't not a glade to catch wood-
cocks?[2]

Ros. Peace, you rude knave!

Serv. What a bouncing bum she has too!
There's sail enough for a carrack.[3]

Ros. What is this lady?
For, as I live, she is a goodly woman.

Fac. Guess, guess.

Lil. I have not seen a nobler presence.

Serv. 'Tis a lusty wench! Now could I spend
my forty-pence,
With all my heart, to have but one fling at her,
To give her but a swashing blow.[4]

Lil. You rascal!

Serv. Ay, that's all a man has for's good will:
'Twill be long enough
Before you cry, 'Come, Anthony, and kiss me.'

Lil. I'll have you whipt.

Ros. Has my friend seen this lady?

Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.

Ros. I much admire her presence.

Lil. So do I too;
For, I protest, she is the handsomest,
The rarest, and the newest to mine eye,

[2] — *Two pinnacles
Upon her pate! Is't not a* glode *to catch woodcocks.*] There is no such word as *glode*; we should read *glade* instead of it. The servant compares the space between the pinnacles on her pate to a *glade* cut in wood, in which it is usual to spread nets for woodcocks.—*Mason.*

[3] *Carrack.*] A heavy, slow-sailing ship. The word has occurred before in these plays.

[4] *A* washing *blow.*] Surely we should read, *swashing.*—Ed. 1778.

That ever I saw yet.

Ros. I long to know her;
My friend shall do that kindness.

Ori. So she shall, ladies:
Come, pray you come up.

Ros. Oh me!

Lil. Hang me, if I knew her!
Were I a man myself, I should now love you;
Nay, I should dote.

Ros. I dare not trust mine eyes;
For, as I live, you are the strangest alter'd——
I must come up to know the truth.

Serv. So must I, lady;
For I'm a kind of unbeliever too.

Lil. Get you gone, sirrah;
And what you have seen be secret in; you are paid else!
No more of your long tongue.

Fac. Will ye go in, ladies,
And talk with her? These ventures will come straight.
Away with this fellow.

Lil. There, sirrah; go, disport you.

Serv. I would the trunk-hosed woman would go with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Street before the same House.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, *and* Belleur.

Pinac. Is she so glorious handsome?

Mir. You would wonder;
Our women look like gipsies, like Gills to her;
Their clothes and fashions beggarly, and bankrupt,
Base, old, and scurvy.
Bel. How looks her face?
Mir. Most heavenly;
And the becoming motion of her body
So sets her off!
Bel. Why, then we shall stay.
Mir. Pardon me,
That's more than I know; if she be that woman
She appears to be——
Bel. As 'tis impossible.
Mir. I shall then tell you more.
Pinac. Did you speak to her?
Mir. No, no, I only saw her, she was busy:
Now I go for that end; and mark her, gentlemen,
If she appear not to you one of the sweetest,
The handsomest, the fairest, in behaviour——
We shall meet the two wenches there too; they come to visit her,
To wonder, as we do.
Pinac. Then we shall meet 'em.
Bel. I had rather meet two bears.
Mir. There you may take your leaves, dispatch that business,
And, as ye find their humours——
Pinac. Is your love there too?
Mir. No, certain; she has no great heart to set out again.
This is the house; I'll usher you.
Bel. I'll bless me,
And take a good heart, if I can.
Mir. Come, nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the same House.

Enter Factor, Rosalura, Lillia, *and* Oriana.

Fac. They are come in. Sit you two off, as strangers.

Enter Boy.

There, lady.—Where's the boy? Be ready, sirrah,
And clear your pipes; the music now; they enter.
[*Music.*

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, *and* Belleur.

Pinac. What a state she keeps! How far off they sit from her!
How rich she is! Ay, marry, this shews bravely!
Bel. She is a lusty wench, and may allure a good man;
But if she have a tongue, I'll not give two-pence for her.
There sits my fury; how I shake to see her!
Fac. Madam, this is the gentleman.
Mir. How sweet she kisses!
She has a spring dwells on her lips, a Paradise!
This is the legacy.

SONG.

From the honour'd dead I bring
Thus his love and last off'ring.
Take it nobly, 'tis your due,
From a friendship ever true.
From a faith, &c.

Ori. Most noble sir,
This from my now-dead brother, as his love,
And grateful memory of your great benefit;
From me my thanks, my wishes, and my service.
Till I am more acquainted, I am silent;
Only I dare say this, you are truly noble.
Mir. What should I think?
Pinac. Think you've a handsome fortune:
'Would I had such another!
Ros. Ye are well met, gentlemen;
We hear ye are for travel?
Pinac. You hear true, lady;
And come to take our leaves.
Lil. We'll along with ye:
We see you're grown so witty by your journey,
We cannot chuse but step out too. This lady
We mean to wait upon as far as Italy.
Bel. I'll travel into Wales, amongst the mountains,
In hope they cannot find me.[6]
Ros. If you go further,
So good and free society we hold ye,
We'll jog along too.
Pinac. Are you so valiant, lady?
Lil. And we'll be merry, sir, and laugh.
Pinac. It may be

[6] I *hope they cannot find me.*] So all former editions.—Ed 1778. The *n* is hardly legible in the folio of 1652, but still there is an appearance of it.

We'll go by sea.
Lil. Why, 'tis the only voyage;
I love a sea-voyage, and a blustering tempest;
And let all split!
Pinac. This is a dainty damosel!
I think 'twill tame you.—Can you ride post?
Lil. Oh, excellently! I am never weary that way:
A hundred mile a-day is nothing with me.
Bel. I'll travel under ground. Do you hear, sweet lady?
I find it will be dangerous for a woman.
Ros. No danger, sir, I warrant; I love to be under.
Bel. I see she will abuse me all the world over!—
But say we pass through Germany, and drink hard?
Ros. We'll learn to drink and swagger too.
Bel. She'll beat me!—
Lady, I'll live at home.
Ros. And I'll live with thee;
And we'll keep house together.
Bel. I'll keep hounds first;
And those I hate right heartily.
Pinac. I go for Turkey;
And so it may be up into Persia.
Lil. We cannot know too much; I'll travel with you.
Pinac. And you'll abuse me?
Lil. Like enough.
Pinac. 'Tis dainty!
Bel. I will live in a bawdy-house.
Ros. I dare come to you.
Bel. Say I'm disposed to hang myself?
Ros. There I'll leave you.
Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid you.—
Mir. May I speak yet?
Fac. She beckons to you.
Mir. Lady, I could wish I knew to recompence

Even with the service of my life, those pains,
And those high favours you have thrown upon me:
Till I be more desertful in your eye,
And till my duty shall make known I honour you,
Noblest of women, do me but this favour
To accept this back again, as a poor testimony.

Ori. I must have you too with 'em; else the will,
That says they must rest with you, is infringed, sir;
Which, pardon me, I dare not do.

Mir. Take me then,
And take me with the truest love.

Ori. 'Tis certain,
My brother loved you dearly, and I ought
As dearly to preserve that love: But, sir,
Though I were willing, these are but your ceremonies.

Mir. As I have life, I speak my soul!

Ori. I like you:
But how you can like me, without I have testimony,
A stranger to you——

Mir. I'll marry you immediately;
A fair state I dare promise you.

Bel. Yet she'll cozen thee.

Ori. 'Would some fair gentleman durst promise for you!

Mir. By all that's good——

Enter LA CASTRE, NANTOLET, LUGIER, *and* DE GARD.

All. And we'll make up the rest, lady.

Ori. Then, Oriana takes you. Nay, she has caught you!
If you start now, let all the world cry shame on you!
I have out-travell'd you.

Bel. Did not I say she would cheat thee?

Mir. I thank you! I am pleased you have deceived me,

And willingly I swallow it, and joy in't:
And yet, perhaps, I knew you.[7] Whose plot was this?
Lug. He's not ashamed that cast it: He that executed,
Follow'd your father's will.
Mir. What a world's this!
Nothing but craft and cozenage?
Ori. Who begun, sir?
Mir. Well; I do take thee upon mere compassion;
And I do think I shall love thee. As a testimony,
I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over.
But these fine clothes you shall wear still.
Ori. I obey you, sir, in all.
Nant. And how, how, daughters? What say you to these gentlemen?
What say ye, gentlemen, to the girls?
Pinac. By my troth—if she can love me.
Lil. How long?
Pinac. Nay, if once you love——
Lil. Then take me,
And take your chance.
Pinac. Most willingly! You are mine, lady;
And if I use you not, that you may love me——
Lil. A match, i' faith.
Pinac. Why, now you travel with me.
Ros. How that thing stands!
Bel. It will, if you urge it.[8]

[7] *And yet, perhaps, I* know *you.*] There should be no doubt but he then knew her. What Mirabel means to insinuate is, that he knew her before. We must therefore necessarily read,—

And yet, perhaps, I *knew* you.

Mirabell, who piques himself on his wit and sagacity, is unwilling to acknowledge that he has been over-reached, and would rather have it thought that he had discovered the plot, and yielded to it.—*Mason.*

[8] Bell. *It will, if ye urge it.*] The want of a negative makes Belleur say just the contrary to what he design'd,

It will not, *if ye urge it.*—Sympson.

Bless your five wits!
Ros. Nay, pr'ythee, stay; I'll have thee.
Bel. You must ask me leave first.
Ros. Wilt thou use me kindly,
And beat me but once a week?
Bel. If you deserve no more.
Ros. And wilt thou get me with child?
Bel. Dost thou ask me seriously?
Ros. Yes, indeed do I.
Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child. Come presently,
An't be but in revenge, I'll do thee that courtesy.
Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me, have at thee!
Ros. I'll love you, and I'll honour you.
Bel. I am pleased then.
Mir. This Wild-Goose Chase is done; we have won o' both sides.
Brother, your love, and now to church of all hands;
Let's lose no time.
Pinac. Our travelling lay by.
Bel. No more for Italy; for the Low Countries,[9] I. [*Exeunt.*

The insertion of the negative reverses what the poets most clearly intended to say.—Ed. 1778.

9 ——— *lay by.*
Bell. *No more for Italy; for the Low-Countries.*] The reading which the present edition exhibits is Mr Theobald's, and a happy one it is, as it both completes the sense, and keeps up the solemn custom of not only the play-wrights of our authors', but these of our present time, *viz.* of making each drama conclude in a jingle.—*Sympson.*

A strong reason for supposing the *I* was lost at the press, is, that the first edition has a comma at the end of this play,

———*for the Low Countries*— Ed. 1778.

THE

QUEEN OF CORINTH.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

QUEEN OF CORINTH.

THIS Tragi-comedy was certainly produced after the death of Beaumont, as it contains a direct allusion to a work published in 1616 (See Act III. Scene I.) It was probably written soon after that year; at least before March 1618-9, when Burbage, who acted one of the parts, died. From some difference, especially in the third and part of the fourth act, of the versification in parcular, it may be conjectured that Fletcher availed himself of the assistance of some other contemporary poet.

The Queen of Corinth has never been altered or revived to the editor's knowledge; but such a neglect is by no means justified by want of merit in the drama, which, with a little more care than Fletcher was probably willing to bestow, might have been rendered a very acceptable and rational entertainment for any judicious audience. But from the careless manner in which the latter acts are huddled together, a very considerable diminution of interest arises. This is by no means the consequence of any defect in the plot, but of too great a portion of it being developed in the two first acts, which, besides, contain a far greater share of poetical beauty than the remainder. There are few scenes more striking, or which more powerfully influence the feelings, than the exclamations of Merione after her rape, and her gradually awakening from her trance, and coming to a full sense of her miserable situation in the second act. The delineation of her silent despair in the second scene of the third act, though containing some very pathetic speeches, is far inferior to the one just mentioned; and indeed, as has been mentioned before, it cannot but be suspected that it was the work of some coadjutor of very consi-

derable powers certainly, but of a genius far inferior to that of Fletcher. Among the serious characters there is none of a very striking cast; all of them may be traced in our poet's previous and succeeding plays. The comic under-plot is a highly humorous and probably a very just satire upon the affectations of the travelled gentry in King James's time. Onos was probably meant as a caricatured portrait of the celebrated Tom Coriate, who was then the constant butt of the wits, and whose writings are alluded to more than once in the course of the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Agenor, *prince of Argos.*
Theanor, *son of the Queen of Corinth, a vicious prince.*
Leonidas, *the Corinthian general, brother to Merione.*
Euphanes, *a noble young gentleman, favourite to the Queen.*
Crates, *elder brother to Euphanes, a malicious beau-tefeau.*[1]
Conon, *Euphanes's confidant and fellow-traveller.*
Neanthes, } Sosicles, } Eraton, } *Courtiers.*
Onos, *or* Lamprias, *a very foolish traveller.*
Tutor, } Uncle, } *to Onos, two foolish knaves.*
Gentlemen, servants to Agenor.
A page to lord Euphanes.
Marshal, Vintner, Drawers, Tavern Boys, and six Ruffians.

Queen of Corinth, *a wise and virtuous widow.*
Merione, *a virtuous lady, honourably solicited by prince Agenor.*
Beliza, *a noble lady, mistress to Euphanes.*

SCENE,—Corinth.

The principal Actors were,

Richard Burbage,	Nathan Field,
Henry Condel,	John Lowin,
John Underwood,	Rich. Toolie,
Thomas Pollard,	Tho. Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

[1] *Beautefeau.*] An incendiary.—Ed. 1778.

THE

QUEEN OF CORINTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

Eraton. The general is return'd then?
Nean. With much honour.
Sos. And peace concluded with the prince of Argos?
Nean. To the queen's wishes: The conditions sign'd
So far beyond her hopes, to the advantage
Of Corinth, and the good of all her subjects,
That though Leonidas, our brave general,
Ever came home a fair and great example,

He never yet return'd or with less loss
Or more deserved honour.
Era. Have you not heard
The motives to this general good ?
Nean. The main one
Was admiration first in young Agenor
(For by that name we know the prince of Argos)
Of our Leonidas' wisdom and his valour;
Which, though an enemy, first in him bred wonder,
That liking, love succeeded that, which was
Follow'd by a desire to be a friend,
Upon what terms soever, to such goodness.
They had an interview; and, that their friendship
Might with our peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor, yielding up all such strong places
As he held in our territories, should receive
(With a sufficient dower paid by the queen)
The fair Merione for his wife.
Era. But how
Approves the queen of this ? since we well know,
Nor was her highness ignorant, that her son
The prince Theanor made love to this lady,
And in the noblest way.
Nean. Which she allow'd of,
And I have heard from some familiar with
Her nearest secrets, she so deeply prized her,
Being from an infant train'd up in her service,
(Or, to speak better, rather her own creature)
She once did say, that if the prince should steal
A marriage without her leave or knowledge,
With this Merione, with a little suit,
She should grant both their pardons; whereas now,
To shew herself forsooth a Spartan lady,
And that 'tis in her power, now it concerns
The common good, not alone to subdue
Her own affections, but command her son's,
She has not only forced him with rough threats

To leave his mistress, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his entrance into Corinth,
To wait upon his rival.
Sos. Can it be
The prince should sit down with this wrong?
Nean. I know not;
I am sure I should not.
Era. Trust me, nor I:
A mother is a name; but, put in balance
With a young wench, 'tis nothing. Where did you leave him?
Nean. Near Vesta's temple (for there he dismiss'd me)
And full of troubled thoughts, calling for Crates:
He went with him, but whither, or to what purpose,
I am a stranger.

Enter THEANOR *and* CRATES.

Era. They are come back, Neanthes.
The. I like the place well.
Cra. Well, sir? it is built
As if the architect had been a prophet,
And fashion'd it alone for this night's action;
The vaults so hollow, and the walls so strong,
As Dian there might suffer violence,
And with loud shrieks in vain call Jove to help her;
Or should he hear, his thunder could not find
An entrance to it.
The. I give up myself
Wholly to thy direction, worthiest Crates:
And yet the desperate cure that we must practise
Is in itself so foul, and full of danger,
That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
To die not seeking help, or, that help being

So deadly, to pursue it.
Cra. To those reasons
I have already urged, I will add these:
For, but consider, sir—— [*They talk apart.*
Era. It is of weight
Whate'er it be, that with such vehement action
Of eye, hand, foot, nay, all his body's motion,
Crates incites the prince to.
Nean. Then observe,
With what variety of passions he
Receives his reasons: Now he's pale, and shakes
For fear or anger; now his natural red
Comes back again, and with a pleasing smile
He seems to entertain it. 'Tis resolved on,
Be it what 'twill: To his ends may it prosper,
Though the state sink for't!
Cra. Now you are a prince
Fit to rule others, and, in shaking off
The bonds in which your mother fetters you,
Discharge your debt to Nature: She's your guide;
Follow her boldly, sir.
The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall.
Cra. Yet still disguise your malice
In your humility.
The. I am instructed.
Cra. Though in your heart there rage a thousand tempests,
All calmness in your looks.
The. I shall remember.
Cra. And at no hand, though these are used as agents,
Acquaint them with your purpose, till the instant
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to consider: When 'tis done, reward
Or fear will keep them silent. Yet you may
Grace them as you pass by; 'twill make them surer

And greedier to deserve you.[1]
The. I'll move only
As you would have me.—Good day, gentlemen!
Nay, spare this ceremonious form of duty
To him that brings love to you, equal love,
And is in nothing happier than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.
Sos. I am o'erjoyed! I know not
How to reply; but——
Era. Hang all *buts!*—My lord,
For this your bounteous favour——
Nean. Let me speak—
If to feed vultures here, after the halter
Has done his part, or if there be a hell
To take a swinge or two there, may deserve this—
Sos. We are ready.
Era. Try us any way.
Nean. Put us to it.
The. What jewels I have in you!
Cra. Have these souls, [*Aside.*
That for a good look, and a few kind words,
Part with their essence?
The. Since you will compel me
To put that to the trial which I doubt not,
Crates, may be suddenly, will instruct you
How, and in what, to shew your loves: Obey him
As you would bind me to you.
Cra. 'Tis well grounded;
Leave me to rear the building.
Nean. We will do——
Cra. I know it.
Era. Any thing you'll put us to. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *To* deserve *you.*] Sympson and Seward chuse to read, *serve* instead of *deserve*: We think the latter word genuine, if not preferable. *To deserve you* signifies *to merit your favour.*—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Leonidas.

Enter LEONIDAS, MERIONE, *and* BELIZA.

Leo. Sister, I reap the harvest of my labours
In your preferment; be you worthy of it,
And with an open bosom entertain
A greater fortune than my love durst hope for!
Be wise, and welcome it: Play not the coy
And foolish wanton, with the offer'd bounties
Of him that is a prince. I was woo'd for you,
And won, Merione; then, if you dare
Believe the object that took me was worthy,
Or trust my judgment, in me think you were
Courted, sued to, and conquer'd.
Mer. Noble brother,
I have and still esteem you as a father,
And will as far obey you; my heart speaks it:
And yet, without your anger, give me leave
To say, that in the choice of that on which
All my life's joys or sorrows have dependence,
It had been fit, ere you had made a full
And absolute grant of me to any other,
I should have used mine own eyes, or at least
Made you to understand, whether it were
Within my power to make a second gift
Of my poor self.
Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
The prince Theanor's love: let not that cheat you;

His vows were but mere courtship; all his service
But practice how to entrap a credulous lady.
Or, grant it serious, yet you must remember,
He's not to love, but where the queen his mother
Must give allowance, which to you is barr'd up;
And therefore study to forget that ever
You cherish'd such a hope.
Mer. I would I could!
Leo. But brave Agenor, who is come in person
To celebrate this marriage, for your love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand lives,
That must have fall'n under the sword of war
Had not this peace been made; which general good
Both countries owe to his affection to you.
Oh, happy sister, ask this noble lady,
Your bosom friend (since I fail in my credit)
What palm Agenor's name, above all princes
That Greece is proud of, carries, and with lustre.
Bel. Indeed, fame gives him out for excellent;
And, friend, I doubt not but when you shall see him,

Enter a Servant, who whispers BELIZA.[a]

He'll so appear to you.—Art sure 'tis he?
Ser. As I live, madam——
Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my joy!
'Tis my Euphanes?
Ser. Yes.
Bel. And he's in health?
Ser. Most certainly, madam.
Bel. I'll see him instantly.
So, pr'ythee tell him. [*Exit Servant.*
Mer. I yield myself too weak
In argument to oppose you; you may lead me

[a] *Enter a Servant.*] Without the addition I have made to this direction, every reader perhaps would not take the abrupt question, *Art sure 'tis he?* in a proper light.—*Sympson.*

Whither you please.
Leo. 'Tis answer'd like my sister;
And if in him you find not ample cause
To pray for me, and daily, on your knees,
Conclude I have no judgment.
Mer. May it prove so!—
Friend, shall we have your company?
Bel. Two hours hence
I will not fail you.
Leo. At your pleasure, madam.
[*Exeunt* LEONIDAS *and* MERIONE.

Enter EUPHANES.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand wel-
comes,
And hearty ones, you have 'em. Fy! my hand?
We stand at no such distance: By my life,
The parting kiss you took before your travel
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preserved
With as much care as I would do my fame,
To entertain your wish'd return.
Euph. Best lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever man did virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As holy men behold the sun, the stars,
The temples, and their gods, they all can witness;
And that you have deserved this duty from me,
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my fortune
Affords no other payment.
Bel. [3] I had thought,

[3] Bel. *Good Euphanes,*
Where benefits are ill conferred,
I had thought.] So the first folio. The words in italics occur

That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them,
(Though you give them another name) you had
Made ample satisfaction in the acceptance;
And therefore did presume you had brought home
Some other language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your goodness;
Nor can I ever chuse another theme,
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you no more,
As you respect me.

Euph. That charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my boldness, madam.

Bel. Good Euphanes,
Believe I am not one of those weak ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without
them:
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think when they give
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends:
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great estate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
So truly understanding or themselves
Or what they do possess.

Bel. Good Euphanes, where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as on unworthy men,[4]
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower,

farther on in this dialogue. Probably the intermediate speeches were omitted to shorten the scene in the representation.

[4] *As to unworthy men.*] Amended by Sympson.

For wanting judgment how and on whom to place
them,
Is partly guilty: But when we do favours
To such as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the most fair advantage. If I speak
Too much, though I confess I speak well,[5]
Pr'ythee remember 'tis a woman's weakness,
And then thou wilt forgive it.
Euph. You speak nothing
But what would well become the wisest man:
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
That I could hear you ever.
Bel. Fly not from
Your word, for I arrest it: And will now
Express myself a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess yourself my debtor,
That I am yours.
Euph. Your ladyship then must use
Some sophistry I ne'er heard of.
Bel. By plain reasons;
For, look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your wants, or if those wants had found supply
From Crates, your unkind and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had miss'd
A subject upon which I worthily

[5] *I speak well.*] The insertion of the word *not* is recommended by Sympson. The answer of Euphanes, and all that follows, proves it to be the original reading.—Ed. 1778.
The old and true meaning is,—

Though I confess I speak well;

that is, I must own I speak well; and the insertion of the negative, introduced by Sympson, perverts the meaning. If she spoke not well, she might easily speak too much; but she desires he will forgive her for speaking too much, even though she did speak well. She supposes herself to speak well, because every thing she said was an oblique compliment to Euphanes.—*Mason*.

Might exercise my bounty: Whereas now,
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniencies that you thought useful,
That gold which would have rusted in my coffers,
Being thus employ'd, has render'd me a partner
In all your glorious actions. And whereas,
Had you not been, I should have died a thing
Scarce known, or soon forgotten; there's no trophy
In which Euphanes for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from Beliza.

Euph. That was but thankfulness.

Bel. 'Twas such an honour,
And such a large return for the poor trash
I ventured with you, that, if I should part
With all that I possess, and myself too,
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.

Euph. You o'erprize them, madam.

Bel. The queen herself hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf; for she hath heard, Euphanes,
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the courts of Greece:[6] And rest assured
(Though yet unknown) when I present you to her,
Which I will do this evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.

Euph. Worthiest lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor servant,
He must not contradict it.

[6] *How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the courts of Greece.*] Fletcher is guilty in these lines of an anachronism, as he is evidently alluding to the chivalrous custom of knights asserting the beauty or honour of their mistresses against all combatants.

Bel. Here's your brother;
'Tis strange to see him here.

Enter CRATES.

Cra. You're welcome home, sir!—
Your pardon, madam.—I had thought my house,
Considering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your first visit.
Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When last I saw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That absence, which still renders men forgotten,
Should make my presence wish'd for.
Bel. That's not it;
Your too-kind brother, understanding that
You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.
Cra. He had never wanted
Or yours, or your assistance, had he practised
The way he might have took, to have commanded
Whatever I call mine.
Euph. I studied many,
But could find none.
Cra. You would not find yourself, sir,
Or in yourself, what was from you due to me;
The privilege my birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.
Euph. You had all the land, sir;
What else did you expect? And I am certain
You kept such strong guards to preserve it yours,
I could force nothing from you.
Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?
Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open mouths, but you nor heard nor saw them.
May be, you look'd I should petition to you,

As you went to your horse; flatter your servants,
To play the brokers for my furtherance;
Sooth your worst humours, act the parasite
On all occasions; write my name with theirs
That are but one degree removed from slaves;
Be drunk when you would have me, then wench
with you,
Or play the pandar; enter into quarrels,
Although unjustly grounded, and defend them,
Because they were yours: These are the tyrannies
Most younger brothers groan beneath; yet bear
them
From the insulting heir, selling their freedoms
At a less rate than what the state allows
The salary of base and common strumpets:
For my part, ere on such low terms I feed
Upon a brother's trencher, let me die
The beggar's death, and starve!

Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.

Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours?

Cra. I'll tell you, lady,
Since you rise up his advocate, and boldly
(For now I find, and plainly, in whose favour
My love and service to you was neglected.)
For all your wealth, nay, add to that your beauty,
And put your virtues in, (if you have any)
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine courtier, the woman's man,
That tells my lady stories, dissolves riddles,[7]
Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet

[7] Dissolves *riddles.*] *Dissolve* and *solve* were used by old authors indiscriminately. So in Massinger's Duke of Milan:—

"*Dissolve* this doubtful riddle."

At solemn masques,[8] applauding what she laughs
at;
Reads her asleep a-nights, and takes his oath
Upon her pantofles, that all excellence
In other madams does but zany[9] hers:
These you are perfect in, and yet these take not
Or from your birth or freedom.
Euph. Should another
Say this, my deeds, not looks, should shew——
Bel. Contemn it:
His envy feigns this, and he's but reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry fancies.
Cra. Yes, madam, the whole city speaks it with
me;
And though it may distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the scene, and with him censured;
For you are given out for the provident lady,
That, not to be unfurnish'd for her pleasures,[1]
(As, without them, to what vain use is greatness!)
Have made choice of an able man, a young man,

[8] —— *Lies at her feet*
At solemn masques.] This was a common piece of gallantry at the time. All will recollect Hamlet's position during the play before the king. Dekkar, in his Guls Hornbooke, giving directions how a gallant should behave himself at a play-house, says, —"Being on your feet, sneake not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either *on the rushes* or on stooles about you." Mr Malone observes, that Shakspeare placed Hamlet "in the same situation in which probably his patrons Essex and Southampton were often seen, at the feet of some celebrated beauty. What some chose from economy, gallantry might have recommended to others."—*Hist. of the Stage.*

[9] —— *All excellence*
In other madams does but zany *hers.*] That is, appears contemptible to hers. A *zany* is a buffoon, a mimic. The word occurs as a verb also in Marston's Antonio's Revenge:—

"Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,
When they will *zany* men."

Of an Herculean back, to do you service;
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.
Bel. You are foul-mouth'd!
Cra. That can speak well, write verses too, and good ones,
Sharp and conceited, whose wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you;
And, by the gods, you well reward him for it.
No night in which, while you lie sick and panting,
He watches by you, but is worth a talent;
No conference in your coach, which is not paid with
A scarlet suit: This the poor people mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous love, the last-bought vizard
That lechery purchased.
Euph. Not a word beyond this! [*Draws.*
The reverence I owe to that one womb
In which we both were embrions, makes me suffer
What's past; but if continued——
Bel. Stay your hand!
The queen shall right mine honour.
Cra. Let him do it;
It is but marrying him. And, for your anger,
Know that I slight it! When your goddess here
Is weary of your sacrifice, as she will be,
You know my house, and there amongst my servants
Perhaps you'll find a livery.[1] [*Exit.*
Bel. Be not moved;
I know the rancour of his disposition,

[1] *A livery.*] An allowance of meat, &c.—*Sympson.*

And turn it on himself by laughing at it;
And in that let me teach you.
Euph. I learn gladly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON, *severally.*

Nean. You are met unto my wishes; if you ever
Desired true mirth so far as to adventure
To die with the extremity of laughter,
I come before the object that will do it;
Or let me live your fool.
Sos. Who is't, Neanthes?
Nean. Lamprias, the usurer's son.
Era. Lamprias? the youth
Of six and fifty?
Sos. That was sent to travel
By rich Beliza, till he came to age
And was fit for a wife?
Nean. The very same.
This gallant, with his guardian and his tutor,
(And, of the three, who is most fool I know not)
Are newly come to Corinth: I'll not stale them
By giving up their characters;[2] but leave you
To make your own discoveries. Here they are, sir.

[2] *By giving* up *their,* &c.] The particle *up* I have left out of the present text, though it stands in all the other copies, because it confounds the sense: *Giving up a character* is a phrase of a quite

Enter ONOS, UNCLE, *and Tutor*.

Tutor. That leg a little higher; very well.
Now put your face into the traveller's posture;
Exceeding good.
Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?
Tutor. They will be all my scholars, when they know
And understand him truly.
Era. Phœbus guard me
From this new Python!
Sos. How they have trimm'd him up
Like an old reveller!
Nean. Curl'd him and perfumed him;
But that was done with judgment, for he looks
Like one that purged perpetually. Trust me,
That witch's face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Than would set off ten bawds and all their tenants!
Sos. See how it moves towards us.
Nean. There's a salutation!—
'Troth, gentlemen, you have bestow'd much travel
In training up your pupil.
Tutor. Sir, great buildings
Require great labours; which yet we repent not,
Since for the country's good we have brought home
An absolute man.
Uncle. As any of his years,
Corinth can shew you.
Era. He's exceeding meagre.
Tutor. His contemplation——

different import to what he would say here, as the least attention will make evident enough.—*Sympson*.

To give up is right. It does not here signify to *renounce*, in the modern acceptation, but to *describe*.—Ed. 1778.

Uncle. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.
Nean. You all contemplate:
For three such wretched pictures of lean famine
I never saw together.
Uncle. We have fat minds, sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton? He's my ward;
Nor was there ever, where I bore the bag,
Any superfluous waste.
Era. Pray you, can it speak?
Tutor. He knows all languages, but will use none;
They are all too big for his mouth, or else too little
To express his great conceits. And yet of late,
With some impulsion, he hath set down
In a strange method, by the way of question,
And briefly too,[3] all business whatsoever,
That may concern a gentleman.
Nean. Good sir, let's hear him.
Tutor. Come on, sir.
Nean. They have taught him, like an ape,
To do his tricks by signs. Now he begins.
Onos. When shall we be drunk together?
Tutor. That's the first.
Onos. Where shall we whore to-night?
Uncle. That ever follows.
Era. Odds me, he now looks angry.
Onos. Shall we quarrel?
Nean. With me at no hand, sir.
Onos. Then let's protest.
Era. Is this all?
Tutor. These are, sir, the four new virtues
That are in fashion; many a mile we measured

[3] *And briefly* to all.] Corrected by Mr Sympson.

Before we could arrive unto this knowledge.
Nean. You might have spared that labour, for at home here
There's little else in practice.—Ha! the queen?
Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion;[*]
To-morrow willingly, when we have more leisure,
We'll look on him again.
Onos. Did I not rarely?
Uncle. Excellent well.
Tutor. He shall have six plumbs for it.
[*Exeunt* ONOS, UNCLE, *and Tutor.*

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, THEANOR, *Queen*, MERIONE, BELIZA, EUPHANES, CRATES, *Ladies and Attendants with lights.*

Queen. How much my court is honour'd, princely brother,
In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for presence,
Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledged. May the gods,
That look into kings' actions, smile upon
The league we have concluded; and their justice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One article!
Age. Great miracle of queens,
How happy I esteem myself, in being
Thought worthy to be number'd in the rank
Of your confederates, my love and best service
Shall teach the world hereafter; but this gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
That of necessity I must die obliged
To your unanswer'd bounty.

[*] *Motion.*] *i. e.* Puppet. See a note on Rule a Wife and have a Wife, vol. II. 138.—Ed. 1778.

The. The sweet lady,
In blushes gives your highness thanks.
Queen. Believe it,
On the queen's word, she is a worthy one;
And I am so acquainted with her goodness,
That but for this peace that hath changed my purpose,
And to her more advancement, I should gladly
Have call'd her daughter.
The Though I am deprived of
A blessing, 'tis not in the fates to equal,
To shew myself a subject as a son,
Here I give up my claim, and willingly
With mine own hand deliver you what once
I loved above myself; and from this hour,
(For my affection yields now to my duty)
Vow never to solicit her.
Cra 'Tis well cover'd.— [*Aside.*
Neanthes, and the rest!
[*Exeunt* CRATES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, ERATON.
Queen. Nay, for this night
You must (for 'tis our country fashion, sir)
Leave her to her devotions; in the morning
We'll bring you to the temple.
Leo. How in this
Your highness honours me!
Mer. Sweet rest to all!
Age. This kiss, and I obey you.
Bel. Please it your highness,
This is the gentleman.
Queen. You are welcome home, sir.—
Now, as I live, one of a promising presence.—
I have heard of you before, and you shall find
I'll know you better; find out something that
May do you good, and rest assured to have it.
Were you at Sparta lately?
Euph. Three days since,

Madam, I came from thence.
Queen. 'Tis very late.
Good night, my lord!—Do you, sir, follow me;
I must talk further with you.
Age. All rest with you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Aisle of the Temple of Vesta.

Enter CRATES, NEANTHES, ERATON, *and* SOSICLES, *disguised.*

Cra. She must pass through this cloister; suddenly
And boldly seize upon her.
Nean. Where's the prince?
Cra. He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.

Enter MERIONE *and Servant.*

I hear one's footing; peace, 'tis she.
Mer. Now leave me; [*Exit Servant.*
I know the way; though, Vesta witness with me,
I never trod it with such fear.—Help, help!
[*They seize her.*
Cra. Stop her mouth close; out with the light;
I'll guide you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Vault under the Temple

Enter MERIONE.

Mer. To whom now shall I cry? What power thus kneel to,
And beg my ravish'd honour back upon me?
Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodness, deaf to me,
Deaf heaven to all my cries; deaf hope, deaf justice!
I am abused, and you, that see all, saw it,
Saw it, and smiled upon the villain did it;
Saw it, and gave him strength: Why have I pray'd to ye,
When all the world's eyes have been sunk in slumbers?
Why have I then poured out my tears? kneel'd to ye?
And from the altar of a pure heart sent ye
Thoughts like yourselves, white, innocent, vows purer
And of a sweeter flame[6] than all earth's odours?
Why have I sung your praises, strew'd your temples,
And crown'd your holy priests with virgin roses?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?

[5] *Sweeter* flame.] Though I have not disturbed the text, I suspect we should read *fume*.—Sympson.
Flame is surely more poetical, and is equally clear.

Believe and honour ye, to see us ruin'd?
These tears of anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,
You that dare sleep secure whilst virgins suffer;
These stick like comets,[7] blaze eternally,
Till, with the wonder, they have waked your jus-
tice,
And forced ye fear our curses, as we yours!

Enter THEANOR *and* CRATES *with vizards.*

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me.
He turns away in scorn! I am contemn'd too;
A more unmanly violence than the other:
Bitten, and flung away?—Whate'er you are,
Sir, you that have abused me, and now most basely
And sacrilegiously robbed this fair temple,
I fling all these behind me, but look upon me,
But one kind loving look, be what you will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my husband.—
And you, his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,
Counsel him nobly now; you know the mischief,
The most unrighteous act he has done; persuade
him,
Persuade him like a friend, knock at his conscience
Till fair repentance follow. Yet be worthy of me,

[6] *These stick like comets.*] The editors [of 1778] are offended at this passage. They say, that to compare tears to comets, fire to water, is too strong an allusion: yet they wish to make comets of curses and execrations, which are still more unsubstantial than tears. But they mistake the meaning of these lines, for no such comparison is intended as that which they reprobate. "These stick like comets," &c. is not an assertion, but an imprecation. Merione prays that her tears may stick and blaze eternally as comets do, till the wonder attending them shall awaken the justice of the gods. Her tears are not compared to a comet, but are to be transformed into one; and poets have always assumed the liberty of converting the tears of a beautiful woman into pearls, armlets, or any other precious thing that they find convenient.—*Mason.*

And shew yourself, if ever good thought guided
you:
You have had your foul will; make it yet fair with
marriage;
Open yourself[8] and take me, wed me now.
[THEANOR *draws his dagger.*
More fruits of villainy? Your dagger? Come;
You are merciful; I thank you for your medicine.

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON, *disguised.*

Is that too worthy too? Devil! thou with him!
Thou penny bawd to his lust! Will not that stir
thee?
Do you work by tokens now? Be sure I live not,
For your own safeties, knaves. I will sit patiently:
But, as you are true villains, the devil's own ser-
vants,
And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody
An act, of such true horror, Heaven would shake
at;
'Twill shew the braver. Goodness, hold my hope
fast,
And in thy mercies look upon my ruins,

Enter six disguised, singing and dancing to a horrid music, and sprinkling water on her face.

And then I am right!—My eyes grow dead and
heavy.—
Wrong me no more, as ye are men! [*Faints.*
The. She's fast.
Cra. Away with her. [*Exeunt, bearing her off.*

[7] Open *yourself.*] That is, declare who you are.—*Mason.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter AGENOR *and Gentlemen, with torches.*

Age. Now, gentlemen, the time's come now to enjoy
That fruitful happiness my heart has long'd for.
This day be happy call'd;[9] and when old Time
Brings it about each year, crown'd with that sweetness
It gives me now, see every man observe it,
And, laying all aside bears show of business,
Give this to joy and triumph. How sit my clothes?
1 *Gent.* Handsome, and wondrous well, sir.
Age. Do they shew richly?
For to those curious eyes even Beauty envies,
I must not now appear poor, or low-fashion'd.
Methinks I am younger han I was, far younger;
And such a promise in my blood I feel now,
That, if there may be a perpetual youth
Bestow'd on man, I am that soul shall win it.
Does my hair stand well? Lord, how ill-favour'dly

[9] *This day be happy call'd, &c.*] Rowe has closely copied this speech, in the beginning of the Fair Penitent.—Ed. 1778.

It is not to be wondered at that Rowe stole single speeches from older, and, as he supposed, almost forgotten poets, when he usurped the whole plot of the same tragedy from the Fatal Dowry of Massinger and Field without any acknowledgment.

You have dress'd me to-day! how badly! Why this
cloak?

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis the richest, sir.

Age. And here you have put me on
A pair of breeches look like a pair of bagpipes.

1 *Gent.* Believe, sir, they shew bravely.

Age. Why these stockings?

2 *Gent.* Your leg appears——

Age. Poh! I would have had 'em peach-colour;
All young and new about me. And this scarf here,
A goodly thing! you have trick'd me like a puppet.

1 *Gent.* I'll undertake to rig forth a whole navy,
And with less labour, than one man in love:
They are never pleased.

2 *Gent.* Methinks he looks well.

1 *Gent.* Well
As man can look, as handsome. Now do I wonder
He found not fault his nose was put on ugly,
Or his eyes look'd too grey, and rail at us:
They are the wayward'st things, these lovers.

2 *Gent.* All will be right
When once it comes to th' push.

1 *Gent.* I would they were at it,
For our own quiet sake.

Age. Come, wait upon me;
And bear yourselves like mine, my friends, and
nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the House of Leonidas.

Enter THEANOR, CRATES, *and* ERATON, *bringing* MERIONE.

Era. This is her brother's door.
Cra. There lay her down then;
Lay her along. She is fast still?
Era As forgetfulness.[1]
Cra. Be not you stirr'd now, but away to your mother,
Give all attendance, let no stain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your face; carry yourself confidently.
The. But whither runs your drift now?
Cra. When she wakes,
Either what's done will shew a mere dream to her,
And carry no more credit; or, say she find it,
Say she remember all the circumstances,
Twenty to one the shapes in which they were acted,
The horrors, and the still affrights we shew'd her,
Rising in wilder figures to her memory,
Will run her mad, and no man guess the reason:
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect herself, believe this, sir,

[1] Ser. *As forgetfulness.*] As there is no *Servant* present, nor any person whose name begins in this manner, we have given the speech to *Eraton.*—Ed. 1778.

Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to guess; the thing done too
Being the utter undoing of her honour
If it be known, and to the world's eye publish'd,
Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She must and will conceal it, nay, forget it:
The woman is no Lucrece. Get you gone, sir;
And, as you would have more of this sport, fear not.

The. I am confirm'd. Farewell! [*Exit* THEANOR.

Cra. Farewell! Away, sir.—
Disperse yourselves; and, as you love his favour,
And that that crowns it, gold, no tongues amongst ye!
You know your charge; this way goes no suspicion.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS, *with two Gentlemen, with lights.*

Age. You are stirring early, sir.

Leo. It was my duty
To wait upon your grace.

Age. How fares your sister,
My beauteous mistress? What, is she ready yet?

Leo. No doubt she'll lose no time, sir: Young maids in her way
Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age,
Till the priest has done his part, that theirs may follow.
I saw her not since yesterday i' th' evening;
But, sir, I am sure she is not slack: Believe me,
Your grace will find a loving soul.

Age. A sweet one;
And so much joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happiness to know she is mine,

(Believe me, noble brother) that to express it
Methinks a tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing,
Imagination less.[2]—Who's that that lies there?

Leo. Where, sir?

Age. Before the door; it looks like a woman.

Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing.
One of the maids o'erwatched, belike.

Age. It may be.

Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to sleep in.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis sure a woman, sir; she has jewels on too:
She fears no foul play, sure.

Leo. Bring a torch hither;
Yet 'tis not perfect day. I should know those garments.

Age. How sound she sleeps!

Leo. I am sorry to see this!

Age. Do you know her?

Leo. And you now, I am sure, sir.

Age. My mistress? How comes this?

Enter Queen, THEANOR, BELIZA, EUPHANES, NEANTHES, *and Attendants.*

Leo. The queen and her train.—

Queen. You know my pleasure.

Euph. And will be most careful.

Queen. Be not long absent;

[2] *Imagination* less.] Sympson proposes to read,

Imagination ——— Bless us, *who's that,* &c.

Seward, *Imagination* SCARCE; and they jointly have another reading, *imaginationless,* one word. We think the text unexceptionable, and their objections futile and trifling.—Ed. 1778.

Neither of these alterations contribute to clear up the text, which is very obscure; and we must conclude with Sympson, "that nothing but the author's text can ever set us right."

The suit you preferr'd is granted.—
Nean. This fellow mounts
Apace, and will tower o'er us like a falcon.—
Queen. Good morrow to ye all! Why stand ye wond'ring?
Enter the house, sir, and bring out your mistress;
You must observe our ceremonies.—What's the matter?
What's that ye stand at?—How! Merione?
Asleep i' th' street; Belike some sudden palsy,
As she stept out last night upon devotion,
To take her farewell of her virgin state,
The air being sharp and piercing, struck her suddenly.
See if she breathe.
Leo. A little.
Queen. Wake her then;
'Tis sure a fit.
Age. She wakes herself: Give room to her.
Queen. See how the spirits struggle to recover,
And strongly reinforce their strengths; for certain,
This was no natural sleep.
The. I am of your mind, madam.
Queen. No, son, it cannot be.
The. Pray Heaven, no trick in't!
Good soul, she little merits such a mischief.
Queen. She is broad awake now, and her sense clears up;
'Twas sure a fit. Stand off.
Mer. The queen, my love here,
And all my noble friends? Why, where am I?
How am I tranced, and moped! I' th' street? Heaven bless me!
Shame to my sex! o' th' ground too?—Oh, I remember—
Leo. How wild she looks!
Age. Oh, my cold heart, how she trembles!

Mer. Oh, I remember, I remember!
Queen. What's that?
Mer. My shame, my shame, my shame! Oh, I remember,
My never-dying shame!
The. Here has been villainy.
Queen. I fear so too.
Mer. You are no furies, are ye?
No horrid shapes sent to affright me?
Age. No, sweet;
We are your friends. Look up; I am Agenor,
(Oh, my Merione!) that loves you dearly,
And come to marry you.
Leo. Sister, what ail you?
Speak out your griefs, and boldly.
Age. Something sticks here
Will choak you else.
Mer. I hope it will.
Queen. Be free, lady;
You have your loving friends about you.
Age. Dear Merione,
By the unspotted love I ever bore you,
By thine own goodness——
Mer. Oh, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, sir;
I am now I know not what; pray ye look not on me;
No name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded——
Age. Speak it,
And how: Diseases of most danger,
Their causes once discover'd, are easily cured.
My fair Merione——
Mer. I thank your love, sir:
When I was fair Merione, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the bud you honour'd,
White, as the heart of truth, then, prince Agenor,
Even then I was not worthy of your favour.
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of pity!

Let no good thing come near me; Virtue fly me;
You that have honest noble names, despise me;
For I am nothing now but a main pestilence,
Able to poison all! Send those unto me
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,
Despised their honours; those that have been virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.

The. Now it appears too plain.

Mer. Send those sad people
That hate the light, and curse society;
Whose thoughts are graves, and from whose eyes continually
Their melting souls drop out, send those to me;
And when their sorrows are most excellent,
So full that one grief more cannot be added,
My story like a torrent s[illegible] 'em.
Hark! it must out: But pray stand close together,
And let not all the world hear.

Leo. Speak it boldly.

Mer. And, royal lady, think but charitably!
Your grace has known my breeding.

Queen. Pr'ythee, speak it.

Mer. Is there no stranger here? Send off your servants.
And yet it must be known.—I shake.

Age. Sweet mistress!

Mer. I am abused, basely abused! do you guess yet?
Come close; I'll tell ye plainer; I am whored,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of honour!

Leo. Oh, the devil!

Age. What hellish slave was this?

The. A wretch, a wretch,
A damn'd wretch! Do you know the villain, lady?

Mer. No.

The. Not by guess?

Mer. Oh, no.
The. It must be known.
Queen. Where was the place?
Mer. I know not neither.
Age. Oh, Heaven!
Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?
Leo. Neither the man nor circumstances?
The. His tongue,
Did you not hear his tongue? no voice?
Mer. None, none, sir:
All I know of him was his violence.
Age. How came you hither, sweet?
Mer. I know not neither.
The. A cunning piece of villainy.
Mer. All I remember
Is only this: Going to Vesta's temple,
To give the goddess my last virgin prayers,
Near to that place I was suddenly surprised,
By five or six disguised, and from thence violently
To my dishonour haled: That act perform'd,
Brought back; but how, or whither, till I waked here——
The. This is so monstrous, the gods cannot suffer it;
I have not read, in all the villainies
Committed by the most obdurate rascals,
An act so truly impious.
Leo. 'Would I knew him!
The. He must be known; the devil cannot hide him.
Queen. If all the art I have, or power, can do it,
He shall be found; and such a way[3] of justice

[3] *A way of justice.*] Probably we should read, *weight; way* is very flat.—Ed. 1778.
The text is neither flat nor wrong, but the constant phraseology of the age, and means simply "such justice." See a very sa-

Inflicted on him—A lady wrong'd in my court?
And this way robb'd and ruin'd?

The. Be contented, madam;
If he be above ground, I will have him.

Age. Fair virtuous maid, take comfort yet, and flourish,
In my love flourish; the stain was forced upon you,
None of your will's, nor yours. Rise, and rise mine still,
And rise the same white, sweet, fair soul, I loved ye;
Take me the same.

Mer. I kneel and thank you, sir;
And I must say you are truly honourable,
And dare confess my will yet still a virgin:
But so unfit and weak a cabinet
To keep your love and virtue in am I now,
That have been forced and broken, lost my lustre;
I mean this body, so corrupt a volume,
For you to study goodness in, and honour,
I shall entreat your grace, confer that happiness
Upon a beauty sorrow never saw yet.
And when this grief shall kill me, (as it must do)
Only remember yet you had such a mistress;[4]
And if you then dare shed a tear, yet honour me.—
Good gentlemen, express your pities to me,
In seeking out this villainy. And my last suit

tisfactory note on the subject in Mr Gifford's edition of Massinger, (vol. IV. p. 304,) on the following line in A Very Woman:—

"In *way of youth* I did enjoy one friend."

[4] Yet *you had such a mistress;*
——— yet *honour me*] Sympson substitutes *that* for *yet* in these places; but the old reading is much best.—Ed. 1778.

Mason defends the needless variation of Sympson; but by "remember *yet*" Merione means simply to say "continue to remember this only." *Yet* is used in innumerable passages of old plays in the same manner.

Is to your grace, that I may have your favour
To live a poor recluse nun with this lady,
From court and company, till Heaven shall hear me,
And send me comfort, or death end my misery.

Queen. Take your own will; my very heart bleeds for thee.

Age. Farewell, Merione! since I have not thee,
I'll wed thy goodness, and thy memory.

Leo. And I her fair revenge.

The. Away; let's follow it;
For he's so rank i' th' wind we cannot miss him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street before a Tavern.[5]

Enter CRATES *and* CONON.

Cra. Conon? You are welcome home! you are wondrous welcome!

[5] In order to comprehend in what manner this scene is partly transacted before and partly within the house, we must either suppose (according to our notions of scenery, for in Fletcher's age the audience was content with the drawing of a curtain) that the door stood open, or that the tavern was not provided with windows, but open like a fish-monger, or butcher's shop; and it is not unlikely that the *red-lattice* mentioned in old writers, when speaking of taverns, may denote a kind of open frame-work, which exposed those guests who drank in the bar to the view of street-passengers. (See the last edition of Shakspeare, vol. VI. p. 83.) Taylor thus mentions these and other curious characteristics of ancient taverns in his Praise of Hempseed:—

Is this your first arrival?
Con. Sir, but now
I reach'd the town.
Cra. You are once more welcome then.
Con. I thank you, noble sir.
Cra. Pray you do me the honour
To make my poor house first——
Con. Pray, sir, excuse me;
I have not seen mine own yet; nor made happy
These longing eyes with those I love there.—What's this? a tavern?
Cra. It seems so by the outside.
Con. Step in here then;
And since it offers itself so freely to us,
A place made only for liberal entertainment,
Let's seek no further, but make use of this,
And, after the Greek fashion, to our friends
Crown a round cup or two.
[*They go into the Tavern.*

Enter Vintner and Drawer.

Cra. Your pleasure, sir.—
Drawers! who waits within?
Draw. Anon, anon, sir.
Vint. Look into the Lilly-pot. Why, Mark, there!—

"The vintner's trade were hardly worth a rush,
Unable to hang up a signe or bush;
And were't not for this small forgotten graine,
Their conjuring at midnight would be vaine;
Anon, anon! would be forgotten soone,
And he might score a pudding in the Moone,
But not a pinte of claret in the Sunne,
Because the emptie hogshead could not runne.
His *blushing lattice* would look pale and wan,
Nor could he long be a well-liquored man;
No more could all his regiment of pots
Affright men daily with scores, bills, and shots."

You are welcome, gentlemen! heartily welcome,
My noble friend!
Cra. Let's have good wine, mine host,
And a fine private room.
Vint. Will you be there, sir?
What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your wine myself.—
Cushions, ye knaves! Why, when?

Re-enter Drawers with Cushions.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*
Vint. Chios, or Lesbos, Greek?
Cra. Your best and neatest.
Vint. I'll draw ye that shall dance.
Cra. Away; be quick then. [*Exit Vintner.*
Con. How does your brother, sir, my noble friend,
The good Euphanes? In all my course of travel,
I met not with a gentleman so furnish'd
In gentleness and courtesy; believe, sir,
So many friendly offices I received from him,
So great and timely, and enjoyed his company
In such an open and a liberal sweetness,
That when I dare forget him——
Cra. He's in good health, sir;
But you will find him a much alter'd man;
Grown a great courtier, sir.
Con. He's worthy of it.
Cra. A man drawn up, that leaves no print behind him
Of what he was. Those goodnesses you speak of
That have been in him, those that you call freedoms,
Societies, and sweetness, look for now, sir,
You'll find no shadows of them left, no sound;
The very air he has lived in alter'd. Now behold him,
And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon you,

And cry for place: 'I am the queen's; give room
there!'
If you bow low, may be he'll touch the bonnet,
Or fling a forc'd smile at you for a favour.
Con. He is your brother, sir.
Cra. These forms put off,
Which travel and court holy-water sprinkle on him,
I dare accept and know him. You'll think it strange,
sir,
That even to me, to me, his natural brother,
And one by birth he owes a little honour to——

Enter Vintner with Wine.

But that's all one.—Come, give me some wine,
mine host.—
Here's to your fair return! [*Drinks.*
Con. I wonder at it!
But sure he has found a nature not worth owning
In this way; else I know he is tender carried.—
I thank you, sir. And now durst I presume,
For all you tell me of these alterations
And stops in his sweet nature (which till I find so,
I have known him now so long, and look'd so through
him,
You must give me leave to be a little faithless)
I say, for all these, if you please to venture,
I'll lay the wine we drink, let me send for him
(Even I, that am the poorest of his fellowship)
But by a boy o' th' house too, let him have business,
Let him attend the queen, nay, let his mistress
Hold him betwixt her arms, he shall come to me,
And shall drink with me too, love me, and heartily;
Like a true honest man, bid me welcome home:
I am confident.
Cra. You'll lose.
Con. You'll stand to th' wager?

Cra. With all my heart.
Con. Go, boy, and tell Euphanes-

Enter Boy.

Boy. He's now gone up the street, sir,
With a great train of gallants.
Cra. What think you now, sir?
Con. Go, and overtake him:
Commend my love unto him, (my name's Conon)
Tell him I am new arrived, and where I am,
And would request to see him presently.—
You see I use old dudgeon phrase to draw him.
Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.
Con. Away, boy.
Boy. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Con. Here's to you now!
And you shall find his travel has not stopt him,
As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom;
But made him far more clear and excellent.
It draws the grossness of the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits:
He that knows most men's manners, must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those by example.
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,
Still in the place he was born in, lamed and blinded;
Living at home is like it. Pure and strong spirits,
That, like the fire, still covet to fly upward,
And to give fire, as well as take it, cased up and mew'd here,
I mean at home, like lusty mettled horses,
Only tied up in stables, to please their masters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.
Why don't you travel, sir?
Cra. I have no belief in't,

I see so many strange things, half unhatch'd too,[6]
Return, those that went out men, and good men,
They look like poach'd eggs, with the soul suck'd out,
Empty and full of wind: All their affections
Are baked in rye-crust, to hold carriage
From this good town to th' other; and when they
are open'd,
They are so ill-cook'd and mouldy——

Con. You are pleasant.

Cra. I'll shew you a pack of these: I have 'em
for you,
That have been long in travel too.

Con. Please you, sir.

Enter second Boy.

Cra. You know the Merchants' Walk, boy?

2 Boy. Very well.

Cra. And you remember those gentlemen were
here
The other day with me?

2 Boy. Yes.

Cra. Then go thither,
For there I am sure they are; pray 'em come hither,
(And use my name) I would be glad to see 'em.

Enter first Boy.

1 Boy. Your brother's coming in, sir.

Vint. 'Ods my passion!
Out with the plate, ye knaves; bring the new
cushions,

[6] *Strange things, half unhatch'd, to*
Return, those that went, &c.] There is probably some omission here; however, the variation we have made affords a more plausible reading than the former editions.—Ed. 1778.
The variation is perfectly obvious, and there can be no occasion to suppose any omission.

And wash those glasses I set by for high-days;
Perfume the rooms along. Why, sirrah!

1 *Boy*. Here, sir.

Vint. Bid my wife make herself ready handsomely,
And put on her best apron; it may be,
The noble gentleman will look upon her.

Enter EUPHANES *and two Gentlemen*.

Euph. Where is he, boy?

Vint. Your worship's heartily welcome!
It joys my very heart to see you here, sir.
The gentleman that sent for your honour——

Euph. Oh, good mine host!

Vint. To my poor homely house, an't like your honour——

Euph. I thank thine honour, good mine host. Where is he?

Con. What think you now?—My best Euphanes!

Euph. Conon!
Welcome, my friend! my noble friend, how is it?
Are you in safety come, in health?

Con. All health, all safety,
Riches, and all that makes content and happiness,
Now I am here, I have. How have you fared, sir?

Euph. Well, I thank Heaven; and never nearer, friend,
To catch at great occasion.

Con. Indeed I joy in't.

Euph. Nor am I for myself born in these fortunes;
In truth I love my friends.

Con. You were noble ever.

[EUPHANES *salutes* CRATES.

Cra. I thought you had not known me.

Euph. Yes; you are my brother,
My elder brother too: 'Would your affections
Were able but to ask that love I owe to you,

And, as I give, preserve it!—Here, friend Conon,
To your fair welcome home! [*They drink.*
Con. Dear sir, I thank you.—
Fill it to th' brim, boy.—Crates!
Cra. I will pledge you;
But for that glorious comet, lately fired——
Con. Fy, fy, sir, fy!
Euph. Nay, let him take his freedoms;
He stirs not me, I vow to you; much less stains me.
Cra. Sir, I cannot talk with that neat travelling tongue.
Con. As I live, he has the worst belief in men abroad!
I am glad I am come home.

Enter second Boy.

2 *Boy.* Here are the gentlemen.
Cra. Oh, let 'em enter. Now you that trust in travel,
And make sharp beards and little breeches deities,
You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks,[7]

[7] *Now you that trust in travel,*
And make sharp beards *and* little breeches *deities,*
You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks.] We have here a whole budget of new and foreign fashions, then reprobated by sober people attached to old customs, however ridiculous. The following passage from Taylor the water poet will sufficiently illustrate the different manner of wearing the beard, where the stiletto fashion (which, from a speech following, seems to have been imported from Pisa) alluded to in the text, as well as the cut mentioned in act iv. sc. i. is specified:—

"Now a few lines to paper I will put
Of men's beards strange and variable cut,
In which there's some that take as vain a pride,
As almost in all other things beside;
Some are reap'd most substantial, like a brush,
Which makes a natural wit known by the bush;
And in my time of some men I have heard,
Whose wisdom have been only wealth and beard;
Many of these the proverb well doth fit,
Which says, 'Bush natural, more hair than wit.'

And hold there is no home-bred happiness,
Behold a model of your minds and actions.
Euph. Though this be envious, yet, done i' th' way of mirth,

Some seem as they were starched stiff and fine,
Like to the bristles of some angry swine;
And some, to set their love's desire on edge,
Are cut and prun'd like to a quickset hedge:
Some like a spade, some like a fork, some square,
Some round, some mow'd like stubble, some stark bare,
Some *sharp, stiletto fashion, dagger-like*,
That may, with whispering, a man's eyes out-spike;
Some with the hammer-cut, or *Roman T*,
Their beards extravagant reformed must be;
Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion,
Some circular, some oval in translation;
Some perpendicular in longitude,
Some like a thicket for their crassitude:
That heights, depths, breadths, triform, square, oval, round,
And rules geometrical in beards are found."
Superbiæ Flagellum, apud Works.

Tight and short breeches were also at that time coming into fashion, and considered by the puritans, who had been used to the wide trunk-hose, as very indecent, and by old people, as Mr Gifford observes, very inconvenient, "as being ill adapted to the hard oak chairs and benches on which they usually sat."—Finally, *toothpicks* had been introduced by travellers shortly before, and are often alluded to in old plays. In Ben Jonson's The Devil's an Ass, Meercraft thus mentions his project of getting a monopoly to regulate this fashionable article, (act IV. sc. II.)

" *Tailbush.* Do you hear?
Ha' you a business about *toothpicks*?
Meercraft. Yes, madam,
Did I ne'er tell it you? I meant to have offered it
Your ladyship, on the perfecting the patent.
Tailb. How is't?
Meer. Nor serving the whole state with tooth-picks?
Somewhat an intricate business to discourse, but—
I show how much the subject is abused,
First, in that one commodity; then what disease
And putrefactions in the gums are bred,
By those are made of adulterate and false wood;
My plot for reformation of these follows!
To have all tooth-picks brought unto an office,
There seal'd; and such as counterfeit 'em mulcted.

I am content to thank you for't.
Con. 'Tis well yet.
Cra. Let the masque enter.

Enter Onos, *Uncle, and Tutor.*

Onos. A pretty tavern, 'faith, of a fine structure!
Uncle. Bear yourself like a gentleman; here's sixpence,
And be sure you break no glasses.
Tutor. Hark ye, pupil;
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams,
And put your knees out bent; there; yet a little.
Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident
To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a main posture,
And to all unair'd gentlemen will betray you:
Play with your Pisa beard. Why, where's your brush, pupil?[8]

And last, for venting of 'em, to have a book
Printed to teach their use, which every child
Shall have throughout the kingdom, that can read,
And learn to pick his teeth by. Which beginning
Early to practise, with some other rules,
Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chewing
Some grains of mastich, will preserve the breath
Pure, and so free from taint——"

[8] *Why, where's your* brush, *pupil?*] I am not certain what brush the Tutor means. Perhaps one was appended to the snuff-boxes then worn, as is still the case with the Scotch snuffing-horns. The other appendages to the latter are mentioned as necessary to a gallant's box in Dekker's Directions for his Behaviour at an Ordinary, in the Guls Hornbook: "Before the meate come smoaking to the board our gallant must draw out his tobacco box, the *laddel* for the cold snuffe, into the nosthrill, the *tongs* and *priming*: all which artillery may be of gold and silver (if he can reach the price of it;) it will be a reasonable useful pawne at all times when the current of his money falls out to run low."—However, it may have been a custom for the gallants to carry a clothes-brush in their pockets, and the text may allude to this. It is well known that they carried looking-glasses, combs, and perfumes.

He must have a brush, sir.
Uncle. More charge yet?
Tutor. Here, take mine;
These elements of travel, he must not want, sir.
Uncle. *Mafoy*, he has had some nineteen-pence in elements;
What would you more?
Tutor. *Durus mehercle pater!*
Con. What, monsieur Onos, the very pump of travel![9]
Sir, as I live, you have done me the greatest kindness—
Oh, my fair sir, Lampree, the careful uncle
To this young hopeful issue! Monsieur Tutor too,
The father to his mind! Come, come; let's hug, boys.
Why, what a bunch of travel do I embrace now!
Methinks I put a girdle about Europe.
How has the boy profited?
Uncle. He has enough, sir,
If his too-fiery mettle do not mar it.
Con. Is he not thrifty yet?
Tutor. That's all his fault;
Too bounteous minded, being under age too;
A great consumer of his stock in pippins:
He had ever a hot stomach.
Con Come hither, Onos.
Will you love me for this fine apple?
Onos. *Ouy.*
Con. And will you be ruled by me sometimes?
Onos. 'Faith, I will.
Con. That's a good boy.
Uncle. Pray give not the child so much fruit;
He's of a raw complexion.

[9] Pump *of travel!*] I suspect that for *pump* here we should read *pink*. The *pink of courtesy* is a well-known phrase.—*Sympson.* I believe Sympson is right in his conjecture.

Euph. You, monsieur Hard-Egg!
Do you remember me? Do you remember
When you and your consort[1] travell'd through Hungary?
Con. He's in that circuit still.
Euph. Do you remember
The cantle of immortal cheese[2] you carried with you,
The half-cold cabbage in a leather satchel,
And those invincible eggs that would lie in your bowels
A fortnight together, and then turn to bedstaves;
Your sour milk that would choak an Irishman,
And bread was baked in Cæsar's time for the army?
Con. Providence, providence.
Tutor. The soul of travel.
Euph. Can the boy speak yet?
Tutor. Yes; and as fine a gentleman,
I thank my able knowledge, he has arrived at,
Only a little sparing of his language,
Which every man of observation
Uncle. And of as many tongues——
Tutor. Pray be content, sir;
You know you are for the bodily part, the purse,
I for the magazine, the mind.
Euph. Come hither, Springal.[3]

[1] *You and your* consort.] A consort in these plays means a band of musicians; and is here applied to Onos and his train.—*Mason.*

So in the Seven Champions of Christendom by Kirke:—

——"When Calib's *consort plays* a huntsup to her,
How sweetly doth it *tanguell* in mine ears!"

[2] *The* cantle *of immortal cheese.*] *Cantle* means a small piece of any thing; *chantel,* Fr. *quantulum,* Lat.

[3] *Springal.*] A youth. So in Davenport's City Night-Cap:—

"That lusty *springal,* Millicent, is no worse man
Than the duke of Milan's son."

The word is not "Almain," but has been derived from that tongue.

Onos. That in the Almain tongue signifies a gentleman.

Euph. What think you of the forms of Italy or Spain?

Onos. I love mine own country pippin.

Tutor. Nobly answer'd;
Born for his country first.

Euph. A great philosopher!—
What horses do you prefer?

Onos. The white horse, sir;
There where I lie; honest, and a just beast.

Tutor. *O caput lepidum!* A child to say this!
Are these figures for the mouths of infants?

Con. Onos, what wenches? [*Apart to him.*
Come, tell me true.

Onos. I cannot speak without book.

Con. When shall we have one? ha?

Onos. Steal me from mine uncle;
For, look you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleshly physick; they say I am too young,
And that 'twill spoil my growth; but, could you help me——

Con. Meet me to-morrow, man; no more.—

Euph. You think now
You have open'd such a shame to me of travel,
By shewing these thin cubs! You have honour'd us
Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent:
Three frails of sprats, carried from mart to mart,
Are as much meat as these, to more use travell'd;
A bunch of bloated fools! Methinks your judgment
Should look abroad sometimes, without your envy.

Cra. Such are most of you. So I take my leave,
And when you find your women's favour fail,
'Tis ten to one you'll know yourself, and seek me,

Upon a better muster of your manners.

Con. This is not handsome, sir.

Euph. Pray take your pleasure :
You wound the wind as much.

Cra. Come you with me ;
I have business for you presently. There's for your wine ;
I must confess I lost it. [*Exit.*

Onos. Shall I steal to you ?
And shall we see the wench ?

Con. A dainty one.

Onos. And have a dish of pippins ?

Con. What ? a peck, man.

Tutor. Will you wait, sir ?

Con. Pray let's meet oftner, gentlemen ;
I would not lose ye.

Tutor. Oh, sweet sir !

Con. Do you think I would ?
Such noted men as you ?

Onos, Uncle, Tutor. We are your servants !
[*Exeunt.*

Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting nonage,
My brother, for his own ends, has thrust on
Upon my mistress : 'Tis true, he shall be rich,
If ever he can get that rogue his uncle
To let him be of years to come to inherit it.
Now, what the main drift is——

Con. Say you so ? no more words :
I'll keep him company till he be of years,
(Though it be a hundred years) but I'll discover it ;
And ten to one I'll cross it too.

Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your love. Farewell, sir !
For these few hours I must desire your pardon ;
I have business of importance. Once a-day,

At least, I hope you'll see me; I must see you else:
So, once more, you are welcome!

Con. All my thanks, sir;
And when I leave to love you, life go from me!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter THEANOR *and* CRATES.

Cra. Why, sir, the kingdom's his; and no man now
Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,
Without his licence; he puts up the tithes
Of every office through Achaia;
From courtier to the carter hold of him;
Our lands, our liberties, nay, very lives,
Are shut up in his closet, and let loose
But at his pleasure; books, and all discourse,
Have now no patron, nor direction,
But glorified Euphanes; our cups are guilty
That quench our thirsts, if not unto his health.
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away
My very soul, for anguish! Gods, nor men,
Should tolerate such disproportion.

The. And yet is he beloved; whether it be virtue,
Or seeming virtue, which he makes the cloak
To his ambition.
Cra. Be it which it will,
Your highness is too tame, your eyes too film'd,
To see this, and sit still: The lion should not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the bull.
Nature, excuse me! though he be my brother,
You are my country's father, therefore mine:
One parallel line of love I bend on him,
All lines of love and duty meet in you,
As in their centre; therefore hear, and weigh,
What I shall speak. You know the queen your mother
Did, from a private state, your father raise;
So all your royalty you hold from her:
She is older than she was, therefore more doting;
And what know we but blindness of her love,
(That hath, from underneath the foot of Fortune,
Set even Euphanes' foot on Fortune's head)
Will take him by the hand, and cry, "Leap now
Into my bed!" 'tis but a trick of age;
Nothing impossible.
The. What do you infer on this?
Cra. Your pardon, sir,
With reverence to the queen: Yet why should I
Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your good?
A good old widow is a hungry thing
(I speak of other widows, not of queens.)
The. Speak to thy purpose.
Cra. I approach it. Sir,
Should young Euphanes clasp the kingdom thus,
And please the good old lady some one night,
What might not she be wrought to put on you,
Quite to supplant your birth? neither is she
Past children, as I take it.

The. Crates, thou shak'st me!
Thou, that dost hate thy brother for my love,
In my love find one; henceforth be my brother.
This giant I will fell beneath the earth;
I will shine out, and melt his artful wings:
Euphanes, from my mother's sea of favours,
Spreads like a river, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my storms; like a young pine
He grows up planted under a fair oak,
Whose strong large branches yet do shelter him,
And every traveller admires his beauty:
But, like a wind, I'll work into his cranks,
Trouble his stream, and drown all vessels that
Ride on his greatness. Under my mother's arms,
Like to a stealing tempest will I search,
And rend his root from her protection.

Cra. Ay; now Theanor speaks like prince Theanor.

The. But how shall we provoke him to our snares?
He has a temper malice cannot move
To exceed the bounds of judgment; he is so wise,
That we can pick no cause to affront him.

Cra. No?
What better than his crossing your intent?
The suit I had to you? Conon's forfeit state
(Before he travell'd) for a riot, he
Hath from your mother got restored to him.

The. Durst he? What is this Conon?

Cra. One that hath,
As people say, in foreign countries[5] pleasured him.

[5] *Countries.*] This word is not in the first folio.

Enter ONOS, *Uncle*, *Tutor*, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

But now no more;
They have brought the travellers I told you of.
That's the sweet youth that is my brother's rival,
That curls his head, for he has little hair,
And paints his vizor, for it is no face,
That so desires to follow you, my lord:
Shew 'em some countenance, and it will beget
Our sport at least.—

The. What villainous crab-tree legs
He makes![6] His shins are full of true-love knots.

Cra. His legs were ever villainous, since I knew him.

Era. 'Faith, his uncle's shanks are somewhat the better.

Nean. But is it possible he should believe he's not of age? Why, he is fifty, man; in's jubilee, I warrant! 'Slight, he looks older than a groat; the very stamp on's face is worn out with handling.

Sos. Why, I tell you, all men believe it when they hear him speak, he utters such single matter in so infantly a voice.

Nean. He looks as like a fellow that I have seen

[6] *Crab-tree legs
He makes?*] Sympson dislikes this reading, and would substitute *has* for *makes*; which is clearly for the worse, as in all probability Onos enters making ridiculous congees.—To MAKE *a leg* is a common manner of speaking of a bow or congee: it occurs frequently in our authors. See Wild-Goose Chase, in this volume, act V. sc. II.

"*I'll* make *my three* legs
*Kiss my hand twice, and, if I smell no danger,
If the interview be clear, may be I'll speak to her.*"—Ed. 1778.

accommodate gentlemen with tobacco in our theatres—[7]

Onos. Most illustrious prince!

Era. A pox on him, he is gelt! how he trebles!

Onos. I am a gentleman o' both sides.

Tutor. He means (so't please your highness) both by father and mother.

Sos. Thou a gentleman? thou an ass.

Nean. He is ne'er the farther from being a gentleman, I assure you.

Tutor. May it please your grace, I am another.

Nean. He is another ass, he says; I believe him.

Uncle. We be three,[8] heroical prince.

Nean. Nay then, we must have the picture of 'em, and the word *nos sumus.*

[7] Tobacco *in our theatres.*] It was a very usual practice among gallants, and must have been a very nauseous one for the audience, to smoke on the stage, where they were accommodated with stools, beer, tobacco, and other conveniences. See Malone's Hist. Account of the English Stage (*apud* Reed's Shakspeare, *III.* 80.) The practice is also alluded to in the following old epigram:—

> "The Globe to-morrow acts a pleasant play,
> In hearing it consume the irksome day.
> Go take a pipe of *To:* the crowded stage
> Must needs be graced with you and your page;
> Sweare for a place with each controlling foole,
> And send your hackney servant for a stoole."
>
> *Follies Anatomie: or Satyres and Satyricall Epigrams, by Henry Hutton, London,* 1619. 12.

[8] *We be* three.] Alluding to the sign of the Loggerheads.—*Mason.*

This sign was possibly derived from the popular Three Men's Songs, which are thus alluded to in Mayne's Amorous War, where the song in Rollo seems to be referred to:—

> —— "If't be our destiny
> To die by th' string, the comfort is *we're three.*"

See also the song in Rollo, vol. VII. p. 189, and the note subjoined to it.

Tutor. That have travell'd all parts of the globe together.

Uncle. For my part, I have seen the vicissitude of Fortune before.

Onos. Peace, uncle; for though you speak a little better than I——

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in truth.

Onos. Yet we must both give place, as they say, to the best speaker, the tutor.

Tutor. Yet since it hath pleased your radiance to decline so low, as on us poor and unworthy dung-hills——

Nean. What a stinking knave's this!

Tutor. Our peregrination was ne'er so felicitated, as since we entered the line of your gracious favour, under whose beamy aspect, and by which infallible mathematical compass, may we but hereafter presume to sail, our industries have reach'd their desired termination and period; and we shall voluntarily sacrifice our lives to your resplendent eyes, both the altars and fires of our devoted offerings.

Onos. Oh, divine tutor!

Cra. Can you hold, sir?

Era. He has spoken this very speech to some whore in Corinth.

Nean. A plague on him for a fustian dictionary! On my conscience, this is the Ulyssean Traveller [9]

[9] *The* Ulyssean Traveller *that sent home, &c.*] The *Ulyssean Traveller* here mentioned was the celebrated Thomas Coryate, who is supposed to have travelled more miles on foot than any person of that age, or in any period since. He was undoubtedly not in his perfect senses; but was a man of considerable learning, and appears to have related faithfully what he saw; for he became ridiculous chiefly by dwelling with too much attention on the trifling accidents which happened to him during his journey. In the year 1608, he set out from England, and went on foot as far as Venice, and back again; a journey which he completed in five

that sent home his image riding upon elephants to the great Mogol.

Sos. The same; his wit is so huge, nought but an elephant could carry him.

Era. So heavy, you mean.

Nean. These three are even the finest one fool tripartite that was e'er discover'd.

Sos. Or a treatise of famine, divided into three branches.

Era. The prince speaks.

The. I thank ye for your loves; but, as I told you,
I have so little means to do for those
Few followers I have already, that
I would have none shipwreck themselves and fortune
Upon my barren shelf. Sue to Euphanes,
For he is prince, and queen; I would have no man
Curse me in his old age.

Cra. Alas, sir, they desire to follow you
But afar off; the farther off the better.

Tutor. Ay, sir; an't be seven mile off, so we may but follow you, only to countenance us in the confronts and affronts, which (according to your high-

months. He published an account of it in the year 1611, in a large quarto volume, containing 655 pages, besides more than a 100 filled with commendatory verses by Ben Jonson, and most of the wits of the age, who both laughed at him and flattered his vanity at the same time. An extract from this singular performance is given in a note on act IV. sc. I. He afterwards travelled into Persia, and from thence into the East-Indies, still on foot, and died at Surat in the year 1612. The piece alluded to by our author was entitled, "Thomas Coriate, Traveller for the English Wits, greeting from the Court of the Great Mogul, resident at the Towne of Asmere in Easterne India. Printed by W. Jaggard and Henry Featherston, 1616," quarto. It has, in the frontispiece, a representation of the author riding on an elephant.—*Reed.*

ness' will) we mean on all occasions to put upon the lord Euphanes.

Onos. He shall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant him; if he do, I'll forswear wit.

Nean. It has forsworn thee, I'll swear; it is the ancient enemy to thy house.

The. Well, be it so; I here receive you, for
My followers a great way off.

Nean. Seven miles, my lord; no further.

Onos. By what time, sir, (by this measure) may I come to follow him in his chamber?

Nean. Why, when his chamber, sir, is seven miles long.

Enter EUPHANES, CONON, *Page, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

Gent. Make way there for my lord Euphanes!

Cra. Look, sir! Jove appears,
The peacock of our state, that spreads a train
Brighter than Iris' blushes after rain.—

Euph. You need not thank me, Conon: In your love
You antedated what I can do for you,
And I in gratitude was bound to this,
And am to much more; and whate'er he be
Can with unthankfulness assoil me,[1] let him
Dig out mine eyes, and sing my name in verse,
In ballad verse, at every drinking house,
And no man be so charitable to lend me
A dog to guide my steps.

[1] — *Whate'er he be*
Can with unthankfulness assoil *me.*] This is either an inadvertence of the poets, or, which is more probable, a corruption. *Assoil* means absolve, but the meaning of the text is evidently, *charge, accuse.* The latter word should probably be put in its place. Or possibly it may mean *stain, attaint.*

Nean. Hail to Euphanes!
Sos. Mighty Euphanes!
Era. The great prince Euphanes!
Tutor. Key of the court, and jewel of the queen!
Uncle. Sol in our firmament!
Onos. Pearl in the state's eye!
Nean. Being a black man.
Era. Mistress of the land!
Nean. Our humble, humble, poor petitions are,
That we may hold our places.
All. May we?
Euph. Yes;
Be you malicious knaves still; and you fools.
Con. This is the prince's and your brother's spite.
Euph. I know't, but will not know it.
Con. Yonder they are.—
Whose fine child's this?
Uncle. Sir!
Onos. Uncle, le'be,[2]
Let him alone, he is a mighty prince.
Euph. I ask your highness' pardon! I protest
By Jupiter I saw you not.
The. Humph! it may be so.
You have raised such mountains 'twixt your eyes
and me,
That I am hidden quite. What do you mean, sir?
You much forget yourself.
Euph. I should much more,
Not to remember my due duty to your grace.
I know not wherein I have so transgress'd

[2] *Le'be.*] An unmeaning, [but, no doubt, intentional] contraction of *let be*, which means, let it pass, or pass over; or cease, or leave off. So in Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book III. Canto II. Britomart says to the Red Cross Knight,

" *Let be*, therefore, my vengeance to dissuade,
And rede where I that traitour false may find."—*Mason.*

My service[3] to your highness, to deserve
This rigour and contempt, not from you only,
But from your followers, with the best of whom
I was an equal in my lowest ebb:
Beseech you, sir, respect me as a gentleman;
I will be never more in heart to you.
Five fair descents I can derive myself,
From fathers worthy both in arts and arms.
I know your goodness companies your greatness,
But that you are perverted: Royal sir,
I am your humblest subject; use your pleasure,
But do not give protection to the wrongs
Of these subordinate slaves, whom I could crush
By that great destined favour which my mistress
And your majestic mother deigns to me,
But in respect of you. I know lean envy
Waits ever on the steps of virtue advanced;
But why your mother's grace gets me disgrace,
Or renders me a slave to bear these wrongs,
I do not know.—Oh, mediocrity,
Thou prizeless jewel, only mean men have,
But cannot value; like the precious gem
Found in the muckhill by the ignorant cock!

The. Your creamy words but cozen; how durst you
Intercept me so lately to my mother?
And what I meant your brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeiter again.[4]

[3] —— *So* transgress'd
My service to your highness.] This is the phraseology of the age. So in Bonduca, vol. VI. p. 86:—

—— "I never
Blasphemed 'em, uncle, nor *transgressed* my parent."

[4] *Unto the* forfeiture *again.*] So, says Sympson, only the first folio reads; the other editions, with his own and the last, *forfeiter*. But the second folio, as well as the first, has it *forfeiture*. The variation is, however, necessary.

Cra. Your answer
To that, my lord my brother.
Euph. May I perish
If e'er I heard you intended such a suit!
Though 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand
Upon your highness, to have given your servant
A gentleman's whole state of worth and quality,
Confiscate only for a youthful brawl.
The. Your rudiments are too saucy; teach your page.
Con. Ay, so are all things but your flatterers.
Onos. Hold you your prating!
Con. You know where you are, you fleeten face![5]
Euph Yet, sir, to appease and satisfy your anger,
Take what you please from me, and give it him,
In lieu of this. You shall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my state;
Which, brother, if you please——
Cra. I'll starve in chains first,
Eat my own arms!
Euph. Oh, that you saw yourself!
You ne'er made me such offer in my poorness;
And 'cause, to do you ease, I sought not to you,
You thus malign me; yet your nature must not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I shall joy. You know
I fear you not; you've seen me proved a man
In every way of fortune; 'tis my comfort
I know no more such brothers in the world
As Crates is.
Con. Nor I such as Euphanes:
The temper of an angel reigns in thee!
Euph. Your royal mother, sir, (I had forgot)
Entreats your presence.

[5] *You* fleeten *face.*] To *fleet* is to skim milk. A fleeten face means what we now call a whey-face.—*Mason.*

The. You have done her errand;
I may do yours. [*Exit.*
Euph. Let it be truth, my lord.
Con. Crates, I'll question you for this.
Cra. Pish, your worst! [*Exit.*
Con. Away, you hounds, after your scent!
Onos. Come, we'll scorn to talk to 'em: Now
they are gone,
We'll away too. [*Exeunt.*
Con. Why bear you this, my lord?
Euph. To shew the passive fortitude the best;
Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her marble heroes stand, built on such bases,
Whilst they recoil, and wound the shooters' faces.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Con. My lord, the queen.
Queen. Gentle Euphanes, how,
How dost thou, honest lord? Oh, how I joy
To see what I have made! like a choice workman,
That, having framed a master-piece, doth reap
An universal commendation!
Princes are gods in this. I'll build thee yet,
The good foundation so pleases me,
A story or two higher; let dogs bark:
They are fools that hold them dignified by blood,
They should be only made great that are good.
Euph. Oraculous madam!
Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking,
If I should marry thee, what merry tales
Our neighbour islands would make of us:
But let that pass; you have a mistress
That would forbid our banns. 'Troth, I have wish'd
A thousand times that I had been a man;

Then I might sit a day with thee alone, and talk;
But as I am, I must not. There's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?
Euph. So't please your majesty,
Conon, the friend I sued for.
Queen. 'Tis dispatch'd.
Con. Gracious madam,
I owe the gods and you my life.
Queen. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest man; he says you are.—
But now I'll chide thee: What's the cause my son
(For my eye's every where, and I have heard)
So insolently does thee contumelies
Past sufferance (I am told,) yet you complain not?
As if my justice were so partial
As not to right the meanest: Credit me,
I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
By his example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's just. I sent you for him.
Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you.
But let me implore your majesty, not to give
His highness any check, for worthless me;
They are court-cankers, and not counsellors,
That thus inform you; they do but hate the prince,
And would subvert me. I should curse my fortune,
Even at the highest, to be made the gin [6]
To unscrew a mother's love unto her son:
Better had my pale flame in humble shades
Been spent unseen, than to be raised thus high,
Now to be thought a meteor to the state,
Portending ruin and contagion.

[6] *Gin.*] Here only means *instrument*, or *means*, &c. not as we take it now, for a trap or snare.—*Sympson.*

Beseech you then rest satisfied, the prince
Is a most noble-natured gentleman,
And never did to me but what I took
As favours from him; my blown billows must not
Strive 'gainst my shore, that should confine me, nor
Justle with rocks to break themselves to pieces.

Queen. Well, thou'rt the composition of a god:
My lion, lamb, my eaglet, and my dove,
Whose soul runs clearer than Diana's fount!
Nature pick'd several flowers from her choice banks,
And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
A posy for the bosom of a queen.

Lady. The prince attends you.

Queen. Farewell, my good lord,
My honest man. Stay; hast no other suit?
I pr'ythee tell me; sirrah, thine eye speaks
As if thou hadst; out with it, modest fool!

Euph. With favour, madam, I would crave your leave
To marry, where I am bound in gratitude;
The immediate means she was to all my being,
Nor do I think your wisdom, sacred queen,
Fetters in favours, taking from me so
The liberty that meanest men enjoy.

Queen. To marry? you're a fool! thou'st anger'd me.
Leave me; I'll think on't.——

[*Exeunt* EUPHANES *and* CONON.

Only to try thee this, for though I love thee,
I can subdue myself; but she that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man.—

Enter THEANOR, *and kneels.*

Nay, rise without a blessing, or kneel still!
What's, sir, the reason you oppose me thus,

And seek to darken what I would have shine?
Eclipse a fire much brighter than thyself,
Making your mother not a competent judge
Of her own actions?

The. Gracious madam, I
Have done no more than what in royalty,
And to preserve your fame, was fit to do:
Heard you the people's talk of you, and him
You favour so, his greatness, and your love,
The pity given to me, you would excuse me.
They prate as if he did dishonour you;
And what know I, but his own lavish tongue
Has utter'd some such speeches? he is call'd
The king of Corinth.

Queen. They are traitors all:
I wear a crystal casement 'fore my heart,
Through which each honest eye may look into't;
Let it be prospect unto all the world,
I care not this.

The. [*Aside.*] This must not be my way.—
Your pardon, gracious madam! These incitements
Made me not shew so clear a countenance
Upon the lord Euphanes as I would;
Which since your majesty affects so grievously,
I'll clear the black cloud off it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.

Queen. Rise, with my blessing; and, to prove this true,
Bear him from me this cabinet of jewels
In your own person; tell him, for his marrying,
He may dispose him how and when he please.

The. I shall discharge my duty and your will.—
[*Exit Queen.*

Crates!

Enter CRATES.

Cra. I have heard all, my lord: How luckily
Fate pops her very spindle in our hands!
This marriage with Beliza you shall cross;
Then have I one attempt for Lamprias more
Upon this Phaëton: Where's Merione's ring,
That in the rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In, and effect our purpose. You, my lord,
Shall disobey your mother's charge, and send
This cabinet by some servant of her own,
That what succeeds may have no reference
Unto your highness.

The. On, my engine, on!

Cra. Now, if we be not struck by Heaven's own hand,
We'll ruin him, and on his ruins stand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Leonidas, *hung with black; Tapers on the Walls.*

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, MERIONE, *and* BELIZA.

SONG.[7]

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look chearfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Age. These airs feed sorrow in her, lady,
And nourish it too strongly; like a mother
That spoils her child with giving on't the will.
Bel. Some lighter note.

[7] This very beautiful song, as well as the one which immediately follows, does not occur in the first folio, and both are for that reason degraded into a note by the editors of 1778. But those who published the second folio seem to have had good authority for the songs they introduced into the text.

SONG.

Court-ladies, laugh and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her maidenhead is gone;
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you company.
Too well you know, maids are like towns on fire,
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.
Weep then no more, fool: A new maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste tear shed.

Leo. How like a hill of snow she sits, and melts
Before the unchaste fires of others' lust!
What heart can see her passion, and not break?
Age. Take comfort, gentle madam! You know well
Even actual sins, committed without will,
Are neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd;
Your honour's no whit less, your chastity
No whit impair'd, for fair Merione
Is more a virgin yet than all her sex.
Mer. Alas 'tis done![8]
Age. Why burn these tapers now?
Wicked and frantic creatures joy in night.
Leo. Imagine fair Merione had dream'd
She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then
Excruciate?
Mer. Oh!
Bel. Fy, fy! how fond is this!
What reason for this surfeit of remorse?
How many that have done ill, and proceed,
Women that take degrees in wantonness,

[8] *Alas, 'tis done.*] Mr Seward concurred with me in taking this passage out of the mouth of *Agenor*, and putting it into that of *Merione*, to whom it undoubtedly belongs: For she breaks out into this passionate sentence, and interrupts the prince, before he could conclude his consolatory address.—*Sympson.*

Commence, and rise in rudiments of lust,
That feel no scruple of this tenderness?

Mer. Pish!

Bel. Nor are you matchless in mishap; even I
Do bear an equal part of misery;
That love, beloved, a man the crown of men,
Whom I have friended,[9] and how raised, 'tis better
That all do know and speak it than myself.
When he sail'd low I might have made him mine,
Now, at his full gale, it is questionable
If ever I o'ertake him.

Age. Wherefore sits
My Phœbe shadow'd in a sable cloud?
Those pearly drops which thou let'st fall like beads,
Numb'ring on them thy vestal orisons,
Alas, are spent in vain! I love thee still;
In midst of all these showers thou sweetlier scent'st,
Like a green meadow on an April-day,
In which the sun and west wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter EUPHANES *and Servant.*

Serv. The lord Euphanes, madam.

[*Exit* MERIONE.

Age. Poor Merione!
She loaths the light, and men.

[*Exit with* LEONIDAS.

Euph. The virtuous gods preserve my mistress!

Bel. Oh, my most honour'd lord, those times are changed.

Euph. Let times and men change! Could Heaven change, Euphanes
Should never change to be devoted ever

[9] *Whom I have friended.*] Sympson and the last editors read —"Whom *how* I've friended," but, as Mr Mason observes, without any necessity.

To fair Beliza. Should my load of honours,
Or any grace which you were author of,
Detract mine honour, and diminish grace?
The gods forbid! You here behold your servant,
Your creature, gentle lady, whose sound sleeps
You purchased for him, whose food you paid for,
Whose garments were your charge, whose first preferment
You founded; then, what since the gracious queen
Hath, or can rear, is upon your free land,
And you are mistress of.

Bel. Mock me not, gentle lord;
You shine now in too high a sphere for me:
We are planets now disjoin'd for ever! Yet,
Poor superstitious innocent that I am,
Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love,
Not in idolatry, but perfect zeal:
For, credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
But, were it to begin, would do the same.

Euph. There are two seas in Corinth, and two queens,
And but there, not two such in the spacious universe.
I came to tender you the man you have made,
And, like a thankful stream, to retribute
All you, my ocean, have enrich'd me with.
You told me once you'd marry me.

Bel. Another mock? You were wont to play fair play.
You scorn poor helps; he, that is sure to win,
May slight mean hearts, whose hand commands the queen.

Euph. Let me be held the knave through all the stock,
When I do slight my mistress! You know well
The gracious inclination of the queen,
Who sent me leave this morning to proce ed

To marry as I saw convenience,
And a great gift of jewels: Three days hence
The general sacrifice is done to Vesta,
And can you by then be accommodated,
Your servant shall wait on you to the temple.
Bel. Till now I never felt a real joy indeed.
Euph. Here then I seal my duty, here my love.
Till which, vouchsafe to wear this ring, dear mis-
tress;
'Twas the queen's token, and shall celebrate
Our nuptials.
Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve
My honour'd lord, as he preserves all honour!
[*Exit* EUPHANES.

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* MERIONE.

Age. Why shift you places thus, Merione,
And will not lend a word? Couldst thou so soon
Leave sorrow as the place, how blest were I!
But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent guest,
A follower every where, a hanger-on,
That words nor blows can drive away.
Leo. Dear sister!
Bel. Who can be sad? Out with these tragic lights,
And let day repossess her natural hours;
Tear down these blacks, cast ope the casements
wide,
That we may jocundly behold the sun.
I did partake with sad Merione
In all her mourning; let her now rejoice
With glad Beliza, for Euphanes is
As full of love, full of humility,
As when he wanted.
Mer. Oh! that——
Leo. Help! she faints!
Her grief has broke her heart.

Mer. No: That ——that——
Age. Mistress, what point you at?
Her lamps are out, yet still she extends her hand
As if she saw something antipathous
Unto her virtuous life.
Leo. Still, still she points,
And her lips move, but no articulate sound
Breathes from 'em.—Sister, speak, what moves you thus?
Bel. Her spirits return.
Mer. Oh hide that fatal ring!
Where had it you, Beliza?
Bel. What hid fate
Depends on it?– Euphanes gave it me,
As holy pledge of future marriage.
Mer. Then is Euphanes the foul ravisher!
Let me speak this, and die. That dismal night
Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that ring
The partner of my robb'd virginity.
Leo. Euphanes?
Age. Strange!
Bel. Impossible!
Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief servant to the queen. Ha! I have read
Somewhere, I am sure, of such an injury
Done to a lady, and how she durst die! [*Exit.*
Age. Oh, follow her, Beliza.
Bel. To assure her
The unlikelihood of this. [*Exit.*
Age. Love hides all sins.
What's to be done, Leonidas?
Leo. Why, this——
Amazement takes up all my faculties!
The plagues of gods and men will muster all,
To avenge this tyranny. Oh, frontless man,
To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus!
First let's implore, then cure.

Age. Who, who can trust
The gentle looks and words of two-faced man?
Like Corinth's double torrent, you and I
Will rush upon the land; nor shall the queen
Defend this villain in his villainy:
Lust's violent flames can never be withstood,
Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter CRATES, *Uncle*, *Tutor*, *and* ONOS.

Onos. Thinks he to carry her, and live?
Cra. It seems so.
And she will carry him, the story says.
Onos. Well; hum!
Have I for this, thou fair, but falsest fair,
Stretch'd this same simple leg over the sea?
What though my bashfulness, and tender years,
Durst ne'er reveal my affection to thy teeth?
Deep Love ne'er tattles, and, say they, Love's bit
The deeper dipp'd, the sweeter still is it.
Tutor. Oh, see the power of love! he speaks in rhyme.
Cra. Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme.

Of all the lovers yet I have heard or read,
This is the strangest: But his guardian,
And you, his tutor, should inform him better;
Thinks he that love is answer'd by instinct?
Tutor. He should make means;
For certain, sir, his bashfulness undoes him,
For from his cradle, he had a shameful face.
Thus walks he night and day, eats not a bit,
Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humorous,
Drinks ale, and takes tobacco as you see,
Wears a stiletto at his codpiece close,[1]
Stabs on the least occasion; strokes his beard,
Which now he puts i' th' posture of a T,
The Roman T; your T beard is the fashion,[2]
And twifold doth express the enamour'd courtier,
As full as your fork-carving traveller.[3]

[1] *Wears a stiletto at his* codpiece *Close.*] I do not recollect any other passage in which the custom of wearing a stiletto appended to this unseemly prodigy of fashion, is mentioned. It was usual, however, to stick pins in it. So in Dekkar's Honest Whore:—"'Slid, you are a sweet youth to wear a *codpiece*, and have no pins to stick upon't."

[2] *Your* T beard *is the fashion.*] See above. 426.

[3] Fork-*carving traveller.*] As every new custom is a good fund for satire, to your wits of all sorts, so I imagine here, could we know the precise time when this play was wrote, we might fix the æra of the introduction of *forks*, the use of which is so agreeably bantered. Nor are our authors the only satirists upon this occasion. Ben Jonson has joined the laugh with them against this custom, in his Devil's an Ass, act v. scene iv. Meercraft says to Gilthead and Sledge,—

"Have I deserved this from you two? for all
My pains at court, to get you each a patent.
Gilt. For what?
Meer. Upo' my project o' the *forks*.
Sle. *Forks?* what be they? [*The project of* forks.
Meer. The laudable use of *forks*,
Brought into custom here as they are in Italy,
To th' sparing o' *napkins*."—Sympson.

Onos. Oh,
Black clouds of discontent, invelop me;
Garters, fly off; go, hatband, bind the brows
Of some dull citizen that fears to ake;
And, leg, appear now in simplicity,
Without the trappings of a courtier;
Burst, buttons, burst, your bachelor is worm'd!

The 'precise time' when the use of *forks* was introduced into this kingdom will appear with certainty, from the following extract from "Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobled up in five Moneths' Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons Country, Helvetia, alias Switzerland, some parts of High-Germany, and the Netherlands, &c. 1611," 4to, p. 90. As the passage is curious on account of its describing one of the customs of the times, we shall make no apology for the length of it:—"Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before, in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are cormorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meales use a little *forke*, when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their *forke*, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish. So that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy, their *forkes* being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon, I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this *forked* cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home; being once quipped for that frequent using of my *forke*, by a certaine learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Laurence Whitaker, who, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*, only for using a *forke* at feeding, but for no other cause."—*Reed.*

Cra. A worm-eaten bachelor thou art indeed.
Onos. And, devil Melancholy, possess me now![4]
Uncle. Cross him not in this fit, I advise you, sir.
Onos. Die, crimson rose, that didst adorn these cheeks,
For itch of love is now broke forth on me!
Uncle. Poor boy, 'tis true; his wrists and hands are scabby.
Onos. Burn, eyes, out in your sockets, sink and stink;
Teeth, I will pick you to the very bones;
Hang, hair, like hemp, or like the Iceland curs,[5]
For never powder, nor the crisping-iron,
Shall touch these dangling locks; oh, ruby lips,
Love hath to you been like wine vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, lips, ghosts ye are,[6]
And my disgrace sharper than mustard seed!
Cra. How like a chandler he does vent his passions!
Risum teneatis?
Onos. Well sung the poet,
Love is a golden *bubo*, full of dreams;

[4] Possesses *me now.*] So all former editions.—Ed. 1778.

[5] Isling *curs.*] Probably ISLAND *curs,* as in the following passage from Massinger's Picture, act v. scene i.—

——"would I might lie
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,
So I might have my belly full of that
Her *Island* cur refuses."—*Reed.*

Isling is a corruption of *Iceland.* These dogs are again mentioned in Shirley's Hyde Park :—

"When you come home you have a waiting-woman,
A monkey, squirrel, and a brace of *Islands,*
Which may be thought superfluous in your family
When husbands come to rule."

[6] *Lips, ghosts ye are.*] Mr Mason proposes to read—"Lips' ghosts you are," which is very plausible, but not absolutely necessary.

That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extremes.

Tutor. A golden *bubble*, pupil; oh, gross solecism
To chaster ears that understand the Latin.

Onos. I will not be corrected now;
I am in love! Revenge is now the cud
That I do chew: I'll challenge him.

Cra. Ay, marry, sir.

Uncle. Your honour bids you, nephew; on and prosper.

Onos. But none will bear it from me; times are dangerous.

Cra. Carry it yourself, man.

Onos. Tutor, your counsel.—I'll do nothing, sir,
Without him.

Uncle, This may rid thee, valiant coz, [*Aside.*
Whom I have kept this forty year my ward;
Fain would I have his state, and now of late
He did enquire at Ephesus for his age,[7]
But the church-book being burnt with Dian's temple,
He lost his aim. I have tried to famish him,
Marry he'll live o' stones; and then for poisons,
He is an antidote 'gainst all of 'em;
He sprung from Mithridates; he's so dry and hot,
He will eat spiders faster than a monkey;
His maw, unhurt, keeps quicksilver like a bladder;
The largest dose of camphire, opium,
Harms not his brain; I think his scull's as empty
As a suck'd egg; vitriol and oil of tartar
He will eat toasts of; henbane, I am sure,
And hemlock, I have made his pot-herbs often.—

Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the honour;
If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to chuse the weapon, time, and place,

[7] *For his age.*] 'Tis to be wished our authors had not been guilty of this and the like anachronisms.—*Sympson.*

Which may be ten years hence, and Calicut,
Or underneath the Line, to avoid advantage.
Onos. I am resolved.
Tutor. By your favour, pupil,
Whence shall this challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental base, or matter,
As now the gentry set their lives upon.
Did you e'er cheat him at some ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him. Hath he call'd your whore
Whore? though she be, beside yours, twenty mens',
Your honour, reputation, is touch'd then,
And you must challenge him. Has he denied
On thirty *damme's* to accommodate money?[8]
Though you have broke threescore before to him,[9]
Here you must challenge him. Durst he ever shun
To drink two pots of ale wi' ye? or to wench,
Though weighty business otherwise importuned?
He is a proud lord,
And you may challenge him. Has he familiarly
Disliked your yellow starch,[1] or said your doublet

[8] Accommodate *money*] That is, with money. This word was considered as one of the conceited phrases of the time. Bobadil, in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, calls it one of "the words of action;" and in the same author's Discoveries it is styled one of "the perfumed terms of the time."

[9] *Though* he *have broke threescore before to* you.] Amended in 1750.

[1] Yellow *starch.*] This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court bawd; who, afterwards, was amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow* ruff of her own invention: Which made *yellow* starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion.—*Warburton.*

Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, published in 1595, speaks of starch of various colours:—

Was not exactly frenchified? or that, that report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your sword,
Cried 'twas ill mounted? has he given the lie
In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.[2]

"The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call *startch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffes, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this startch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: Sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges: Of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like."

In the World toss'd at Tennis, a masque by Middleton, 1620, *the five startches* are personified, and introduced contesting for superiority.—*Steevens.*

From "The Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Cry, by Barnaby Rich, 1622," quoted by Mr Reed (Old Plays, 1780, VII. 196) it appears that neither Mrs Turner's wearing a yellow starched ruff at her execution, her protesting at her death against the vanity of the fashion, nor even the hangman's adopting the same colour for his bands and cuff, were sufficient to abolish yellow starch for ever, "for they began even then [1622] to be more generall than they were before." In Davenport's New Trick to cheat the Devil, one of the fiends says,—

> "I was first father to this *yellow starch*,
> Which did succeed the *blue*."

[2] This very humorous speech gives us great light into the ridiculous causes upon which quarrels were grounded in our authors' days. See vol. IV. 307, V. 120, &c. What Fletcher here and in numerous other passages lashes with ridicule, Massinger in the Guardian reprehends seriously:—

> "We grant you these are glorious pretences,
> Revenge appearing in the shape of valour,
> Which wise kings must distinguish: the defence
> Of reputation, now made a bawd
> To murder; every trifle falsely styled
> An injury, and not to be determined
> But by a bloody duel: though this vice
> Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains,
> (As France, and in strange fashions, her ape,

Onos. He never gave my direct apparel[3] the lie in's life.

Tutor. But, for the crown of all, has he refused
To pledge your mistress' health? though he were sick,
And craved your pardon, you must challenge him,
There's no avoiding; one or both must drop.

Onos. Exquisite Tutor!

Enter NEANTHES *and Page.*

Nean. Crates, I have sought you long; what make you here
Fooling with these three-farthings, while the town
Is all in uproar, and the prince our master,
Seized by Leonidas and Agenor, carried
And prisoner kept i' th' castle flanks
The west part of the city, where they vow
To hold him till your brother, lord Euphanes,
Be render'd to 'em, with his life to satisfy
The rape, by him suspected to Merione?
The queen refuses to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,
And dares 'em do their worst on prince Theanor;
The whole state's in combustion.

Cra. Fatal ring!

Uncle. What will become of us?

Nean. And she hath given commission to Euphanes

England, can dearly witness with the loss
Of more brave spirits tha . would have stood the shock
Of the Turk's army) while Alphonso lives
It shall not here be planted."

[3] *My direct apparel.*] Sympson, not thinking this blunder of Onos was intended by the poets, reads,

He never gave me th' direct parallel *lie in's life.*—Ed. 1778.

And Conon, who have levied men already,
With violence to surprise the tower, and take 'em.
What will you do?
Cra. Along wi' ye, and prevent
A further mischief. Gentlemen, our intents
We must defer; you are the prince's followers.
Nean. Will ye walk with us?
Uncle. You shall pardon us.
Tutor. We are his followers afar off, you know,
And are contented to continue so.
[*Exeunt* CRATES *and* NEANTHES.
Onos. Sir boy! [*Offers a letter.*
Page. Sir fool! a challenge to my lord?
[*Draws.*
How dar'st thou, or thy ambs-ace[4] here, think of him?
Ye crow-pick'd heads, which your thin shoulders bear
As do the poles on Corinth bridge the traitors';
Why, you three nine-pins, you talk of my lord,
And challenges? you shall not need: Come, draw!
His page is able to swinge three such whelps.
Uncle, why stand ye off? Long-man, advance.
Onos. 'Slight, what have we done, Tutor?
Tutor. He is a boy,
And we may run away with honour.
Page. That ye shall not;
And, being a boy, I am fitter to encounter
A child in law as you are, under twenty.
Thou sot, thou three-score sot! and that's a child
Again, I grant you.
Uncle. Nephew, here's an age!
Boys are turn'd men, and men are children.

[4] *Ambs-ace.*] The lowest throw of the dice. So in All's Well that Ends Well, "I had rather be in this choice than throw *ames-ace* for my life."

Page. Away, ye peasants, with your bought gentry!
Are not you he, when your fellow passengers,
Your last transportment, being assail'd by a galley,
Hid yourself i' the cabin; and, the fight done,
Peep'd above hatches, and cried, "Have we taken,
Or are we ta'en?" Come, I do want a slipper,
But this shall serve: Swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call some dozen brother pages,
(They are not far off, I am sure) and we will blanket you
Until you piss again.
All. Nay, we will swear, sir.
Page. 'Tis your best course.
First, you shall swear never to name my lord,
Or hear him named hereafter, but bare-headed;
Next, to begin his health in every place,
And never to refuse to pledge it, though
You surfeit to the death; lastly, to hold
The poorest, littlest page in reverence,
To think him valianter, and a better gentleman,
Than you three stamped together, and to give him
Wine and tobacco wheresoe'er you meet,
And the best meat, if he can stay.
All. We swear it loyally.
Page. Then I dismiss you,
True liegemen to the pantofle;
I had more articles, but I have business
And cannot stay now: So adieu, dear monsieur,
Tres noble et tres puissant!
Uncle. Adieu, monsieur!
Onos. *A vostre service et commandement.*
Tutor. I told you, pupil, you'd repent this foolery.
Onos. Who? I repent? you are mistaken, Tutor,
I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,

And scorn to begin now. Come, let's be melancholy.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Queen, EUPHANES, CONON, *and Lords.*

Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.
Queen. I will no treaties
With a league-breaker and a rebel; shall I
Article with a traitor? be compell'd
To yield an innocent unto their fury,
Whom I have proved so to you?
Euph. Gracious Queen,
Though your own godlike disposition
Would succour virtue and protect the right;
Yet, for the public good, for the dear safety
Of your most royal only son, consent
To give me up the sacrifice to their malice:
My life is aim'd at, and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thousand such as I
Purpled our seas, than that your princely son
Should be endanger'd.
Queen. Still well said, honest fool!
Were their demand but one hair from thy head,
By all the gods, I'd scorn 'em! Were they here,
The majesty that dwells upon this brow

[5] *Come, let's be* melancholy.] See the Mad Lover, vol. IV. p. 222.

Should strike 'em on their knees. As for my son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'll answer: I
An equal mother to my country am,
And every virtuous son of it is son
Unto my bosom, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heavenly, madam, and the gods
Can suffer nothing pass to injure you!
The life that Conon promised, he stands now
Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Farewell both;
Success attend you! you have soldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio; if you bring not peace,
Bring me their heads.

Con. I will put fair for one.

[*Exeunt Queen and Lords.*

Euph. Double the guard upon her highness' person.
Conon, you must perform a friendly part,
Which I shall counsel you.

Con. I am your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter THEANOR, AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS, *on the battlements.*

Leo. Make good that fortification, and the watch
Keep still upon the battlements. Royal sir,
Weigh but our injuries; we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus;

Nor shall this upstart mushroom, bred i' th' night,
Sit brooding underneath your mother's wings
His damn'd impieties.

Age. For yourself, brave prince,
Fear nothing that this face of arms presents;
We ask the ravisher, and have no means
To win him from your most indulgent mother
But by this practice.

The. Stout Leonidas,
Princely Agenor, your wrongs cry so loud,
That whoso would condemn you is not heard;
I blame you not; who but Euphanes durst
Make stories like to this?[6] My wrongs, as strong,
Ask my revengeful arm to strengthen yours;
As for my fear, know you, and Greece throughout,
Our mother was a Spartan princess born,
That never taught me to spell such a word.

Enter EUPHANES *and* CONON *below, with Soldiers.*

Con. Sir, you do tempt your life.

Euph. Conon, no more.
Do thus, as thou wouldst save it.

[*Sound trumpet within.*

Age. What trumpet's this?

Leo. Beneath I do perceive
Two armed men single, that give us summons
As they would treat

Age. Let us descend. [*Exeunt from above.*

Con. My lord,
I would you would excuse me, and proceed
According to the queen's directions.

Euph. Friend,

[6] *Who but Euphanes durst*
Make stories *like to this?*] That is, who but Euphanes dare to commit crimes to occasion such stories.—*Mason.*

As thou wouldst wear that title after death,
Perform my charge.—

Enter below, THEANOR, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and Soldiers.*

No soldier, on his life,
Approach us nearer.

Con. Safety to both the princes; loyalty
To you, lord general. The queen, your mistress
As well as ours, though not through fear,[7] to cut
Civil dissention from her land, and save
Much guiltless blood, that uproar ever thirsts,
And for the safeguard of her son, by me
(As you demand) hath sent the lord Euphanes
To plead his own cause, or to suffer death,
As you shall find him worthy; so, delivering
The prince back, I shall leave him to your guard.

Leo. The queen is good and gracious: Kiss her hand.

Age. And seal our duties. Sir, depart in peace.

The. Oh, sir, you now perceive, when in the scales
Nature and fond affection weigh together,
One poises like a feather; and you know, my lords,
What's to be done.

Euph. Your highness is unarm'd;
Please you to use mine, and to lead the army
Back to your mother.—Conon, march you with 'em.

Con. I will, my lord.—But not so far as not
To bring you help, if danger look upon you. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* THEANOR, CONON, *and Soldiers.*

Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,
Or stay your deathful hand? Be not so wise

[7] *Though not to fear.*] Amended by Sympson.

To stop your rage. Look how unmovedly here
I give myself my country's sacrifice,
An innocent sacrifice: Truth laughs at death,
And terrifies the killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armless seeks her foes,
And never needs the target nor the sword,
Bow, nor envenom'd shafts.

Leo. We are amazed,
Not at your eloquence, but impudence,
That dare thus front us.

Age. Kill him! Who knows not
The iron forehead that bold Mischief wears?

Leo. Forbear awhile, Agenor; I do tremble,
And something sits like virtue in his face,
Which the gods keep.

Euph. Agenor, strike; Leonidas,
You that have purchased fame on certain grounds,
Lose it on supposition: Smear your hands
In guiltless blood, laugh at my martyrdom;
But yet remember, when posterity
Shall read your volumes fill'd with virtuous acts,
And shall arrive at this black bloody leaf,
Noting your foolish barbarism, and my wrong,
(As time shall make it plain) what follows this
Decyphering any noble deed of yours
Shall be quite lost, for men will read no more.

Leo. Why, dare you say you are innocent?

Euph. By all the gods, as they, of this foul crime.
Why, gentlemen, pry clean thorough my life,
Then weigh these circumstances. Think you that he
Which made day night, and men to furies turn'd,
Durst not trust silence, vizors, nor her sense
That suffer'd; but with charms and potions
Cast her asleep, (for all this I've enquired)
Acted the fable of Proserpine's rape,
The place (by all description) like to hell;
And all to perpetrate, unknown, his lust;

Would fondly in his person bring a ring,
And give it a betroth'd wife, i' th' same house
Where the poor injured lady lived and groan'd?
Age. Hell gives us art to reach the depth of sin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.
Euph. Had it given me that art, and left me so,
I would not thus into the lion's jaws
Have thrust myself defenceless, for your good,
The prince's safety, or the commonweal's.
You know the Queen denied me, and sent us
Commanders to surprise you, and to raze
This tower down; we had power enough to do it,
Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender
My person to your wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my heart as pure as infants' sleep.
Leo. What think you, sir?
Age. No harm, I am sure; I weep.
Euph. The gods are just, and mighty. But to give you
Further assurance, and to make yourselves
Judges and witnesses of my innocency,
Let me demand this question; on what night
Was this foul deed committed?
Age. On the eve
Before our marriage meant.
Euph. Leonidas,
(Your rage being off, that still drowns memory)
Where was yourself and I that very night,
And what our conference?
Leo. By the gods, 'tis true!
Both in her highness' chamber, conferring
Even of this match until an hour of day,
And then came I to call you. We are shamed!
Age. Utterly lost, and shamed!
Euph. Neither; be chear'd;
He, that could find this out, can pardon it.
And know, this ring was sent me from the Queen;

How she came by it, yet is not enquired:
Deeper occurrents hang on't, and pray Heaven
That my suspicions prove as false as yours!
Which for the world (till I have greater proof)
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch:
Only this build upon, with all my nerves
I'll labour with ye, till Time waken Truth.

Age. There are our swords, sir; turn the points on us. [*They kneel.*

Leo. Punish rebellion, and revenge your wrong.

Euph. Sir, my revenge shall be to make your peace:
Neither was this rebellion, but rash love.

Enter CONON.

Con. How's this? Unarm'd left, now found doubly arm'd?
And those, that would have slain him, at his feet?
Oh, Truth, thou art a mighty conqueress.—
The Queen, my lord, perplex'd in care of you,
That, cross to her command, hazard yourself,
In person here is come into the field,
And, like a leader, marches in the head
Of all her troops; vows that she will demolish
Each stone of this proud tower, be you not safe;
She chafes like storms in groves, now sighs, now weeps,
And both sometimes, like rain and wind commix'd;
Abjures her son for ever, 'less himself
Do fetch you off in person, that did give
Yourself to save him of your own free will,
And swears he must not, nor is fit to live.

Euph. Oh, she's a mistress for the gods!

Age. And thou
A godlike servant, fit for her.

Leo. Wide Greece
May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.

Euph. Thus, Conon, tell her highness.
Con. My joy flies!
Euph. Let's toward her march. Stern drum, speak gentle peace.
Leo. We are prisoners; lead us. Ne'er was known
A precedent like this; one unarm'd man,
Suspected, to captive with golden words
(Truth being his shield) so many arm'd with swords.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An open Place in the City.

Enter, at one door, Queen, THEANOR, CRATES, CONON, *Lords and Soldiers; at another,* EUPHANES (*with two swords,*) AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and Soldiers.* EUPHANES *presents* LEONIDAS *on his knees to the Queen;* AGENOR, *bare-headed, makes show of sorrow to the Queen, she stamps, and seems to be angry at the first.* EUPHANES *persuades her, lays their swords at her feet; she kisses him, gives them their swords again, they kiss her hand and embrace; the Soldiers lift up* EUPHANES, *and shout.* THEANOR *and* CRATES *discovered;* CONON *whispers with* CRATES, EUPHANES *with* AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS *observes it, who seem to promise something;* EUPHANES *directs his Page somewhat. Exeunt all but* THEANOR *and* CRATES.

The. We are not lucky, Crates; this great torrent

Bears all before him.

Cra. Such an age as this
Shall ne'er be seen again. Virtue grows fat,
And Villainy pines; the furies are asleep;
Mischief, 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone,
Unnaturally forced up an eminent hill,
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us;
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own bogs.

The. What's to be done?

Cra. Repent, and grow good.

The. Pish!
'Tis not the fashion, fool, till we grow old.
The people's love to him now scares me more
Than my fond mother's; both which, like two floods,
Bearing Euphanes up, will o'erflow me;
And he is worthy: 'Would he were in Heaven!
But that hereafter. Crates, help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.

Cra. Your will, my lord?

The. Beliza is to marry him forthwith;
I long to have the first touch of her too;
That will a little quiet me.

Cra. Fy, sir!
You'll be the tyrant to Virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to perséver
Beastly, and desperate.

The. Cross me not, but do't:
Are not the means, the place, the instruments,
The very same? I must expect you suddenly.
[*Exit.*

Cra. I must obey you.—
Who is in evil once a companion,
Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed Conon to attend,
Him, and his sword; he promised to come single,
To avoid prevention: He's a man on's word.

Enter CONON *and Page.*

Con. You are well met, Crates.
Cra. If we part so, Conon.
Con. Come, we must do these mutual offices;
We must be our own seconds, our own surgeons,
And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.
Cra. You have an honest bosom.
Con. Yours seems so.
Cra. Let's pair our swords: You're a just gentleman.
Con. You might be so. Now shake hands, if you please;
Though it be the cudgel fashion, 'tis a friendly one.
Cra. So; stand off.
Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em. [*Exit.*
Con. Crates, to expostulate your wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your excuse
In words, and so return like maiden knights;
Yet freely thus much I profess; your spleen
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd brother
Hath much more stirr'd me up, than mine own cause;
For I did ne'er affect these bloody men,
But hold 'em fitter be made public hangmen,
Or butchers call'd than valiant gentlemen.
'Tis true, stamp'd valour does upon just grounds;
Yet for whom justlier should I expose my life
Than him, unto whose virtue I owe all?
Cra. Conon, you think by this great deed of yours
To insinuate yourself a lodging nearer
Unto my brother's heart: Such men as you
Live on their undertakings for their lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em,
Than if they sat still; make 'em but their whores,

For which end gallants now-a-days do fight.
But here we come not to upbraid; what men
Seem, the rash world will judge; but what they are,
Heaven knows: And this—Horses? we are des-
cried:
One stroke, for fear of laughter.

Enter EUPHANES, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and Page.*

Con. Half a score. [*They fight.*
Euph. Hold, hold! on your allegiance hold!
Age. He that strikes next——
Leo. Falls like a traitor on our swords.
Euph. Oh, Heaven, my brother bleeds!—Conon, thou art
A villain, an unthankful man, and shalt
Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine!
Thou wert my friend, but he is still my brother;
And though a friend sometimes be nearer said,
In some gradation, it can never be,
Where that same brother can be made a friend;
Which, dearest Crates, thus low I implore:
What in my poverty I would not seek, [*Kneels.*
Because I would not burden you, now here
In all my height of bliss I beg of you,
Your friendship; my advancement, sir, is yours;
I never held it strange; pray use it so.
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the most useful faculties of man,
To strengthen mutually and relieve each other:
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,
That where one fail'd, the other might supply;
And I, your other eye, ear, your arm and leg,
Tender my service, help, and succour to you.
Age. Leo A most divine example!
Euph. For, dear brother,

You have been blind, and lame, and deaf, to me:
Now be no more so: In humility
I give you the duty of a younger brother,
Which take you as a brother, not a father,
And then you'll pay a duty back to me.

Cra. Till now I have not wept these thirty years.

Euph. Discording brothers are like mutual legs,
Supplanting one another; he that seeks
Aid from a stranger, and forsakes his brother,
Does but like him that madly lops his arm,
And to his body joins a wooden one;
Cuts off his natural leg, and trusts a crutch;
Plucks out his eye to see with spectacles.

Cra. Most dear Euphanes, in this crimson flood
Wash my unkindness out; you have o'ercome me,
Taught me humanity and brotherhood:
Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
To be a ruler o'er me than a brother,
Which henceforth be! Jove surely did descend,
When thou wert gotten, in some heavenly shape,
And greet my mother, as the poets tell
Of other women.

Age. Be this holiday!

Leo. And noted ever with the whitest stone!

Con. And pardon me, my lord! Look you, I bleed
Faster than Crates. What I have done, I did
To reconcile your loves, to both a friend;
Which my blood cement, never to part or end!

Age. Most worthy Conon!

Leo. Happy rise; this day
Contracts more good than a whole age hath done.

Euph. Royal Agenor, brave Leonidas,
You are main causes, and must share the fame.

Cra. Which, in some part, this hour shall requite,
For I have aim'd my black shafts at white marks,
And now I'll put the clue into your hands,
Shall guide you most perspicuously to the depth

Of this dark labyrinth, where so long you were lost
Touching this old rape, and a new intent,
Wherein your counsel, and your active wit,
My dearest brother, will be necessary.

Euph. My prophecy is come; prove my hopes true,
Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong.
Time now will pluck her daughter from her cave.[8]
Let's hence, to prevent rumour. My dear brother,
Nature's divided streams the highest shelf
Will over-run at last, and flow to itself. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Time now will pluck*, &c.] "In the title-page of this last," (viz the edition of the Poesies of George Gascoigne, Esq. 1575) "by way of printer's or bookseller's device, is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, *Oculta veritas tempore patet.*" Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. This seems to have suggested the idea in the above line. Dr Percy adds, that "it was not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title-page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution."—*Reed.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter CRATES, EUPHANES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

Euph. I have won the lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your faith only
And secresy must make perfect; think not, sir,
I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard
My soul upon the trial.
Cra. You may safely;
But are Agenor and Leonidas ready
To rush upon him in the act, and seize him
In the height of his security?
Euph. At all parts
As you could wish them
Cra Where's the lady?
Euph. There
Where you appointed her to stay.
Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.
Euph. Last, when you have him sure, compel him this way;
For, as by accident, here I'll bring the queen
To meet you; 'twill strike greater terror to him,
To be ta'en unprovided of excuse,
And make more for our purposes. [*Exit.*
Cra. Come, Neanthes;
Our fames and all are at the stake.
Nean. 'Tis fit,

That, since relying on your skill we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cunning,
Or we shall rise such losers as——

Sos. The prince!

Enter THEANOR.

Cra. The plot is laid, sir; howsoe'er I seem'd
A little scrupulous, upon better judgment
I have effected it.

The. 'Tis the last service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

Cra. We hope so, sir.

The. And I will so reward it——

Nean. You are bound to that; in every family
That does write lustful, your fine bawd gains more
(For, like your broker, he takes fees on both sides)
Than all the officers of the house.

Sos. For us then
To be a great man's pandars, and live poor,
That were a double fault.

Cra. Come, you lose time, sir;
We will be with you instantly: The deed done,
We have a masque that you expect not.

The. Thou
Art ever careful; for Jove's Mercury
I would not change thee. [*Exit.*

Era. There's an honour for you.

Nean. To be compared with the celestial pimp,
Jove's smock-sworn squire, don Hermes.

Cra. I'll deserve it;
And, gentlemen, be assured, though what we do now
Will to the prince Theanor look like treason
And base disloyalty, yet the end shall prove,
(When he's first taught to know himself, then you)
In what he judged us false, we were most true.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter EUPHANES, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* CONON.

Euph. Only make haste, my lords; in all things else
You are instructed: You may draw your swords
For show, if you think good, but on my life
You will find no resistance in his servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.
Age. I would he were not;
My just rage should not then be lost.
Euph Good sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the person of the prince; but, Conon,
Have you an eye on both; it is your trust
That I rely on.
Con. Which I will discharge,
Assure yourself, most faithfully.
Euph. For the lady,
I know your best respect will not be wanting:
Then, to avoid suspicion and discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The Queen hath seen her, she forsake the place,
And fit herself for that which is projected
For her good, and your honour.
Leo. If this prosper,
Believe it you have made a purchase of
My service and my life.

Euph. Your love I aim at.
Leo. Here I shall find you?
Euph. With the Queen.
Con. Enough, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you, my lord; I have met
A dozen messengers in search of you.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Attendants.

Euph. I knew I should be sought for. As I wish'd,
She's come herself in person.
Queen. Are you found, sir?
I wonder where you spend your hours; methinks
Since I so love your company, and profess
'Tis the best comfort this life yields me, mine
Should not be tedious to you.
Euph. Gracious madam,
To have the happiness to see and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold so great a blessing, that my honours
And wealth, compared to that, are but as cyphers
To make that number greater; yet your pardon
For borrowing from my duty so much time,
As the provision for my sudden marriage
Exacted from me.
Queen. I perceive this marriage
Will keep you often from me; but I'll bear it.
She's a good lady, and a fair, Euphanes:
Yet, by her leave, I will share with her in you;
I am pleased that in the night she shall enjoy you,
And that's sufficient for a wife; the day-time
I will divorce you from her.
Leo. [*Within.*] We will force you,

If you resist.
Queen. What noise is that?
The. [*Within.*] Base traitors!
Euph. It moves this way.

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS *with* THEANOR, MERIONE *disguised like* BELIZA, CONON, CRATES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, ERATON, *and Guard.*

Queen. Whate'er it be, I'll meet it;
I was not born to fear.—Who's that? Beliza?
Euph. My worthiest, noblest mistress!
[*Exit* MERIONE.
Queen. Stay her! ha?
All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion: What new Gorgon's head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd statues?
This is prodigious! has none a tongue
To speak the cause?
Leo. Could every hair, great queen,
Upon my head, yield an articulate sound,
And all together speak, they could not yet
Express the villainy we have discover'd:
And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a tongue.
Queen. Speak boldly;
For I, unmoved with any loss, will hear.
Leo. Then know, we have found out the ravisher
Of my poor sister, and the place and means
By which the unfortunate, though fair Beliza,
Hath met a second violence.
Euph. This confirms
What but before I doubted to my ruin.
My lady ravish'd?
Queen. Point me out the villain,

That guilty wretched monster, that hath done this,
That I may look on him; and in mine eye
He read his sentence.
Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the prince! that heard,
You have it all.
Queen. Wonder not that I shake;
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having endured the thunder that thy words
Have thrown upon me!—Darest thou kneel, with
hope [THEANOR *kneels.*
Of any favour, but a speedy death,
And that too in the dreadfull'st shape that can
Appear to a despairing leprous soul,
If thou hast any? No, libidinous beast,
Thy lust hath alter'd so thy former being,
By Heaven I know thee not!
The. Although unworthy,
Yet still I am your son.
Queen. Thou liest, liest falsely!
My whole life never knew but one chaste bed,
Nor e'er desir'd warmth but from lawful fires;
Can I be then the mother to a goat,
Whose lust is more insatiate than the grave,
And like infectious air engenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaste or good in woman?
The gods I from my youth have served and fear'd,
Whose holy temples thou hast made thy brothels;
Could a religious mother then bring forth
So damn'd an atheist? Read but o'er my life,
My actions, manners; and, made perfect in them,
But look into the story of thyself
As thou art now, (not as thou wert, Theanor)
And reason will compel thee to confess,
Thou art a stranger to me.
Age. Note but how heavy[8]

[8] Agen. *Note but*—] The giving this speech to *Agenor*, as all

The weight of guilt is! it so low hath sunk him,
That he wants power to rise up in defence
Of his bad cause.

Queen. Persuade me not, Euphanes!
This is no prince, nor can claim part in me:
My son was born a freeman; this, a slave
To beastly passions, a fugitive
And run-away from Virtue.[9] Bring bonds for him!
By all the honour that I owe to justice,
He loses me for ever that seeks to save him!
Bind him, I say; and like a wretch that knows
He stands condemn'd before he hears the sentence,
With his base agents, from my sight remove him,
And lodge them in the dungeon! as a queen,
And patroness to justice, I command it.—
Thy tears are like unseasonable showers,
And in my heart now steel'd can make no entrance;
Thou art cruel to thyself, fool, 'tis not want
In me of soft compassion; when thou left'st
To be a son, I ceased to be a mother.—
Away with them! The children I will leave

the copies do, makes strange work with the following one of the Queen. For she bids *Euphanes* persuade her not, &c. But how could he persuade her, when, by the old edition, not he but *Agenor* had been pleading for the prince? But if we put *Euphanes* for *Agenor*, as I have done, the business is concluded, and all is right.—*Sympson.*

Mr Sympson, not the old copies, makes 'strange work' here: for surely the disputed speech does not 'plead for the prince;' nor does that speech at all suit the benignant character of *Euphanes*, though it does the enraged *Agenor*. The *persuasion* to which the queen replies must be delivered in dumb-show.—Ed. 1778.

9 *And* run away *from virtue.*] The change of the verb into a substantive, by the help of a poor hyphen, gives a different and elegant sense to this passage, which was not one of the clearest before.—*Sympson.*

Had Sympson cast a look at the first folio, he would have discovered the *poor hyphen.*

To keep my name to all posterities,
Shall be the great examples of my justice,
The government of my country, which shall witness
How well I ruled myself. Bid the wrong'd ladies
Appear in court to-morrow; we will hear them;
And by one act of our severity,
For fear of punishment, or love to virtue,
Teach others to be honest: All will shun
To tempt her laws, that would not spare her son.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ONOS, *Uncle, and Tutor.*

Uncle. Nay, nephew!
Tutor. Pupil, hear but reason!
Onos. No;
I have none, and will hear none. Oh, my honour!
My honour blasted in the bud! my youth,
My hopeful youth, and all my expectation
Ever to be a man, are lost for ever!
Uncle. Why, nephew, we as well as you are dubb'd
Knights of the pantoffle.
Tutor. And are shouted at,
Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at, by each page and
groom;
Yet with erected heads we bear it.
Onos. Alas,
You have years, and strength to do it; but were you,

As I, a tender gristle, apt to bow,
You would, like me, with cloaks enveloped,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.

Uncle. He will run mad,
I hope, and then all's mine.

Tutor Why, look you, pupil,
There are for the recovery of your honour
Degrees of medicines: For a tweak by the nose
A man's to travel but six months, then blow it,
And all is well again; the bastinado
Requires a longer time, a year or two,
And then 'tis buried. I grant you have been baffled;
'Tis but a journey of some thirty years,
And it will be forgotten.

Onos. Think you so?

Tutor. Assuredly.

Uncle. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and, on my life,
'Twill no more trouble him.

Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or hemp or water, they are dangerous tools
For youth to deal with; I will rather follow
My tutor's counsel.

Tutor. Do so.

Onos. And put in
For my security, that I'll not return
In thirty years, my whole 'state to my uncle.

Uncle. That I like well of.

Onos. Still provided, uncle,
That at my coming home, you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to account
This Page that hath abused me.

Uncle. 'Tis a match.

Onos. Then, Corinth, thus the bashful Lamprias
Takes leave of thee; and for this little time
Of thirty years, will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Court of Justice.

Enter EUPHANES *and Marshal.*

Euph. Are your prisoners ready?
Mar. When it shall please the Queen
To call them forth, my lord.
Euph. Pray you do me the favour
To tell me how they have borne themselves this night
Of their imprisonment?
Mar. Gladly, sir: Your brother,
With the other courtiers, willingly received
All courtesies I could offer; eat, and drank,
And were exceeding merry, so dissembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wonder'd at it But the prince,
That, as born highest, should have graced his fall
With greatest courage, is so sunk with sorrow,
That to a common judgment he would seem
To suffer like a woman; but to me,
That from the experience I have had of many,
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Consideration of what's past, more frights him
Than any other punishment.
Euph. That is indeed
True magnanimity; the other but
A desperate bastard valour.
Mar. I press'd to him,
And, notwithstanding the queen's strict command,

(Having your lordship's promise to secure me)
Offer'd to free him from his bonds, which he
Refused, with such a sorrow, mix'd with scorn,
That it amazed me; yet I urged his highness
To give one reason for't: He briefly answer'd,
That he had sat in judgment on himself,
And found that he deserved them; that he was
A ravisher, and so to suffer like one;
"Which is the reason of my tears," he addeth,
"For were't not I again should break the laws
By scorning all their rigour can inflict,
I should die smiling."

Euph. I forbear to wonder
That you were moved that saw this, I am struck
With the relation so. 'Tis very well;
See all things ready. I do wish I could
Send comfort to the prince; (be ready with him)
'Tis in the queen's breast only, which for us
To search into were sauciness, to determine
What she thinks fit. [*Exit Marshal.*

Enter LEONIDAS, *with* MERIONE *in white;* EUPHANES, *with* BELIZA *in black; Queen, and takes her place behind the bar;* AGENOR, CONON; *Marshal, with* THEANOR, CRATES, SOSICLES, ERATON; *Lords, Ladies, and Guard.*

Lord. Make way there for the queen!

Queen. Read first the law, and what our ancestors
Have in this case provided, to deter
Such-like offenders.—To you, gentle ladies,
This only: 'Would I could as well give comfort,
As bid you be secure from fear or doubt
Of our displeasure! be as confident
As if your plea were 'gainst a common man,
To have all right from us; I will not grieve
For what's not worth my pity.—Read the law.

Clerk. [Reading] *Lycurgus the nineteenth against rapes:*[1] *It is provided, and publicly enacted and confirmed, That any man of what degree soever, offering violence to the chastity of a virgin, shall,* ipso facto, *be liable to her accusation, and according to the said law be censured; ever provided, that it shall be in the choice of the said virgin so abused, either to compel the offender to marry her without a dower, if so she will be satisfied, or demanding his head for the offence, to have that accordingly performed.*

Queen. You hear this: What do you demand?
Mer. The benefit
The law allows me.
Bel. For the injury
Done to mine honour, I require his head.
Mer. I likewise have an eye upon mine honour;
But knowing that his death cannot restore it,
I ask him for my husband.
Bel. I was ravish'd,
And will have justice.
Mer. I was ravish'd too;
I kneel for mercy.
Bel. I demand but what
The law allows me
Mer. That which I desire
Is by the same law warranted.
Bel. The rape
On me hath made a forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.
Mer. The rape on me gives me the privilege

[1] Lycurgus *the nineteenth.*] What business had *Lycurgus'* laws at Corinth? This is an odd proceeding, to commit a rape in one country, and be tried and condemned for it by the laws of another.—*Sympson.*

The commentator seems to have forgot that the queen was a Spartan princess, and might therefore be supposed to have introduced the laws of Lycurgus.

To be his wife, and that is all I sue for.

Age. A doubtful case.

Leo. Such pretty lawyers, yet
I never saw nor read of.

Euph. May the queen
Favour your sweet plea, madam!

Bel. Is that justice?
Shall one that is to suffer for a rape
Be by a rape defended? Look upon
The public enemy of chastity,
This lustful satyr, whose enraged desires
The ruin of one wretched virgin's honour
Would not suffice; and shall the wreck of two
Be his protection? May-be I was ravish'd
For his lust only, thou for his defence;
Oh, fine evasion! shall with such a slight
Your justice be deluded? your laws cheated?
And he that for one fact deserved to die,
For sinning often, find impunity?
But that I know thee, I would swear thou wert
A false impostor, and suborn'd to this:
And it may be thou art, Merione;
For hadst thou suffer'd truly what I have done,
Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for vengeance,
And, our wrongs being equal, I alone
Should not desire revenge: But be it so!
If thou prevail, even he will punish it,
And foolish mercy shewed to him undo thee.
Consider, fool, before it be too late,
What joys thou canst expect from such a husband,
To whom thy first, and what's more, forced embraces,
Which men say heighten pleasure, were distasteful.

Mer. 'Twas in respect that then they were unlawful,
Unbless'd by Hymen, and left stings behind them,
Which from the marriage-bed are ever banish'd.

Let this court be then the image of Jove's throne,
Upon which grace and mercy still attend,
To intercede between him and his justice;
And since the law allows as much to mo
As she can challenge, let the milder sentence,
Which best becomes a mother, and a queen,
Now overcome, nor let your wisdom suffer:
In doing right to her, I in my wrong
Endure a second ravishment.

Bel. You can free him
Only from that which does concern yourself,
Not from the punishment that's due to me;
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;
I plead mine own just wreak, which will right both,
Where that which you desire robs me of justice:
'Tis that which I appeal to.

Mer. Bloody woman,
Dost thou desire his punishment? Let him live then;
For any man to marry where he likes not
Is still a ling'ring torment.

Bel. For one rape
One death's sufficient; that way cannot catch me.

Mer. To you I fly then, to your mercy, madam!
Exempting not your justice, be but equal;
And since in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not so be undervalued in
Your highness' favour, that the world take notice
You so preferr'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that son you would not save for me;
Mercy, oh, mercy, madam!

Bel. Great Queen, justice!

Age. With what a masculine constancy the grave lady
Hath heard them both!

Leo. Yet how unmoved she sits
In that which most concerns her!

Con. Now she rises;
And, having well weigh'd both their arguments,
Resolves to speak.
Euph. And yet again she pauses:
Oh, Conon, such a resolution once
A Roman told me he had seen in Cato
Before he kill'd himself.
Queen. 'Tis now determined.—
Merione, I could wish I were no queen,
To give you satisfaction; no mother,
Beliza, to content you; and would part
Even with my being, both might have their wishes;
But since that is impossible, in few words
I will deliver what I am resolved on.
The end for which all profitable laws
Were made looks two ways only, the reward
Of innocent good men, and the punishment
Of bad delinquents: Ours, concerning rapes,
Provided that same latter-clause of marriage
For him that had fall'n once, not then foreseeing
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice
A path so horrid. The great law-giver
Draco, that for his strange severity
Was said to write his stern decrees in blood,
Made none for parricides, presuming that
No man could be so wicked: Such might be
Lycurgus' answer (did he live) for this.
But since I find that in my son which was not
Doubted in any else, I will add to it:
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full revenge.—You see, Beliza,
You have your wish. With you, Merione,
I'll spend a tear or two. So, Heaven forgive thee!
The. Upon my knees I do approve your judgment,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all speed possible; only that I may,
Having already made peace with myself,

Part so with all the world. Princely Agenor,
I ask your pardon. Yours, my lord Euphanes.
And, Crates, with the rest too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me. Yours, gracious mother,
I dare not ask; and yet if that my death
Be like a son of yours, though my life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchsafe it. Lastly, that
Both these whom I have wrong'd may wish my ashes
No heavy burden, ere I suffer death,
For the restoring of Merione's honour,
Let me be married to her; and then die
For you, Beliza.
Queen. Thou hast made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the world:
Thy suit is granted.—Call a Flamen forth
To do this holy work; with him a headsman.

Enter Flamen and Executioner.

Raise up thy weeping eyes, Merione;
With this hand I confirm thy marriage,
Wishing that now the gods would shew some miracle,
That this might not divorce it.
Cra. To that purpose
I am their minister. Stand not amazed;
To all your comforts, I will do this wonder.—
Your majesty (with your pardon I must speak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of such a contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revoked it,
Being fully bent to match her with Agenor;
The grieved prince knowing this, and yet not daring
To cross what you determined, by an oath
Bound me and these his followers to do something
That he might once enjoy her; we, sworn to it,
And easily persuaded, being assured
She was his wife before the face of Heaven,
Although some ceremonious forms were wanting,

Committed the first rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the marriage; but when we perceived
He purposed to abuse our ready service
In the same kind, upon the chaste Beliza,
Holding ourselves less tied to him than goodness,
I made discovery of it to my brother,
Who can relate the rest.

Euph. It is most true.

Queen. I would it were!

Euph. In every circumstance
It is, upon my soul: For, this known to me,
I won Merione in my lady's habit
To be again (but willingly) surprised;
But with Agenor, and her noble brother,
With my approved friend Conon, with such speed
She was pursued, that, the lewd act scarce ended,
The prince (assured he had enjoy'd Beliza,
For all the time Merione's face was cover'd)
Was apprehended and brought to your presence,
But not till now discover'd, in respect
I hoped the imminent danger of the prince,
To which his loose unquenched heats had brought him,
Being pursued unto the latest trial,
Would work in him compunction, which it has done;
And these two ladies, in their feign'd contentions,
To your delight I hope have served as masquers
To their own nuptials.

Queen. My choice was worthy
When first I look'd on thee: As thou hast order'd,
All shall be done; and not the meanest that
Play'd in this unexpected comedy,
But shall partake our bounty.—And, my lord,
[*To* AGENOR.
That with the rest you may seem satisfied,
If you dare venture on a queen, not yet
So far in debt to years but that she may

Bring you a lusty boy, I offer up
Myself and kingdom, during my life, to you.
Age. It is a blessing which I durst not hope for,
But with all joy receive.
All. We all applaud it.
Queen. Then on unto the temple, where, the rites
Of marriage ended, we'll find new delights. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.

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